

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

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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

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