

## Limite

### "The Critic"

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I'm a critic cause I have nothing to show  
I have nowhere to go with this so called talent of mine  
My confession to the world is on a wall  
In a bathroom stall  
And conviction means so much to me  
And the shit about you that comes out of me  
Obscuring the truth for everyone

I have a pretty large arsenal of lies  
I know it's no surprise it's reflection is easy to see  
Indiscretion is a foreign thing to me  
It's a paid for disease and I paid with my humility  
And the shit about you that comes out of me  
Obscuring the truth for everyone

I have no shame  
No game  
No talent to display  
Why can't I be the one  
I'll make them notice me

And the shit about you that comes out of me  
Obscuring the truth for everyone

I have no shame  
No game  
No talent to display  
Why can't I be the one  
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