

## Showbread

# "I Never Liked Anyone And I'm Afraid Of People"

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When the contents of a membranous shell  
Dry and turn to sand  
The shell becomes a withered tomb  
And cracks as it demands  
The things I want, I hold them dear  
But the things I want hold dearer  
Making promises to a faithless expression  
Looking back from inside a mirror

There's something like a nothingness  
That's terribly elusive  
The more I want to shut me down  
The more I am abusive  
And when I watch the sideshows of the bits of me I'm  
dragging  
I don't recognize the photographs  
I'm not sure when and if they happened

I forget the me that I must have been  
Before the me that I am now  
I remember a year that I got through  
But I don't remember how

The devil lives in the crossing place  
Between two mountains in the desert  
For forty days he promised me his kingdom for forever

I forget the me that I must have been  
Before the me that I am now  
I remember a year that I got through  
But I don't remember how  
I forget the me that I must have been  
Before the me that I am now  
I remember a year that I got through  
But I don't remember how  
Don't remember how

The devil lives in the crossing place  
Between two mountains in the desert  
For forty days he promised me his kingdom for forever  
But I'm not sure I'm fit to run a kingdom of any kind

Every time I know myself  
I leave what I know behind

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