

# Re-Invent Yourself

De/Vision

Back in my room again  
A smell of cheap perfume  
Trapped in myself again  
Prepared to meet my doom

Permanent reflection  
A need for mental food  
Afraid of my actions  
Here in this solitude

So predictable  
And conventional  
Just re-invent yourself  
Nothing fictional  
It's only natural  
So re-invent yourself

Mental infection  
The answer lies in you  
Far from perfection  
There's so much work to do  
Broaden my perception  
Can't see the wood for the trees  
Things lose their attraction  
I hate this lazy me

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And conventional  
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So predictable...  
So conventional