

Pray To The Pessimist

Parabelle

You had a better look than I, you caught it from the top of my world

How could they know this?

You're cut wide open, you spill all over the floor
cut wide open, you're pulling from the ropes
and running from the ones you know

Pray to the pessimist
They told you not forever
They told you not today
save me, till its all you can take
you promised me broadway
but you sold me cabaret

Spit it out for better taste

I don't care if you're ready or not, the sentiment tears my hold
you come right up and you tear me open
I spill all over the floor
cut wide open, its been rough being broken, all alone, this body better get up

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Spit it out

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You're ready or not