

217-1000
I've got a question

I've got a question but i bet you cannot hear
Your filters will bend the truth because you live in fear
To me the question makes good sense, reality is clear
But in your brain the truth gets hunted down and disappears

I've got a question but i know that you will lie
I ask it as a standard act but sometimes i wonder why
You will defend your denial, all honesty defy
And all because you are quite unable to just cry

I've got a question, but i hesitate to share
I see that look of fury in your hateful, lifeless stare
You would destroy millions and you wouldn't even care
Simply to protect yourself from the truth being laid bare

I've got a question but i ask it i refuse
What's the point of talking when the truth you will abuse
And in the end by asking i can only lose
Because you'd kill and bury me if you had to choose

I've got a question, but i will let it go
The pretense of supposed dialog is really just for show
You are one without a soul, and this is what i know
You'd gladly make me suffer to protect your huge ego