

# For All It's Worth

Orpheus

Torn from the inside, giving all you have,  
You'll run a thousand miles before you take on helping  
hands,  
They take it all for granted, a never-ending feed,  
But when the trough is empty, see the failure of the  
breed

Now run to me, and show me grace,  
When within my heart, beats a losing race,  
With my chance for the light, to choose my fate,  
Disease of the mind, your mediocre trait

Take with ease, from those with hearts of gold,  
Their eyes a window, straight into the soul,  
What you take for granted, can be taken back,  
But you force their hand with lies and vicious tact

Take, for all it's worth inside,  
Leave nothing but the empty shell,  
This life sustains not a given few,  
It gives up on the good it knew

A fragile state of mind reserved,  
For villains posing with the good,  
But hesitate, distrust, disassemble all that's right,  
Come seek the chalice of the light

Now run to me, and show me grace,  
When within my heart, beats a losing race,  
With my chance for light, to choose my fate,  
Disease of the mind, your mediocre trait

Inside, your fragile mind, make a mess of what is  
right,  
What gets left behind,  
Now feel the shame, for treachery so blunt,  
Placed with force upon the brethren that you loved

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