

Now we have have our lying cheater
Have remorse? This whore forlorn?
You lying bitch, you cheat yourself
You left behind your life, you lost!
If you can look past this mirage...

You wipe these eyes to slow resolve
With this pixie dust your problems solved
Your gallantry of fantasy fight your wars remotely
A surrogate - not a real thing
A walking corpse - petrifying
The sleeping troops that you're hiding
Mask the screams from within

You smear these eyes you have drawn on
With this caustic rust, your face decries
You fantasise of fantasy
Yet never live presently
Worthless scum - not a real thing
A walking curse - terrifying
The sleeping girl that you're hiding
Jabs herself from a tin

solo:

Learn remorse before you're gone
And in due course bear its fruits
And then at last look past this mirage!