

Overkill, Feed My Head

Talk is cheap
I can't afford the, price of wasted time...
Who will reap the profit of the lie?

Fantasy
Illusion fusion impressions of a high...
Sacred is the being of the lie

Drawn is a picture of myself
It's all that I see, leaving!
Gone are the cries I heard for help
The mirror spits
Reflections of a lie

Are you waiting for a chance?
Won't happen standing in the rain

Damage done
The truth is drowning in a sea of hate...
Wet, they wear the fiction like a badge over their hearts

Drawn is a picture of myself
It's all that I feel bleeding!
Gone are the cries I made for help
The mirror spits
Reflections of a lie

Feed my head! I'm hungry for a lie

Be sure and teach your children well
To use it pure and slow
Be sure they teach their children
Be sure the children's children

Slight of hand, slight of word
Slight to believe, the absurd
Feed my head I'm hungry
I'm hungry for a lie

Drawn is a picture of myself
It's all that I see greiving!
Gone are the cries I made for help
The mirror spits
Reflections of a lie

Feed my head of a lie!
Feed my head reflections of a lie
Feed my head. Feed my