From Zero "Horrors"

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Who's to blame if we don't make a name Is it someone we didn't know?
And we see that's to be is to be
And even that's still a big unknown

And if we try to be real
There's a sense that I lose
Just to get it right
I can't believe you don't see
That It's me and not the ink

That you're holding tight
Well, it's my way this time
It makes me feel like
I've moved from the back to front
And the choice is mine

So let me practice as to what I preach Running away it seems to be The only choice I ever come by By getting my back against the wall You make me realize I've come this far

Again and again you make me feel Like something that I have is nothing You're taking your time but then you'll realize That all of this has made you Look so complicating, yeah

We're all just whores
A time, a place, a mood
But you won't get it out of me
Ya step, ya play, ya fool
I got the shit pouring' out of me

It's in the way that I think
And I follow what I think is very necessary
So come on let's a step up
Want to find out what it's like to be me

All these decisions Now who's to believe? It's all contradiction So who should I be?

?Cause your decisions Not my decision So please just go away We're all just whores

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