

Bane **"Scared"**

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You go without me I'll hold right here
That gleam in your eyes it still fills me with fear
the more you see that I'm not like the others
the harder you try to take my hands in yours
Cold grey and callous reaching out for me
Whatever's over that hill it scares the fuck out of me
Still you step closer so that your eyes can meet
Tell me know one knows me like you do
And then, you say that I can't play this game forever
No you are the king of killers.
I've seen what you do
carving through the hearts and souls of many
With cloven hoofs you stomp the dreams of men
Of men far greater than me.
I'm not going I'll hold there.

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