

The Mixture

Volumes

Take a picture of me
I'm dying for more
I really can't believe this
We just all want to be on TV
A minute of this face time
Tearing down your door
Driven by one hundred forms of fear

I've been trying
To deny this all
For too long

To keep my mouth shut
And it's got me nowhere
To expose you
I cannot blame you
I will not please you
I do not need you
To do the things
That get you off

When you tell me
The things I have to
When you call me
I don't want to
Out here with a backpack
Traveling back tracked
When I don't need to
It never made sense to me
But it always made sense to you

And I will still be here
In front of you
In spite of you

So smile
As you look in the mirror
Give me my receipt now though
Fuck this industry
Excuse me to death
Can we say fuck it?
You can have metal
BACK
You can have it back

I'll say it again
I said I'm in it to win it
Don't hold
Can't you tell that I'm already in the mix?