

Violent Work Of Art, The Worst Is Yet To Come

I run in circles, dodging bullets all the time.
Avoiding conflicts, but it hardly ever works.
A lot of people seems to know what's best for me.
It doesn't matter, 'cause the worst is yet to come.
Running away, running away from what I am.
Driven by shame, hiding from myself.
Down on my knees, waiting for you to count me out.
Waiting for pain, to show its ugly face.
Opress emotion, fake affection, fake a smile.
I'll never win this game, no matter how I try.
Your love means nothing when I cannot love myself.
It doesn't matter, 'cause the worst is yet to come.
Running away, running away from what I am.
Driven by shame, hiding from myself.
Down on my knees, waiting for you to count me out.
Waiting for pain, to show its ugly face.
I try to accept my faith, that I am a total failure, failure.
Looking inside myself, trying to find my saviour, saviour.
Trying to understand, trying to understand.
The meaning of life, the meaning of life is dying.
Running away, running away from what I am.
Driven by shame, hiding from myself.
Down on my knees, waiting for you to count me out.
Waiting for pain, to show its ugly face.
Running away, running away from what I am.
Driven by shame, hiding from myself.
Down on my knees, waiting for you to count me out.
Waiting for pain, to show its ugly face.
The worst is yet to come.