

Used, The "I'm A Fake"

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Small, simple, safe price.
Rise the wake and carry me with all of my regrets.
This is not a small cut that scabs, and dries, and
flakes, and heals.
And I am not afraid to die.
I'm not afraid to bleed, and fuck, and fight.
I want the pain of payment.
What's left, but a section of pigmy size cuts.
Much like a slew of a thousand unwanted fucks.
Would you be my little cut?
Would you be my thousand fucks?
And make mark leaving space for the guilt to be liquid.
To fill, and spill over, and under my thoughts.
My sad, sorry, selfish cry out to the cutter.
I'm cutting trying to picture your black broken heart.
Love is not like anything.
Especially a fucking knife.

Look at me.
Can you tell,
By the way I move and do my hair?
Do you think that it's me,
Or is it not me?
I don't even care.
I'm alive, I don't smell.
I'm the cleanest I have ever been.

I feel big, I feel tall, I feel dry.
Dry.
Just look at me, look at me now.
I'm a fake, I'm a fake, I'm fake, I'm fake.
Just look at me, look at me now.
I'm a fake, I'm a fake, I'm fake, I'm fake.

Do I drink?
Do I date?
I've got perfect placements.
All my ink satisfied,
In your eyes.
I'm the biggest fan that I've got right now.
I made sure that I look how I wanted to look.

The people around me,
The people surround me.

I feel big, I feel tall, I feel dry.
Dry.
Just look at me, look at me now.
I'm a fake, I'm a fake, I'm fake, I'm fake.

My stomach hurts now,
And all tied off in lace.
I pray, I beg, for anything to hit me in the face.
And this sickness isn't me.
I pray to fall from grace.
The last thing I see is feeling.

And I'm telling you I'm a fake. (x5)

Just look at me, look at me now.
I'm a fake, I'm a fake, I'm fake, I'm fake. (x4)

Fake (x3)

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