

Haunted, The "Little Cage"

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How precise. I see that you finally caught on.
I am an inconsiderate bastard on most accounts.
I plead guilty, now that it's all out war.
Let's make it clear, you were never more than a lousy
score.
We miss out by default.
I'm not even trying that hard.
Outside, let's see you carry your own.
This is no surprise.
It's not that I never told you,
we both know I did.
I'm sick of the intricate confusion you lay like bait,
from here to anywhere but you.
(Or where you stand.)

Did you really think I'd make a change to suit your skin.
I don't quite fit your precious little cage.

No more distractions.
Why waste a perfect day,
on your decay.

So this the first time I'm not lying when I said I'm fine.
Cause I'm sick,
sick of being sick.
Sick of being told what or who I am
I'm worth it-every single act of love that comes my way.

Did you really think I'd make a change to suit your skin.
I don't quite fit your precious little cage.
I will not break myself
No more

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