

# Cursive, The Martyr

And so it's begun  
This is year one  
The birth of a child in the form of a man  
Wrapped in towel  
Passed out on the floor  
These drunken hours -- graces deflowered  
Cast down by an angel  
She used to kiss his weeping eyes  
Depressed in her bosom  
Tears roll off her nipple

Sweet baby, don't cry...  
Your tears are only alibis  
To prove you still feel --  
You only feel sorry for yourself  
Well, get on that cross  
That's all you're good for...

And thusly it ends  
Depression seeps in on a lonely messiah  
Now he drinks with the lepers  
Losing a limb, his better half  
A glass once half full  
A head hung half-mast  
He claims he's the victim  
Strangled by the nine-to-five  
And a pattern of stillness  
That haunted this still life

Your tears are only alibis  
To prove you still feel  
You only feel sorry for yourself  
And that's how you thrive  
Your sorrow's your goldmine  
So write some sad song about me  
Screaming your agonies, playing the saint

The Martyr...  
The Martyr...  
The Martyr...  
The Martyr...  
The Martyr...  
Oh....