

# The Banishment

Prong

Banished from this world, and from its toil  
I can only watch, grieve and pity  
Stare at stupid likes, wonder at people's smiles  
Laugh at any call  
Call for unity

Smashed by surprise falls, slashed by irrelevant scolds  
I can never heal: who can know bravery?

Messages that make rage from those who think they're  
straight  
Participate in denial: Validate their luxuries

Cos I'm bored  
So I left  
No reason for me to hang around this place  
I get more and more stress  
Nothing anyone can offer more or less  
Done grieving, closer to the end  
Done grieving, closer to the end

Hail all that is vain, exhibiting no refrain  
Eventually condemned for things unholy  
Don't request a vote, no confidence to uphold  
Refusal to be a pawn, to your insecurity

Selling another point, best thing to avoid  
Everything of this world becomes cruel and dirty  
Passion and desire; obsession of a style  
Capitalistic shrines of all vain glory

Cos I'm bored  
So I left  
No reason for me to hang around this place  
I get more and more stress  
Nothing anyone can offer more or less  
Done grieving, closer to the end  
Done grieving, closer to the end

Smashed by surprise falls, slashed by irrelevant scolds  
I can never heal: who can know bravery?

Drinking away the pain, crying until it rains  
No reason to live or die with dignity  
Put myself to rest with the curse I've always been with  
A laughable life, mundane with drudgery

Self inflicted wreck, thoughts continue inject  
My spirituality, keeping God away from me

Banished from this world, banished from it's toil  
I can only watch, grieve and pity  
Stare at stupid likes, wonder at people's smiles  
Laugh at any call, the call for unity

Cos I'm bored  
So I left

No reason for me to hang around this place  
I get more and more stress  
Nothing anyone can offer more or less  
Done grieving, closer to the end  
Done grieving, closer to the end  
Done grieving, closer to the end  
Closer to the end

Done grieving, closer to the end  
Feel like not breathing,  
How much more can I stand?

How much more can I stand?

Done grieving, how much more can I stand?  
How much more can I stand?

Done grieving, closer to the end  
Closer to the end  
Closer to the end  
Closer to the end