

Halos "Stop Believing In Me"

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Though it looks like a skid,
I haven't lost my grip
It's a short-term thing
I can quell the bee if I accept the sting
My gut's watching where I'm going through the skin on
my ribs so I don't slip
I let the bearded man,
in the driver's seat, steer
I'm riding shotgun

Now could we cut to the part where I only spoke truth;
where I said what I felt and I meant for you?
For so long you've been so wrong about me,
but I hung in hard when we came in low
I was phasing out, but you didn't know
My bright colors bleed
Stop believing in me

"Apparently, that dull-ish apple didn't fall far from the
tree
It couldn't catch a shine next to me
I dropped my stomach back there
Then you crushed me
I couldn't even get to my knees
I still can hardly get to my feet"

"You took it all way.
See, I just needed this for a couple of days
to fake the way we felt;
to lock away your smell
You're a coward, a con artist,
but rest assured, you'll be getting yours,
and I'll be getting by."

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