

Few Left Standing, Identity Crisis

The color yellow suits you best
Parade around like you own the world
I know who you are
I've seen you before
Never forget two faces like that
You mock me for the stance I take
As your breath tries to suffocate me
You're not as strong as you think you are
You can't even play your own game right
You might have knocked me down before
But it's not me that gets back up again
You want me so bad you can taste it on your lips
The closer I get the harder you try
I smell the fear on you everytime you strike
Try and bury me alive but I don't belong to you
I cannot be shaken
My faith is not blind but steadfast in truth
There's strength in numbers and I have three
What can you do against One that conquered death?
No reach with what you have
You think you're in control
Try and keep your cool
The pressure is on to gain the upper hand
Didn't you try it before and lose?
One can only do playing God
It's time to put you in your place
You're not God
He is