I'll never see what you live for.

Will I ever see you the way he does?
I'm nothing but a man
With a child-like facade.
My affection is skewed
By my own self-destructive nature

No, this is all so real. No, this is all so real.

So tell me the truth,
Shouting at the top of your lungs,
'Cause we all will be dead so soon.
I'm planning your life.
I need to find the reason for life,
Before I am hollow inside.

Oh, this is all so real. No, this is all so real.