

Wehrmacht, You Broke My Heart...

(Words: Brian & Tito, Rifs: Marco)

Why do people play these games?
Fuck with my head, it's all the same,
push me too far, then lie and fake it.
You're pushing your luck and I can't take it!
Spread a rumor, put me down,
You make me laugh you fucking clown.
C'mon, admit it, you stabbed my back,
I feel like my mind's been attacked!
Two faced smile,
I know you're fake,
Your likes and dissin',
is something I can't take,
You fucked up my life,
but now I'm back in place.
You broke my heart so I broke your face,
You live upon materialistic greed,
Vicious headgames I don't need,
I can't figure it out,
what ist the solution,
That's just life,
it's mental pollution,
I'm someone you can pee on,
I'm not gonna be your emotional tampon,
Don't use me for a stepping stone,
I'm better off all alone, on my own.
Do you get what I'm saying,
is the message clear?
Don't ignore me, listen up and hear,
Or do I have to carve it on your forehead with an exacto knife?
I've got my own life, don't distract me.
Scar my brain, too bad you can't see that I have learned from these mistakes
that I have learned not to relate with people who humiliate and betray me,
and try to run my machine,
because insecure,
psychotic people like that are just a bad dream.