

Hurt

"Role Martyr X"

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To find the strength to carry on.
You put marks into your body;

You talk at length how you're alone,
And bitch at all the famous parties;

Such a vision of pure loneliness!
What an image you profess!
Don't cha turn and walk away 'cuz,
You're getting me depressed.

In hopes you'd never be alone,
You bore your cross around your body;

It was in bad taste
Immolent and gaudy;

Boy, are you familiar?

You're a vision of the loneliness,
Add an image to the press:
Ya turn and walk away,
'cuz you're happily depressed;
Inventing your own love loss,
You invent your own success;
I'm giving you a name boy,
You're poor Role Martyr-x;

You're a vision of our loneliness,
Like the one that predeceased;
Return in other ways,
Unlimited in lowliness,
You're a ringer for success,
I hope you find your pain boy,

Our poor Role Martyr-X:

Get your gun, get it?
Get your gun, get it!
Get your gun, get it??
Get your gun and get away from me!
Go!

One takes one, get it?
One makes one.
Is it one hates one,
Is it, one eats one to make a way for me;

You are just like me,
Just get away from me,
To make a way for me

So were the visions of your loneliness,
From an image on TV;
Don't turn and walk away,
Your depressed so happily,
Inventing your own love lost, envisioning success;
I hope you die of pain, our
Poor Role Martyr-X:

In a visionarial loneliness,
There's a pattern that repeats;
I really hate to say but,
There's a similarity;
Pontificating loves lost,
He bitches when he's blessed;
Your living is in vain boy,
(Our poor Role Martyr-X);

Since I am the most humble man in the world.

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