

# Brand New Sin, Spare The Agony

So much has happened now I have to reflect  
So much misery I wanna reject  
For years and years I have wanted more  
But too many times they've walked out the door

I should forget it all and think about me  
Spare the agony, learn to be free  
Question everyone, false hopes they bring  
Belive no lies, don't trust a thing

The world is mine

Don't feel a thing  
Don't feel the pain  
Don't feel pride  
Don't feel no shame  
Sick of the fine print  
Sick of the games  
My soul is flying  
And it's all that remains

It seems there was a time somewhere in my life  
I fought off every single tale of advice  
Now yesterday has come to be gone  
Taking with it everything that I've done wrong

Don't feel a thing  
Don't feel the pain  
Don't feel pride  
Don't feel no shame  
Sick of the fine print  
Sick of the games

I felt the sting  
I dealt with the pain  
The world is mine  
I feel no shame  
I read the fine print  
I forfeit the game  
My soul is flying  
And it's all that remains