

The Hoodies, Everything

Someone's always wronged you, screwed you over, or left you for dead.
You're always right and filled with pride; your word is never second best.
Deflect the pressure, reflect on better days that were at hand.
It's a way out. And everything she said was just to get inside your head.
It's not fair. But I bet that she did the right thing.
The scorpion should feel his own sting.
Your eyes are wide, surprised that someone else is as cold as you.
When she shoots you down I'll bury you at the foot of their graves:
The countless girls that you have tortured and forced to play your game.
It all comes back to you in the end.
You should have known. There's no way out.