

Personal Gain

Area 54

What is it that makes you
The way that you are?
Laughing along
While you fill me with scars
Hiding beneath
Such a clever disguise
Oh the lies

You look in the mirror
Does it look the same?
You should by rights
Be completely insane
I know Catholic parents
Can't be all it takes
To make normal people
Turn into fakes
How many pieces of me
Do you need to take?

Every day they must pay
'cos you play personal gain

I watched as you got
All the things that you need
By choosing the ones you knew
You could mislead
If they knew the truth, then my hate
They would all understand
So now it's the end
'cos the light now shines clear
You've been exposed
And now I know your fears
In time, what's inside you
Should be mine
I read in between all the lines
You live in fear

Every day they must pay
'cos you play personal gain

You use people in life
To get what you need
Your thirst for success
Ascending to greed
Gladly you greet me
Again and again
And be my friend
For your personal gain
Now that you've fallen
You slow for the bends
And making amends
Is a means to an end
I'm hardly likely
To lose once again
And fall in a trap
For your personal gain

Drowning in quicksand
The rain still falls on me
Pulling myself up
'cos no-one's there for me
Never again can I let myself be
In this place of aggression
The chain must be cut free
How many times can you
Fuck someone over?
Claiming you've changed
With no God on your shoulder
I clearly see you infect to survive
But even the undead must die