

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