

Anthrax, Nothing

It's difficult for me to get a grip on what you mean
When you stick your fingers in your ear and create another scene
You always step into the traps set perfect in your path
Busy going crazy over whose knife's in your back

Dive inside your blackest stare
The one that's saying do you dare
Screaming that you're scared
You the tallest soul
With the shortest self-esteem
Painted as the victim
Who's split between the bears

It doesn't seem to matter
It's nothing
Dead a dream is dying
It's nothing
Best friend I never had

Play me to the point of pushing me too far away
I can only say whatever, ambivalent to your game
You can pretend to the mirror, it's the lie you tell yourself
And I won't walk on eggshells that's a dance for someone else

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