

## Ambivalent

Nevermore

Blind and ambiguous, all part of the game  
I've feigned my ambivalence with a smile

All my hate beneath me forms a cage  
All this time to form the man I became

The sun in my hand becomes my despair  
For I still want the truth

Play the fool so ignorant in the shadow of disdain  
Breeding your deception without eyes

All my hate beneath me forms a cage  
All this time to form the man I became

The sun in my hand becomes my despair  
For I still want the truth

Play the fool so ignorant, deception is the game  
Bleeding hearts and soiled minds  
Reflect the state of our being

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Bleeding hearts and soiled minds  
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