

Bleak December

Set It Off

Give me, give me, give me the truth now
I promise I can handle it if you can
Cause you've been running by yourself for way too long
So give me any reason not to cut you out
You're far too gone, yeah

But you're pretending, know you are
Shift anything outside
When will [?] many cells
How do you even sleep at night?
As I'm driving back

In that bleak December, you're just too cold
But I need the answer, before you fold
You would hold your cards inside your chest
You can't control too far for that bleak December
And how full of shit you are, how full of shit you are

I really really really wanna know you
And all the fifty fucking personalities inside your skull
If you stop trying to steal the spotlight and steal the show
The minute you will have a better chance of not dying alone
So I hit the road

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But I need the answer, before you fold
You would hold your cards inside your chest
You can't control too far for that bleak December
And how full of shit you are

Now what are you to me
But a fly inside a web of lies you weave
You're not fooling anyone, not you, not me
So I wonder how you stay alive
When all I do is freeze

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