

Sea Of Treachery

"I Never Was A White Picket Fince Sorta Guy"

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You run in circles just to feel alive.
This endless cycle must be broken.
Define a role, place me in it.
As you reflect a dark world.
My life inside your distorted eyes.
Your baseless pride and such damning lies.
Differences you won't realize.
Differences you can't compromise.
This life will fade, don't you know
There is no point in this sad charade,
The cash parade that you march in?
You've sold your soul so go ahead
And be on your way.
Bow to your gods-party sluts and heiress whores.
Your rules do not apply,
For I am not just like you.
Party sluts and heiress
Whores define your culture in which I want no part.
This is my life. These are my dreams.
I will never let you define me.

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