

Playing Dead

Turmoil

what the f**k are you what the f**k are you looking at
what the f**k have you become through the course of a
conversation ignorance rears it's head and i turn away
playing dead ignore what was said lay down all my
pride bury my conscious behind a smile playing dead
never again will i compromise this tongue has bled one
two many times so i'll stare in the face of
confrontation and i'll spit in the eye that see in
black and white i will not pacify myself i will not
play dead what the f**k are you looking at