

Mongoloids

"The Better Man"

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Always the voice of reason but what happens when that
Voice is dead and gone. Always portray what I'm
feeling
Even if it's at the worst of things. Puh me to
comprehend
What it is you see but I can only understand who I
choose
To ne. Sick of always reaching to help someone else I
Feel like I'm leading myself straight to hell. I've laid
Myself down one to many times sick of taking the fall
Time after time condemned to suffer from your actions
I
Have matured you will have to face this jury alone in
my
World... The thoughts that cloud my head have come to
set
Me free from rexisting once again but this time it's for
Me. I walk the streets it took me so long to find my way.
I walk on these empty streets it took me so long... I walk
On these empty streets it took me so long to find my
way
Back home. Alone here I stand. But am I a better man?

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