

# You Wrote This Song For Me

Bane

I object to this line of questioning  
There is something festering behind your eyes  
Beneath your words misplaced  
And in my face  
You are not just telling me what you think  
But swinging some rusty axe that has been weighing you down  
Speaks volumes about your inability to understand  
This scene, this struggle, that has existed so long before  
You and will continue happily without you  
You remain so unclear  
You have no idea  
What this music's about or  
Why we stand here before you always  
Striving, always melting  
Bleeding crying into these instruments  
And for what  
Not you  
This has nothing repeat nothing  
To do with your ignorant arrogant ass  
Or some preset image of some preset scene  
Of some set of rules  
As safe and as boring as a ride on a carousel  
You have come to the wrong tree to bark  
And your wishes they fall on deaf ears  
And our wheels roll on  
And while you sit at home and wish that you could  
Stay the same  
What have you ever risked, pulled your heart out for  
The world to judge, created something out of nothing  
Punched holes in what used to be  
Set fire to what is supposed to be  
Then shut your mouth about what you want this to be  
We don't care