

Ill Scarlett

"Seeking Truth - Telling Lies"

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Obscure night.
Telling lies
Catastrophe
Even money
She's beautiful.
A guy can see.
Catastrophe.
Telling lies.
And we are just seeking
And we are.
A real, Satan telling lies.
Reality.
Catastrophe.
The more we look.
The more we lie.
The more we take.
She's beautiful.
A man in search.
The truth unveiled.
But hard to handle.
Better to pretend
And then it hit me: why even bother with this shit?
It's not like there's some medal in the end Why then
even pretend I'm all for, not against.

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