

# Nothing

Anthrax

It's difficult for me to get a grip  
on what you mean  
When you stick your fingers in your ear  
and create another scene  
You always step into the traps  
set perfect in your path  
Busy going crazy over whose knife's in your back

Dive inside your blackest stare  
The one that's saying do you dare  
Screaming that you're scared  
You the tallest soul  
With the shortest self-esteem  
Painted as the victim  
Who's split between the beams

It doesn't seem to matter  
It's nothing  
Dead a dream is dying  
It's nothing  
Best friend I never had

Play me to the point of pushing me  
too far away  
I can only say whatever,  
ambivalent to your game  
You can pretend to the mirror,  
it's the lie you tell yourself  
And I won't walk on eggshells  
that's a dance for someone else

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