

Cold and Calculated

Project 86

A life you built exploiting the dreams of innocents,
Preying on the wide-eyed fantasies of those with the
purest intent.
As parasites, they always need a host (how many lives
have you bled?),
Your crooked gain will always find a leech's ending.

There is a reason you cannot sleep,
You found the wages you've sown in greed.
There is no solace in what you seek,
You found that although you have gained it all,
You had to sacrifice your prize.

After all was said and done you lost your pet.

Rest, it eludes you, as spirits fill your head.
Longing for the days when ghosts you used won't follow
you into your bed.
So now it's cost the apple of your eyes (you'll never
see her again),
Why can't you see that she is not your property when...

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After all was said and done you lost your pet. (2x)

How many lives have you bled?

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Your prize...