

Tourniquet

"Martyr's Pose"

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You've lived your whole life in this role
Father checked out prematurely, mother drank away
her soul
You became the whipping boy for an angry, bitter man
When you see this much this young you learn to cope
as best you can

The trick's to look remorseful, but never shoulder any
blame
Condition their responses, that's the way to play the
game

Crocodile tears atream from your eyes
Shoot an anguished look up at the sky

Then it's arms outstretched, and a southbound nose
Your defensive stance
Your martyr's pose

It's now your nature, it fits you like a second skin
You adopt your tortured posture when you feel their
patience wearing thin
Tell me how much alienation
How much bitterness have you tasted
How many years were wasted trying to turn dead roses
red
You typecast yourself in this role - your martyr's pose

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