

Feed My Head

Overkill

Talk is cheap
I can't afford the price of wasted time
Who will reap the profit of the lie? Fantasy
Illusion, fusion impressions of a high
Sacred is the being of the lie Drawn is a picture of myself
It's all that I see leaving
Gone are the cries I heard for help
The mirror spits reflections of a lie Are you waiting for a chance?
Won't happen standing in the rain Damage done
The truth is drowning in a sea of hate
Wet, they wear their fiction like a badge over their hearts Drawn is a picture of myself
It's all that I feel bleeding
Gone are the cries I made for help
The mirror spits reflections of a lie Feed my head, I'm hungry for a lie Be sure and teach your children well
To use it pure and slow
Be sure they teach their children
Be sure the children's children Slight of hand, slight of word
Slight to be the absurd
Feed my head, hungry
I'm hungry for a lie Drawn is a picture of myself
It's all that I see greiving
Gone are the cries I made for help
The mirror spits reflections of a lie (Feed my head)
Of a lie
(Feed my head)
Reflections of a lie
(Feed my head, feed my)

Songwriters

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