

Prong, The Banishment

Banished from this world, and from its toil
I can only watch, grieve and pity
Stare at stupid likes, wonder at people's smiles
Laugh at any call
Call for unity

Smashed by surprise falls, slashed by irrelevant scolds
I can never heal: who can know bravery?

Messages that make rage from those who think they're straight
Participate in denial: Validate their luxuries

Cos I'm bored
So I left
No reason for me to hang around this place
I get more and more stress
Nothing anyone can offer more or less
Done grieving, closer to the end
Done grieving, closer to the end

Hail all that is vain, exhibiting no refrain
Eventually condemned for things unholy
Don't request a vote, no confidence to uphold
Refusal to be a pawn, to your insecurity

Selling another point, best thing to avoid
Everything of this world becomes cruel and dirty
Passion and desire; obsession of a style
Capitalistic shrines of all vain glory

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I can never heal: who can know bravery?

Drinking away the pain, crying until it rains
No reason to live or die with dignity
Put myself to rest with the curse I've always been with
A laughable life, mundane with drudgery

Self inflicted wreck, thoughts continue inject
My spirituality, keeping God away from me

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Done grieving, closer to the end
Done grieving, closer to the end
Done grieving, closer to the end
Closer to the end

Done grieving, closer to the end
Feel like not breathing,
How much more can I stand?

How much more can I stand?

Done grieving, how much more can I stand?
How much more can I stand?

Done grieving, closer to the end
Closer to the end
Closer to the end
Closer to the end