

# Bane, The Paint Chips Away

We just can't go on  
No not like this  
The center will not hold  
So many voices with so much to say  
But frozen when it's time to lift a finger  
And fix what has been broken for so long  
You have not taken one true step towards leaving the  
Pettiness that you claim that you left behind  
This scene that that you are such a proud part of  
Buckles when you're ego strikes  
Sinks under the weight of your apathy

Your actions erase the good in your words  
And your compassion's as empty as your pride  
It's not enough the things that you say  
It's how you live your life day by day

Forget what you are I wanna know who you are  
It doesn't matter what you call yourself  
It's how you carry yourself

Are you really here to help?