

Faqu

Criffer

This seeking is
concealing
What is hidden in the back
Outstanding your
pretending

And this is what makes me so sick "I have been sick before you came and knocked upon my door" What ever
made you think

that I lost this game...

I did not even play! Repeat then
delete and

hope that no one got you wrong

Find phrases where

Silence is

to camouflage this discomfort "Tell this joke once again it still did not get it" Me, unmoved
Me, freak...

Tell me why should I be
the one you'd like to see? Fuck me?

Fuck you

Fuck me I fuck you, too

Fuck me?

Fuck you

Fuck me I fuck you, too These lines are written down because

Then I can scream 'em out

It does not only ease the pain

It helps to see things clear My giving

Your taking

I know those hopeful eyes

This case has

two faces

One is right, the other left "the day I need a friend like you I'll just have myself a little squat and shit one out" What in the
world

makes you think

that I have lost this game?

Who can win this anyway? My hate is my comfort

My hate is my shell,

my justification

to send you to hell

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>