

Sick Of Change

"Scratch The Surface"

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Scratch the surface serve a purpose
Scratch the surface don't waste my time

Such empty life Such simple sheep night after night
Herd to the creeps all hidden faults beauty is null
Such shallow sight barely skin deep

What is the force that drives the superficial
Tell me what keeps their minds remaining little
So afraid of what they'd see underneath the fantasy
So afraid to actually scratch the surface.

All mirrors hide Big money lies faillure inside
Big lying eyes that's maybe why eyes are the soul
They take so much time big dollar signs

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