

# Lonely Kings, Words Like Swords

Don't worry about yourself  
Don't worry about your pride  
Its easy to believe  
Its even easier to hide  
If you can do this by yourself  
Then why do you need me?  
Stop worrying about it  
It works so faithfully  
Discontent, unsatisfied  
Inexperienced need not apply  
Because it can take too long  
Attention is quickly drawn  
Seasons quickly changed  
So do I  
I never stopped to question why  
A battle of counseling  
With words like swords in me  
Stop carrying your touch  
Leading your own parade  
Living out your conflicts  
With other peoples aid  
Two by two it equals one  
As one turns into three  
Subconsciously I'll travel  
The fear inside of me  
Do you really want to wait  
Do you really want to know for sure  
And I'm giving more then I can take  
And I never wanted more