

Carnal Grief

"Self Claimed King"

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You tell everybody your the best
You claim to be better than the rest
High on your lies you criticise
But I know...

[Ref.]

It's just an overdose of selfesteem
All those things is in your head
You are living in your pathetic dream
When you are better of dead
Your choices of friends are based
On the growth of your own popularity
A minor glimpse at your face
And I know...

[Ref.]

You are a simply mixture of everybody's better sides
A shattered mirror that reflects what is wants.
Everybody envy you, but you are nothing without
them...

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