

The Average

Fight or Flight

Nothing can change this
The words the you've said
And judging what you don't quite understand
Making excuses, that won't go unheard
But finding salvation through words

Well there's that feeling inside
It burns to the touch
What defines you?
To hurt makes me tough
I know I won't
I hope you will regret
The lies in your words
Will not make a difference

These are your secrets
And this is your lie
Becoming of what you decide
You take to the average
And you shall receive
Your colors wrapped up in deceit

Well there's that feeling inside
It burns to the touch
What defines you?
To hurt makes me tough
I know I won't
I hope you will regret
The lies in your words
Will not make a difference