

East West, Brutally Wrong

Kicked and stabbed along the way,
planning for the hour.
Revenge a method, one of many
to consummate the change.

Why, what could you ever gain?
Nothing it seems except being lame.
What, what could you ever lose?
Brutally wrong, it's all a game.

Moving forward, leaving something
requires the unsaid.
Be a man and let it all go,
abandoning your pride.

Why, what could you ever gain?
Nothing it seems except being lame.
What, what could you ever lose?
Brutally wrong, it's all a game. (x 2)

Now it's here,
time to choose.
You decide
what you'll become.

Why, what could you ever gain?
Nothing it seems except being lame.
What, what could you ever lose?
Brutally wrong, it's all a game. (x 2)