

Fakes Like You (Make Me Sick)

Modern Life Is War

This is a lesson in letting your guard down.
Sometimes open arms are an invitation for disaster.
So next time, I'll trust my fucking instincts.
Next time you come around,
All you will get are cold stares, cold shoulders.
I'll be crouching with my fists clenched in the corner.

I can only hang on tight for so long.
I'm letting you go.
I will be just fine on my own.
You can't come in.
I'm leaving you out in the cold,
Because there's no room,
Left in my heart for fakes like you.

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