

Portraits Of Past

"Bang Yer Head"

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Lower the voice and be recognized. I, of course, see no
Reason to reply. Give me my just desserts give me my
Recognition, that proof. Remain closed all of those who
Dare to remain unchanged by your words. Pull back the
Hammer and take aim. And shoot yourself in the foot,
Shoot everyone else in the foot. Rid us of all meaning.
The credit seems to be all yours. And you're sure of
your

Strength once more (and all could be dismissed with:
"whatever, it's cool" and you could argue that it must
be

Good or violent or irrelevant, but it isn't really any of
Those, and I guess I hate that attitude more than
Anything).

[***the interlude***]

Don't shoot, don't show. Push harder the plastic fork
Shards under my nails. Things don't turn out like this
Even in our wildest dreams. What exactly is that smile?
What is that smile on your face supposed to mean?

"We

Both know I've got those thoughts and words too, but I
Guess I don't give them enough use."

[One]: Go back where you came from, I don't care,
please

Go right now!

[Other]: I wish I could but I seem to have forgotten how.
There are a few truths, and here's just one: I'm as
Fucked up about as much as you're fucked up. But
beyond

That there are only grasped straws and our own
Private/petty perceived flaws. Where's that gun? We
Should both use it. Doomed from the start. Committed
to

Failure. Simply mirrors all? Rejected selves live to
Fall.

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