

Overcast "Grifter"

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The gates open I drown
The magnet, the withdrawal
Offering these to you
Shamelessly ripping my guts out

How could I expect you to change your face?

A time lived by seconds
I unfold at your beckon
I will be passed by I am the minimal
The useless being

How could I expect you to change your face?
My memories out dated and weak
How could I expect it to? Well I do
How could I want it to?

I despise your charming attributes
Conjure up the summoned
Then left to contend with them
Stirring the killer, inviting this old ghost

After all, it's me that is drowning
My dream is the warped
They pick me clean
These vultures
I know now the door is open
I know now I must be dead

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