

Dark Driving

Cave In

I know you came in the room
Because everything is out of tune
Dressed in a red devil's suit,
You're in some manic pursuit
To try and capture me fast
You want to think of me
As some kind of killer at large,
But I'm only a mirage

The reality check is in the mail
I could have sworn that I paid you off
I could have sworn that we made amends
All squared away
But all I see are knives
Screaming out of your mouth

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