Suicide Machines, The "The Real You"

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the word "real" is defined as what really lies inside you're not the person I once knew, You're not the you that I'm used to all this wool is buggin' my eyes and I never realized behind that plastic shell, you cannot even tell.

I can't come in 'cause you wont let me break through the mask of who you really are. You let down your shield it's your best defense, It wont DEVASTATE you It's really hard... For me to tell you everything I want to say to you But you never knew the real me.... and I'm sure I never knew the real you!

Conflicting spheres of interest pose a threat to who we are.

And where we want to be, We just can't see We throw the walls up around ourselves. Our visions are dulled and doubtful its our double standards

that'll wrap us up inside ourselves and never let us out....

motherfucker, fuckin bitch, hypocrite, AHHH!!!!

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