

# Scaterd Few, As The Story Grows (v.2)

As the story goes  
They never gave me something for the pain  
They left me by myself to ease the shame  
To cope with rationality  
The outcome's quite the same

And like the wise man long ago  
They tried to keep me in the dark  
To blind my eyes that I would miss the mark  
The thought of death eternal  
Give these mad men peace of heart

As the story grows