

Transference

DISASZT

No room for doubt, accusations one to ten,
You've got my number, you've got my number
 No wasting time, now, you've got me dialed
 I'm one hundred eleven less than perfection
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (keep your disease)
 Sealed lips will not cease the calling (your disease)
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (no shame)
 Sealed lips will not cease the calling
 Pathetic eyes, complimenting what's inside,
 I've got your number, I've got your number
 So appalled as I watch you purge
 Now see if your fiction reads salvation
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (keep your disease)

 Sealed lips will not cease the calling (your disease)
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (no shame)
 Sealed lips will not cease the calling
 No room for doubt, no pity is deserved
 You've got my number, you've got my number
 Coincidence, you've assessed correct
 I'm one hundred eleven less than perfection
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (keep your disease)
 Sealed lips will not cease the calling (your disease)
Pride has faltered now you're left crawling (no shame)
 Sealed lips will not cease the calling

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