

The Haunted "Them"

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I won't be your alibi for disaster
No more pathetic rehashes, I've heard enough
Predictable and self-pitying thing
Escalate your prolonged suicide
Poor thing, you're almost there

Come on
Come on, give this man a hand
Could we have
Could we have a standing ovation?

And you can't break it off
It seems a fate worse than death
You're repeating the same mistakes again
I've been here before but I'll try it again
Over and over and over and over again

You're just like anyone
You're just like them

So in love with a monster and a precious lie
But someone's got to pay for
Each and every single fuck up, fuck up, fuck up

Your fingernails don't count for much
If claws are what you're looking for
But you won't need them where you're going
The only thing that keeps all this together is a lucid
dream

You're just like anyone
You're just like them

Your fingernails don't count for much
If claws are what you're looking for
But you won't need them where you're going
The only thing that keeps all this together is a lucid
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You're just like them
You're just like them
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