

The Truth

Limp Bizkit

You can't sleep, you're restless
And slightly obsessed with falling too deep
And malfunction, you're a virus
Who's intention is fucking up something
You're a crater
On the face of a problem much greater
It's the violence, or lack thereof control
Body and soul, digging a hole
Is the blood stainless?
Enjoy the pain with accepting your grief
Are you finished?
Dumb fucking question, don't let yourself fall asleep
Ressurect the intention
Once your vision is now mass-produced,
Imagine the insults a blessing
imagine accepting the truth

Imagine accepting the truth
Imagine accepting the truth
Imagine accepting the truth
Just imagine accepting the truth
Imagine accepting the truth

The pendulum swinging
Hypnosis has taken control, now you linger
On a shadow of a doubt
Have you really figured what you're all about?
Don't trust your instincts
Just open the chamber where you keep those darkest regrets
All the things you've done wrong
Rebellious at heart all along
Is your leader a voice?
Somehow you replaced all your game with a debt
Now the payback's a bitch
Why owe your life to a bitch?
Absolutely pathetic
And regret it when told you are made of mistakes
Imagine the insults a blessing
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Now speak to your leader!
Now speak to your leader!

Your father who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name, deliver us from evil, deliver us from evil
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