Blackmail, Data Buzz

Can you fake it one more time Just one more to ad the line All my traded losses leave at last To the taste of a faking past

Nothing seems worth saving You got me dissipating

Stimulation makes me glad Im expanding on the things I had All the things that made those kings and queens Intending on their self esteem

Nothing seems worth saving

Now Im waiting for the end Just waiting and dont pretend Here we enter and we don't look back Before you got me on my neck

Nothing seems worth saving...