

# Full Scale, Five-Six

All I want is for the world to stop  
All I want is for the greed to disappear

Pick up the pace back up  
Take your philosophy  
And shove it away  
Your throat reeks of hypocrisy  
I've only one shot to get through to you

Too much to ask

Pick up your pace  
Stand up, state your theology  
And hide truth away  
A long way from democracy  
I've only one shot to get through to you

Death.  
It's not yours it's not mine  
It's just ours and it's sublime  
Pain.  
Too much war  
And not enough blood

Pick up your pace  
Stand up, take your college degree  
And cue for your pay  
'Cause you reek of the problem see  
They've only one job to give all of you

Too much to ask

Pick up your pace  
Stand up, break everything you see  
Take comfort in pain  
It's all that you have left you see  
I've only one gun  
They can't shoot all of you

I've been backed into a corner  
Making me feel like you never really need me  
If you want me to be nothing  
All that I ask is you stop being something

I've been backed into a corner  
Making me feel like you never really need me  
If you want me to be something  
All that I ask is you stop being nothing

Back me in

I did not choose what is making me sick but I still fall  
I did not choose what I got (No!)

Back me in