

# Internal Dialogue

## Fausten

It must have been hard; staying in line  
knowing your influences did it all the time  
It must have been strange; living in blue  
and see me shut down as though  
it was an easy thing to do  
But you could tell where I had been  
by the way I held my gun  
Trying to write anything while being  
mocked by an off beat drum  
But I was not honest  
I was not healthy  
I was not honest, honest. You did the right thing covered your scars  
Challenged your faith  
and closed your eyes driving cars  
For all that they knew you were safe home  
But you went through hell  
whenever you were left alone But you could see where I had been  
in the pictures that they took  
I tried to look positive at things,  
Faced myself but didn't look  
That was not honest  
I was not healthy  
I am not honest, honest. I wish you could see yourself through my eyes  
There's no need to cling to unnecessary lies  
The voice in your head whose spirit you stole  
left you for dead but you dug the hole And I could see where you had been  
from the marks around your wrists  
The red water washed around your sins  
but are you as pure as this?  
No you are not honest  
You are not healthy  
You are not honest, honest.

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