

Insecurities

The Gits

Our insecurities, they bend us down on broken knees
Our insecurities, we wear them till we cannot see
The crap the shit the garbage our mind it has to swallow;
It makes us enemies, building up mistrust with greed
Turns me to shut the door and hide away while time gets lost
Your ignorant response can leave you looking of a beast
And when you're pushing me away
You're scared you'll get too much
And when you're playing the jester
Well I guess you ought to
Or else it might mirror a flaw that lies in you
Oh damn your insecurities
Not always insecure, but bold on what you think is right I hope
you break the crown before you place it on your head
And when you're pushing me away
You're scared you'll get too much
And when you're playing the jester
Well I guess you ought to Or else it mirrors a flaw that lies i
n you
Oh damn your insecurities, they're catching up with you