Playing God

Isgaard

I can't make my own decisions
Or make any with precision
Well, maybe you should tie me up
So I don't go where you don't want meYou say that I been changing
That I'm not just simply aging
Yeah, how could that be logical?
Just keep on cramming ideas down my throatOh, oh, oh, oh
You don't have to believe me
But the way I, way I see it
Next time you point a finger
I might have to bend it back
Or break it, break it offNext time you point a finger
I'll point you to the mirrorIf God's the game that you're playing
Well, we must get more acquainted
Because it has to be so lonely
To be the only one who's holyIt's just my humble opinion
But it's one that I believe in
You don't deserve a point of view
If the only thing you see is youOh, oh, oh, oh
You don't have to believe me
But the way I, way I see it
Next time you point a finger
I might have to bend it back
Or break it, break it offNext time you point a finger
I'll point you to the mirrorThis is the last second chance
(I'll point you to the mirror)
I'm half as good as it gets
(I'll point you to the mirror)I'm on both sides of the fence
(I'll point you to the mirror)
Without a hint of regret
I'll hold you to itI know you don't believe me
But the way I, way I see it
Next time you point a finger
I might have to bend it back
Or break it, break it offNext time you point a finger
I'll point you to the mirrorI know you won't believe me
But the way I, way I see it
Next time you point a finger
I might have to bend it back

Or break it, break it offNext time you point a finger
I'll point you to the mirror

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/