

Varnish:

The varnish is about to crack, you know this love ain't growing back  
The varnish is about to peel, this is how I feel  
Is the surface a cult you wanna breed, and convey to the people in the street  
Is the heartache truly gone, don't no one else feel this alone  
Did the monsters creep out of your head, did they break your flesh or settle for your bed  
They're like cannibals you know, they'll screw you good then kill you slow  
When the majors get a taste of you, they will clean your bones without further ado  
We're all animals you know, it's just the way it seems to go

**And it's always like this, when you like what you do  
Then someone comes up, and tries to make it all crap and sheit for you**

What do you think there is to be misunderstood? I have failed your design just like I knew I would. Every step of the way I have tried to stay clear but you get in my face at least a dozen times a year. Up until this moment I have kept things in check but the next time around I will snap your fucking neck.

I'm talking about the industry, where I don't fit in. I'm not exceptional, I'm too conceptual. You think you got a better plan, I don't understand. I'm not respectable, I'm too conceptual. And when I fall back, I'm gonna reach up, I'm not susceptible, I'm too conceptual. I'm gonna stand out, right where you bailed out, I'm not a spectacle, I'm too conceptual for the likes of you.