

# G

## Waxwing

Maybe I should just get used to it  
These words I'll use again and again  
Don't you know, how this disgust me  
Just to know how you always trusted me  
Just to know that I would never  
See anymore than what's on your face  
Stripped from heavens holy grace, I've been  
Cursed to live with demons that come with life all alone  
If you just knew that you know nothing  
You'd be a whole hell of a lot smarter  
Than you think you are at the moment  
Don't you know how you always trusted me  
Just to know that there would never be  
Anything to replace what's lost  
Someone tell me what's the cost  
I'll pay the price any day to take these words away

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