

They Say Fall

"The Jaundice Theory"

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Perfectly serene, that's all you'll see,
Underneath the mask, it's getting hard to breathe.
Sometimes I wonder who I am.
A tierd and faded wreck that used to be a man.

These shall words, this praise, seems more like a
plauge.
Your ego and pride will eat you alive.

Is it just too much to ask, for something that is made to
last?
Hiding the envy in stories of woe.
A knife in your back with a smile to go,
It's all about what you sell, and not what you know.

These shall words, this praise, seems more like a
plauge.
Your ego and pride will eat you alive.
The biterness the lies, consuming inside,
So callow and you'll see, you're lost in it.

It's all about what you sell, and not what you know.

These shall words, this praise, seems more like a
plauge.
Your ego and pride will eat you alive.
The biterness, the lies, consuming inside,
So callow and you'll see, you're lost in it.

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