

Martyr A.d., Prozac Anecdote

And with this we learn to appreciate true suffering
The angry helpless feeling of it all
Becomes something to take a strict comfort
In the words that we use become mundane
And tired to us because all we have felt
Has remained constant for so long
The words we hear from you are cliched and worn
And I can mimic your every breath
When we realize what it is we are looking for
And understanding comes a mix of omnipotence
And banality a disgusting exercise in conceit
And condescend tear away the flesh
And it is still there simmering in its own terrible nature
Nobody asked for this
Nobody wants this
But it kills us all and I can mimic your every breath
And we learn to appreciate true suffering