

Tear drops of sorrow beating down upon my chest  
For never knowing the true meaning of success  
Genius and a rebel are the ways that you're perceived  
But how can anyone be so utterly deceived

How could I have been so blind all this time?  
Now that all the scales have fallen from my eye  
How could I have been so blind?

Words full of knowledge, lacking wisdom were just lies  
Actions representing the very things that you despise  
Self-deception fills you in the final hour  
Holding back the wall of fear that threatens to devour

You tried to take me to an evil place  
But I slipped right through your human hands

Lack of repentance was the reoccurring clue  
History of contention points the finger back at you