

Stab Me In the Back

Leyan

I have always deemed myself a good soul, treating everyone
Just the way I want to be treated myself,
Talking all my demons into being good,
So how come you now are wishing me to hell? So why do you sound the attack,
Stab me in the back,
And trample under foot

What has been meant for good? I have always deemed you such a good soul, who without a doubt,
Let his ego stand back for the sake of truth,
Values loyalty more than a hazy chance,
So how come I after all have misjudged you? So why do you sound the attack,
Stab me in the back,
And trample under foot

What has been meant for good? Can't you see you're not just harmin' me?
Could it be we both fell for mistakes? So why sound the attack,
Stabbin' in the back,
And trample under foot
What has been meant for good?

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