10.22 ('03 Version)

Ben Moody

What a tragic affection to harbour,
A soul is seeking salvation to squander,
Such a beautiful burden to bear alone,
I know...Rants and fictions of violence,
Breaking the silence,
Hiding the wake of our deception,
Guarding desperate secrets buried below,
And you know...Tell me again your fucked up excuses,
Dying fighting a life of abuse,
When fame is your game,
You say I'm to blame,
But you know, but you know...This moment carries my last hesitation,
Seducing anger to haste my separation,
This solemn piece of a guilty net it grows, so cold,
Your every breath now strengthens my affliction,
My tears have faded, all hope of your conviction,
You were never the martyr you pretended to be,
And you know...Tell me again your fucked up excuses,
Dying fighting a life of abuse,
When fame is your game,
You say I'm to blame,
But you know, but you know...Tell me again your fuckless excuses,
Holding on at the end of the noose,
When fame is your game,
You say I'm to blame,
But you know, but you know...How they love you now,
Tear drops rain down,
Nobody cares, nobody cares,Tell me again your fucked up excuses,
Dying fighting a life of abuse,
When fame is your game,
You say I'm to blame,
But you know, but you know...You know...
How they love you now...
You know...
Tear drops rain down...
You know...
How they love you now...

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