

The Antlers

"D.E.F"

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Every time you speak
A stream of bullshit fall to the ground
And every time you breathe
I can smell the burning embers of truth all around
Every time you cry
One tear is always she'd for yourself
And every time you vie for adoration
You get farther from yourself

Now I don't know how to rectify the situation
Created by your infatuation with yourself

Every time I think
I know what's being said
I'm thrown for a loop after loop after loop
And it's messing with my head
And every time I think
I can see right through your lies
Your verbal defecation throws me for another surprise

Now I don't know how to rectify the situation
Created by your infatuation with yourself

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