

# 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