

Staple "Pity Show"

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Unite with your words to fright the weak small fragile
mind
Defend all the pain you feel, soon it will become real
Until you realize the pain you feel isn't real you'll
compromise everything
Look at you, you need a...
Don't expect my pity. You wont receive any from me.
Limp on able knees to lock your insecurities
The past firmly flaunts its grasp again
you've gladly given it your last stand by falling down
You claim you hate the ground but maintain it, while
declaring your stain
AND LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE GAINED
I wont give in tonight. I choose to break your pain.
I'll never stop the fight. Admit your state, but you
remain.
If it takes everything. I'm gonna make you realize.
I'll never give to you -- you and your pity show
Broke up by the dastardly deed of dealing with life's
reality
Yesterday has won the choice prize. It now controls
your whole life.
Seeking out all that you can find who'll assist you in
your web of compromise
Yesterday has won the choice prize. It now controls
your whole life.
I can't fix your mind tonight.
And did you think I...
Would identify with your selfish game
Would accept the sickness as it came
Would realize my demise but avoid the change
Did you really think I would STAY THE SAME?

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