

Arrastra

III Niño

Converging my image to suit this disease
This face is just a mask to deceive you
(And I) Preserve my appearance for no one to see
And no one will ever believe you

Yo so el rey of this fucked up world

I sold myself for my reputation
Lost my balance and now I'm losing control
Can't stand when nothing feels right
Lost my balance and now I'm losing control

Conserving my preaching to consume your beliefs
Mi cara tán falsa que arrastra
(I'm still) Persuading this world to devise what I need
Ninguna palabra me falta

Yo so el rey of this fucked up world

I sold myself for my reputation
Lost my balance and now I'm losing control
Can't stand when nothing feels right
Lost my balance and now

Losing control!

Máscara
Máscara
Máscara
Máscara
Máscara