

Narcissus (acoustic Version)

Threshold

caught in the headlamp glare of your own blinding vanity
mesmerised by the stare of your shallow personality
gorging the junk food of flattery you drag your fat ego around
everyone floored by the battering you give to whoever's aroundtrapped in the personal hell of your own
desperate addiction
frightened that others can tell of your expensive affliction
with your happiness based on a chemical you wax lyrical with words so profound
when your indulgence reaches that level it's safest not to be aroundoh narcissus you petulant child admiring
yourself in the curve of my eyes
oh narcissus you angel beguiled unsated by self you do nothing but diewrapped in the transparent lies of your
desperate situation
you expound on imaginary ties expecting us to believe them
in the absence of concrete commitment
you've all the attention that money can buy
not caring that those who still love you are callously thrown to one sideoh narcissus you petulant child admiring
yourself in the curve of my eyes
oh narcissus you angel beguiled unsated by self you do nothing but die
oh narcissus you treacherous child admiring yourself in the curve of my eyes
oh narcissus you angel beguiled unsated by self you do nothing but diehey you dog man whelp of a litter of
scavengers
bolting the flesh of your victims with a ravenous greed
you work with your siblings up to a point
'til your ego is sated or your wallet fulfilled
jealously guarding the bones of your kill
with a malice that's born out of fearrunning with the pack your defence is to attack
but i detect you in your stealth because you've rolled in your own filth
you hope to gain my trust with your cowardly disguise
whispering such confidences my revulsion to a-wreckyou call yourself my friend you call yourself my friend
and when i turn my back your fangs will feel my neck
what is your domain but a barn where your runts roll in the reek
you would seek to steel my freedom and have branded me a freak
i want nothing of your snarling mongrel strain your smarmy doggerel lies
and if these words have singed your fur consider yourself a whipped curgorging the junk food of flattery you
haul your fat ego around
everyone floored by the battering you give to whoever's aroundoh narcissus you petulant child admiring
yourself in the curve of my eyes
oh narcissus you angel beguiled unsated by self you do nothing but die

Songwriters

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