

The American Tragedy "Negative Zero"

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I'm looking in the mirror again
Just a trend that begins with the step of a sin
No friend to insist on the common needs of a poet
Infatuation with myself, I'm gonna blow it

Everytime I see my face it's getting clearer
Always sickened with myself because I'm hanging with
the mirror
I've got a fear of what my vanity's gonna cost
In the end will I win a new set of skin
In the end I know you will go and I'll never see you
again

Apologize for every lie I've ever said
Instead it's just a matter of wanting this kid to explode
I'm the only tune you know
You can't tune me out so just turn me

Like the radio
I'm picking up your frequency
The dial's broke so you can't change me
I'm colorful like the sunset, kid
In the end will I win a new set of skin

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