

underneath the mask you've buried yourself into  
it's coal-black  
i am tired of the gulping that you do  
every day a new face  
what if i unscrew your own identity  
wouldn't you guess there's nothing left of you ?

the quicksand of life drags us  
down into the circle  
one day. we might not catch you

i feel sorry for what you try to do  
breaking others down. to try and to pursue  
your own selfish interests  
i am starting to get sick of you

whatever happened ever since you left  
you make yourself and me look like fools