Polygraph, Right Now

The Spill Canvas

Fate is an elegant, cold-hearted whore
She love salting my wounds, yes she enjoys nothing more
I bleed confidence from deep within my guts now
I'm the king of this pity party
With my jewel encrusted crown.

I want to tear apart your room
To see if what you say is true
Darling don't you lie, lie to me
I want to break into your heart
To see why you want us apart
I'm scared to death to find out what you think of me

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According to you we don't click
That's a blatant lie, and you know it
Angel, what're you hiding from me
If there is truly another secret lunch break working late lover
Then I would die, but at least then I'd be free

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