

Kobra And The Lotus, You Don't Know

Did you ever think for a second

I'm only human too.

You have no perception of all the struggles that I have been through.

Listening to the nothingness I'm hearing while I watch your lips move.

If you really knew me, you'd think twice about creating my truth.

I'm sick and tired of feeling my face on fire when you don't know what you're talking about.

You don't know what it's like to be me.

No, you don't know what it's like to be me.

You are on the outside always looking in but never asking questions.

Could it be that you won't understand that we're both born of innocence.

Empty conversations, we know nothing of each other's solitude.

You don't know the reasons that made me, and I don't know you.

I'm sick and tired of feeling my faith expire in the lies we keep on telling ourselves.

You don't know what it's like to be me.

No, you don't know what it's like to be me.

You don't know what it's like to be me.

No, you don't know what it's like to be me.

Can you hear the sound of me breaking down when the judgment calls I'm held against your wall.

No, you don't know, you don't know what it's like, what it's like, to be me.