

# 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