

# Spirit Of The West, Expensive / Cinema Of Pain

I'll take a stand for truth and justice  
Then line you up against the wall  
Loyal people gather 'round me  
Until someone points the finger, then alone i fall  
I can make you rise in anger  
Or watch your anger rise and swallow me  
I'm the bane of your existence  
Or the come true of your perfect dream

There's a cinema of pain  
Now showing in my mind  
The price of admission is to relive  
The mistakes i left behind  
And that's a cost i cannot bear

I'm the framed upon your desk  
Or the cartoon with your morning tea  
I'll take flowers from a child's hand  
Bullets from a twisted man -my penalty  
I can make a promise that i'll never keep  
As well as i can keep a promise never made  
I can hide behind a wall of words  
Or stand tall and call a spade a spade

-chorus-

I can bend the truth to make me right  
I can use it to defend  
I can use it to attack, hide the fact  
That the means don't justify the ends  
I can flip a coin for wrong or right  
Heads i wil and talkes you lose  
That's the way i play: i choose the games  
And then i make the rules

-chorus