

# Insecurities

The Gits

Our insecurities, they bend us down on broken knees  
Our insecurities, we wear them till we cannot see  
The crap the shit the garbage our mind it has to swallow;  
It makes us enemies, building up mistrust with greed  
Turns me to shut the door and hide away while time gets lost  
Your ignorant response can leave you looking of a beast  
And when you're pushing me away  
You're scared you'll get too much  
And when you're playing the jester  
Well I guess you ought to  
Or else it might mirror a flaw that lies in you  
Oh damn your insecurities  
Not always insecure, but bold on what you think is right I hope  
you break the crown before you place it on your head  
And when you're pushing me away  
You're scared you'll get too much  
And when you're playing the jester  
Well I guess you ought to Or else it mirrors a flaw that lies i  
n you  
Oh damn your insecurities, they're catching up with you