

## The Critic

Limp

I'm a critic cause I have nothing to show  
I have nowhere to go with this so called talent of mine  
my confession to the world is on a wall  
in a bathroom stall  
and conviction means so much to me  
and the shit about you that comes out of me  
obscuring the truth for everyone

I have a pretty large arsenal of lies  
I know it's no surprise its reflection is easy to see  
indiscretion is a foreign thing to me  
it's a paid for disease and I paid with my humility  
and the shit about you that comes out of me  
obscuring the truth for everyone

I have no shame  
no game  
no talent to display  
why can't I be the one  
I'll make them notice me

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