

A poetic genius genius,
Its something I don't
Why would a genius be trippin on me?
And there's looking and ,
Why he can't see is that I'm looking through his eyes,
So many lies behind his
'N tell me from your past,
And sing me songs youbefore.
I tell you this my Poison Prince,
You'll soon be knocking on Heaven's
Some of Poison Prince,
With your eyes in a daze.

Your life is like a maze.

And what we alland what we all crave,

Is an upbeat ,

So we canthe night away.

Who said life was,

Who said life was fair,

Who said nobody gived a damn,

And nobody cared.

The way you're acting now,

Like you left that all behind.

You've given,

You've given in,

And I'm a sucker of that kind.