

## Little Cage

## The Haunted

How precise. I see that you finally caught on.  
I am a inconsiderate bastard on most accounts.  
I plead guilty, now that it's all out war.  
Let's make it clear, you were never  
more than a lousy score.

We miss out by default  
I'm not even trying that hard.  
Outside, let's see you carry your own.  
This is no surprise.  
It's not that I never told you,  
we both know I did.  
I'm sick of the intricate confusion you  
lay like bait,  
from here to anywhere but you.  
(Or where you stand.)

Did you really thing I'd make  
a change yo suit your skin.  
I don't quite fit your precious little cage.

No more distractions.  
Why waste a prefect day,  
on your decay.

So this is the first time I'm not lying  
when I said I'm fine.  
Cause I'm sick,  
sick of being sick.  
Sick of being told what or who I am.

I'm worth it-every single act of love  
that comes my way...

Did you really thing I'd make  
a change yo suit your skin.  
I don't quite fit your precious little cage.

I will not break myself.  
No more.