

Githead, Live In Your Head

Take my advice
There's no way to go back
Leave regrets
You need to face the facts
Make a plan
Silence is a tool
All demands
All the ridicule

You think I'm being circumspect
But really it's about respect
Control has always been your aim
No matter how much grief & pain

Face the facts
There's nothing here to gain
Illusion skipped
So empty all the same
Salvaging?
It isn't worth my time
Hollow words
The numbers cease to rhyme

The lights are off, there's no one here
The bitter end's already near
In the end I shut you out
No matter how you scream & shout