

London After Midnight, The Pain Looks Good On

What will you do?
What will it prove?
When your indifference,
comes back to you?
What can I say,
to make you understand?
All of your misery,
comes from your own hands.
Why ban the bomb?
Why turn the other cheek?
Why care at all?
when the pain looks good on you.
Can't you see past,
your own vanity.
Or does self worship,
rule your land of apathy.
You push me, I push you back.
No reason to think.
You push me, I push you back.
you lose if you blink.
You must want to suffer.
You must love to hate yourself.
So why seek solutions,
when the pain looks good on you?