

# Staple, Pity Show

Unite with your words to fright the weak small fragile mind  
Defend all the pain you feel, soon it will become real  
Until you realize the pain you feel isn't real you'll compromise everything  
Look at you, you need a...  
Don't expect my pity. You wont receive any from me.  
Limp on able knees to lock your insecurities  
The past firmly flaunts its grasp again  
you've gladly given it your last stand by falling down  
You claim you hate the ground but maintain it, while declaring your stain  
AND LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE GAINED  
I wont give in tonight. I choose to break your pain.  
I'll never stop the fight. Admit your state, but you remain.  
If it takes everything. I'm gonna make you realize.  
I'll never give to you -- you and your pity show  
Broke up by the dastardly deed of dealing with life's reality  
Yesterday has won the choice prize. It now controls your whole life.  
Seeking out all that you can find who'll assist you in your web of compromise  
Yesterday has won the choice prize. It now controls your whole life.  
I can't fix your mind tonight.  
And did you think I...  
Would identify with your selfish game  
Would accept the sickness as it came  
Would realize my demise but avoid the change  
Did you really think I would STAY THE SAME?