

## Wizzard

### "For The Likes Of You"

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Leave me here,  
Biting my nails,  
Breaking my stride,  
I put my faith into your desolate life.  
Happen so fast that I won't be afraid, I won't be afraid  
Three years blessed,  
I gave it my best,  
It's time to put it all to rest  
Your present is my past.

Through my eyes,  
I've seen nothing but time,  
Forty four thousand lies,  
Straight from your putrid mind.  
High tides drag you through the decades of nights,  
At anguish cause you'll never know why,  
Why loved ones who turn out your lights,  
Seem like they care.

I am an island, and you're the tides that pull at my feet,  
But now she's sinking in this void.

Aging, forcing my nerves  
Cut your chords,  
Count your chores,  
Stop using yourself,  
For fruitless scars,  
Just cut your chords.

And your back will keep breaking,  
From this glass house,  
That you have created,  
Hear me out.  
Your heart is too heavy,  
Too heavy for trust.  
So build me a promise and take my advice, a word  
from the wise.  
A fault confessed,  
I have redressed,  
She feels such unrest,  
So pray, so fucking pray.

For tonight is your last.

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