

Fake "Cut"

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Take away the pain that I can feel today
My anti feel, internal scheme to be another place,
another face,
I'll fabricate it all and make you taste insanity
I can hear it coming crawling after me and consuming
me

Looking for the answers
To questions that were stolen
I'm choking on the ashes
And sinking in a liquid moment

And when I get involved with every tiny part of me
I seem to notice all the things I should have had
deleted
Completely convinced I'm not connected
And I never can see it
Never can feel it
But in the meantime
Cut off my lifeline

Who do you think you're becoming now
Too many pieces tumbled all into one
Take the time to realise I'm torn
How do you think you'll recover now?
Every morning always comes too soon
I can't believe I'm so incomplete

Recovering, recovering, recovering...
I never could see you
I never could be you or
Believe you
Believe you

Who do you think you're becoming now
Too many pieces tumbled all into one
Take the time to realise I'm torn
How do you think you'll recover now?
Every morning always comes too soon
I can't believe I'm so incomplete

Went through the motions
But I'll never own myself
It's like a disease in my head
Who am I? Who am I?

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