

## The GC5 "Rufused"

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Backlash, once again a stiff reaction to imagined stimuli  
Outside, we are tied and you're a victim of your pride  
I know just how you feel when you pretend you're all alone  
Lonely, you're such a fraud you won't even pick up the phone  
And the only thing that holds me here is my patience  
So don't tell me that I'm selfish, Don't tell me you're abused  
Everthing I own, everything I do, all that I've been through  
Shows me how my ardor is misdirected  
My faith in you refused  
Outcast, looking for something, someone better than me  
I say look at yourself and tell me what you see  
Last week you were mincing words with the skill of a priest  
Sunday comes and goes and now you swear you're incomplete

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