From Zero, Drama Queen

Try the game
It's all the same
It's a matter of taste
You'll try someday to be with the nation
Of all the rock stars in my mind
I never thought
You Battle tech
I'm ready to bleed from my veins now
Come on back it's just a matter of fact
You keep on telling yourself
The realizations of all the ways
You learned to hate
You're coming far
You're gonna break
Gonna set the record straight
So concentrate

I've got my mind made up this time
I've given all that wasn't mine
I gave the shirt that's on my back
And I give and I give and I get none

Now you're on to something better
I bet you want your money back
Oh, that's a serious breakdown
Come on bitch
Give us all your best shot
Do yourself a favor
Don't hold back
And release the frustration
I'm not surprised
You've lost your mind
I see we arrived at about the same time
That's some serious patience
I just can't
Now you want your feelings back
I'll just say
Your unjust contrast
Is the same as a slap in the face

I've got my mind made up this time
I've given all that wasn't mine
I gave the shirt that's on my back
And I give and I give and I get none

I've got my mind made up this time
I've given all that wasn't mine
I gave the shirt that's on my back
And I give and I give and I give
I got my mind made up this time I fall
You place your faith in something fake
and now you bleed attention