

Vicious Rumors, Out Of Misery

(Lyrics & Music: T. Sisco, G. Thorpe)

I see you out there walkin'
Your crooked smile
You think that you possess such
Grace and style... well I say no
The wind is getting colder
And you're getting older
You sit and watch your life go by
And you can blame yourself
You call me over
You call me brother
But I despise you
Like there's no other
Put you out
Of my misery
Put you out
Get away from me
Take a walk around
And see the world you live in
Then reflect if you deserve
The skin that you wear
So it's almost over
You will be forgotten
Or could I be you in the end
And I'll never walk away