

## Of Fear And Total Control

### War from a Harlots Mouth

From shelter to shelter you roam,  
wishing you could find yourself a home.  
It's not this house, it's me & you.

& while you obsess over the dark,  
I obsess over you.

Where ever you are trying to hide,  
I am already there.

Clandestine, these eyes are eating you alive.  
Every single bite leaves a mark.  
These eyes, like teeth they grind.

Did you do something wrong?  
There are doubts in your mind.  
The truth is that in this world,  
sanity is hard to find.

I know that I am the one who's insane.  
About you they say the same.