

## **Martyr Ad "Prozac Anecdote"**

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And with this we learn to appreciate true suffering  
The angry helpless feeling of it all  
Becomes something to take a strict comfort  
In the words that we use become mundane  
And tired to us because all we have felt  
Has remained constant for so long  
The words we hear from you are cliched and worn  
And I can mimic your every breath  
When we realize what it is we are looking for  
And understanding comes a mix of omnipotence  
And banality a disgusting exercise in conceit  
And condescend tear away the flesh  
And it is still there simmering in its own terrible nature  
Nobody asked for this  
Nobody wants this  
But it kills us all and I can mimic your every breath  
And we learn to appreciate true suffering

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