

Fake

"The End"

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Ain't what I want
Ain't who I am
That's all I know
But I take it to the other side
Wish fools and freaks wrapped in my genes
I'm all wiped out
As I take it to the other side

But what could I do?
Could this be the end?
Let go of it all
Could this be the end?
It's all I could do... baby

'Cause I'm a "designer fetus" that's gone wrong
And I can't make me alright

I reach for things and feel nothings
But I feel like God and I wave my hand
As I take it to the other side
I threw it all away for good
And all I got was a ticket to a broken mind

But what could I do?
Could this be the end?
Alone in the storm
Watch me disappear
There's nothing I can do
To bring me back in
Could it be over?

If I could feel some love would it wake me from this
crazy dream
And maybe make me see again?
I don't need nothing but...

Therapy, therapy
Make me clean again
Therapy, therapy
Make me feel again
Therapy, therapy

Make me see again
Therapy, therapy
Make me clean again
Therapy, therapy
Make me feel again
Therapy, therapy
Make me see again

Heard a voice in my head..."find Marilyn!"

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