

Rusted Root

"Matyr"

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Hey mister can you help me sir,
I plea, plea for your sympathy
Words came bounding astern again
Your horizons, well, they crowd up my chin
I start to drown in your vision
I look through your windows as they flew through the
air
I was there swelling in your pool of aggression

How long should we play the martyr?

Hey mister come down and see, see your misery
Words came bounding astern again
Through your weakness I shed my skin
Open wide to my spirit
I look through your windows as they
flew through the air
All I could find was a river in pieces

How long should we play the martyr?

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