

Inclined

Wolf Spider

We are so inclined to tell these funny lies, stupid lies
Lies exhaust your mind, filling you with fear, turning mad

I have killed truths myself
Some of them killed me in turn

Cheated for my tender heart
Nurtured with the kindest evil
I am clad in truthful lies
Falling face down on the driveway

Every second many mouths repeating lies to make them true
I'm alive, but is it me?
Is this my face? - I cannot see!

You really cannot live without lies, pretty lies
Without them it's poison, a madhouse of thin cards, playing cards!