

Please spare me.
How long do we have to hear you speak?
It's always the same, your self-centered game.
It means nothing to this short existence.

So play your game.
We're still here when you realize it's a waste.
Lady Magdalene teach me compassion.
For an imperfect race.

We're not gonna sit back as silent victims
To their wicked ways.
Lady Magdalene teach me patience.
To bite my tongue and not say what I'm moved to say.

Try not to decimate but merely tolerate.
Give me the strength it takes to walk away.
Here we go again. I can see your lips move.
But I can hear no words.

What are you trying to prove?
It means nothing to a short existence.
So play your game and we'll always be here.
When you realize it's a waste.

I'm walking. Now I'm walking away.