

Lost in an illusion, you're not the same as me.
So hollow but are followed, endlessly and lovingly.

Endlessly and lovingly, I have nothing to prove.

You wear the clothes of a beggar, but underneath you're a thief

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Tell me whose robes have you sold
to buy your following

I have nothing to prove
I have nothing to prove.
I have nothing to prove.
I have nothing to prove.