

Bane, You Wrote This Song For Me

I object to this line of questioning
There is something festering behind your eyes
Beneath your words misplaced
And in my face
You are not just telling me what you think
But swinging some rusty axe that has been weighing you down
Speaks volumes about your inability to understand
This scene, this struggle, that has existed so long before
You and will continue happily without you
You remain so unclear
You have no idea
What this music's about or
Why we stand here before you always
Striving, always melting
Bleeding crying into these instruments
And for what
Not you
This has nothing repeat nothing
To do with your ignorant arrogant ass
Or some preset image of some preset scene
Of some set of rules
As safe and as boring as a ride on a carousel
You have come to the wrong tree to bark
And your wishes they fall on deaf ears
And our wheels roll on
And while you sit at home and wish that you could
Stay the same
What have you ever risked, pulled your heart out for
The world to judge, created something out of nothing
Punched holes in what used to be
Set fire to what is supposed to be
Then shut your mouth about what you want this to be
We don't care