

# What's Wrong

PVRIS

2 years gone  
Came back as some bones and so cynical  
This skin don't feel like home  
It's all overgrown but you'll never know  
Take the mirror from the wall so I can't see myself at all  
Don't wanna see another damn inch of my skull  
Forget the poems of saints and ghosts  
I'm the one I fear the most  
Little did I know that I was only crying wolf

I know it's so wrong but I'm so far gone  
Don't need you to tell me I'm so cynical  
Quit being so over-skeptical  
Don't need a metaphor for you to know I'm miserable  
I don't need a metaphor for you to know I'm miserable

Push and pull  
Oh it's all getting old  
No I didn't want this throne  
Only fools make feasts of gold  
They rot the fruit on tables  
When did I get so pitiful  
Just a goddamn corpse in a centerfold  
You got my back against the wall  
And now I can't ever get comfortable  
No I never sold my soul  
If I ever do throw my bones to the wolves  
No I never sold my soul  
No I never sold mine

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No I never sold my  
[x5]

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