

## Morbid Symmetry

Havok

What is done behind closed doors  
Never seems to be what the audience adores  
In the public eye but living a double life  
What you thought was not a reason why

Fame and misfortune and it's all coming at its price  
Misery is on the rise  
You can disagree  
But I guarantee  
Morbid symmetry

Can't see straight, loosing focus  
Ruining himself but doesn't even notice  
Oblivious to the world around him keeping friends at bay  
Self-contained death machine

Fame and misfortune and it's all coming at its price  
Misery is on the rise  
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Fueled by fascination  
Hook, line, and sinker  
Bitter and resentful, taking them down deeper  
Half-crazed now rocking back and forth  
Difficult to rebuild your house in the middle of a storm

Fame and misfortune and it's all coming at its price  
Misery is on the rise  
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