

I'm not what I'm looking for anymore
I just that I'm harder to console
I don't see who I'm trying to be of me
But the key is a of control
Can you say what you're trying to anyway?
I just pay while you're all the rules
All the signs that I find have been underlined
Devils thrive on the that is fueled
All this running, well it's getting me down
Just me a pain that I'm used to
I don't need to believe all the you conceive
You just to achieve something that rings true

There's a hole in your soul like an,
With no conscience, repentance, oh no
Close your eyes, pay the price for your.....
Devils feed on the seeds of the soul
I can't conceal what I feel, what I..... is real
No mistaking the faking, I care
With a prayer in the, I will leave it there
On a note full of hope not despair