Myth of Myself (A Ruse to Exploit Our Weaknesses)

Fanfarlo

What Is This Thing
That lives inside of me
Like a plastic gun
Full of empty thrillsIt Keeps Me In The Dark
Have you got on too
It pretends we are a part
Not just one or twoShould We Kill It Off
Cut it fast and deep
Well It feel so wrong
Ridiculous and cheapTry to find something concrete
Have you got one too
Try to pin it down
They will flip it out of youBut it will pull it out
And put it on itself
It comes crashing down
Every time I sleepShould We Chase it Off
Put a matchstick to the hay
We could stage our own
Death will walk awayI'll kill a something new
I can believe
Cause I walk Around the clock
And I end up tiredI walk around the clock
And At The End I Was TiredShould we play alone
Wicked's little game
Just believe there's rules
We could Stay and swayI walk around the clock
And At The End I Was Tired
And I know it will let you down
The smelling up to last
Cause it comes all way down
And burn it up itselfIt comes crashing down
Anytime see
It's coming down
It's coming down
It's coming down

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