

Sugarcoma, What Goes Round

Conscroled

You play with lies and suffocate everyone you know.
Memories cannot touch you and you've sold away your soul.
So easy to live that way let your conscience slip away.
In such a rush to play that game.
Nothing else will feel the same.

(Chorus)

What goes round.
What goes round.
What goes round.
Conscroled.

Don't look back there's nothing there but traces of all pain.
You killed everything that cared so you could live this way.
Don't come running back this time when you think it's all over.
Just take someone else's hand cry on someone else's sholder.

(Chorus)

Look this way.
Look this way.

(Chorus)

What goes round.
What goes round.
What goes round.

Look this way.
Look this way.