

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