

Ilia

"Portrait Of A Lying Heart"

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[Verse 1]

Brace your broken finger from all the times you shot
me down.

Lying now won't cover your guilt-stained hands.

You stabbed me in the back, revealing your shaded
lies.

This time, your canvas won't come clean.

[Chorus]

Broken frame, black-stained brush from all the
times you concealed your lies,

but still they seep through the lines.

Wake up! You paint a portrait of a lying heart.

[Verse 2]

Tracing the technique to strengthen your ability.

Harsh strokes try to weaken my design.

Scared of failing, you've become what you despise.

This time, your canvas won't come clean.

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