

## A New Tune

Far From Finished

Hallucination it's compensation  
Read between the lines it's a privacy invasion  
Hesitation and frustration  
Quit asking how I feel about it  
I don't wanna talk about it

Why is the little boy setting fires  
While his daddies looking for the buyers  
Another sentiment they pulled out with pliers  
He hears the screaming you pack of fucking liars  
My mommy told me I'm her biggest mistake  
I caused her addictions that she never could shake  
But any emotion you could fake if you look the other way  
And the shame you can take it (Fuck It)

I don't wanna see (don't wanna see what they want me to see)  
And I don't wanna be (don't wanna be what they want me to be)

Sculpt the fragile mind of the lunatic  
Feed 'em something till it makes them sick  
But it's the little things that make you tick  
You're a sick fucking freak and it a power type of fix

So build 'em up and then tear 'em back down  
Let 'em know that he's the sharpest kid around  
Now something bitter swear rots your teeth  
You hollowed 'em out and now there's nothing underneath