

## 1st Person

Stone Sour

Why is everything so gray, is everything so strange  
Is everything so thrown together by mistake?  
Why is everything contrite, is everything a plight  
Is everything so insincere and out of sight?

Why does everything seem wrong  
Does everything look drawn  
Does everything seem blasted like it don't belong?

I, I wanna make it a way  
I wanna make it a waste  
I wanna make it a gross misadventure

I wanna make you all  
I wanna make you all  
I wanna make you  
Lie to me, lie to me

When did everything go bad, did everything fall flat  
Did everything decay and lose itself so fast?  
When did everything succumb, did everything go numb  
Did everything lobotomize what it's become?

When does everything come back  
Does everything relapse  
Does everything save face and find itself at last?

I, I wanna show you the way  
I wanna show you the waste  
I wanna show you the worst misadventure

I wanna show you all  
I wanna show you all  
I wanna show you how to  
Die for me, die for me

I, I wanna give it a way  
I wanna give it the waste  
I wanna give it the worst misadventure

I wanna give it all  
I'm gonna give it all  
I'll never give up  
Lie to me, die for me

Now everything's a lie, everything's your lie  
Everything's a face inside another lie  
Now everything's a sigh, everything's one side  
Everything depends on just which side you're on