

Look at you  
You're the son of the neighborhood strays  
You can walk in your prison for days  
But you'll never get anywhere  
It's a pain  
But the shine on the edge of your blade  
Couldn't give all the waiting away  
You were recognized everywhere  
Turn away  
You are not just ashamed of yourself  
You're a part of the scenery, damned to hell

Can't you see  
We are not going to play at your games  
We are not going to ask you for names  
Or for some of your history  
Did you know  
That your father said it's all wrong  
Just to keep it going along  
It's a part of our mystery  
It's our job, you see

You'll agree  
There is no point in letting you go  
We can wait till the end of the show  
Till the audience fades away  
Turn around  
You can laugh at the mess in your room  
It's a nightmare that never can end for you

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