

You've never suffered how I suffer
You've never worn your scars on open arms
It's so much harder to be a martyr
When the movement in the mass don't believe in anything at all

You wear me out in anonymous effigy
But who are you to take a swing at me?

You hate the world and you don't know why
Wish I could help you but my hands are tied
You're scared to live cause you're scared to die
Wish I could help you but my hands are tied

Humble fathers and loving mothers
Would be ashamed to see the spite you bleed
It's so much better to check your temper
Than be an automatic, idiotic critic in the factory

You wear me out with your fake popularity
But who are you to point the gun at me?

You hate the world and you don't know why
Wish I could help you but my hands are tied
You're scared to live cause you're scared to die
Wish I could help you but my hands are tied
You'd rather tear me down, you'd rather watch me burn
You'd rather spit your words than stand and take yours
You're scared to live cause you're scared to die
Wish I could help you but my hands are tied

When it all comes down to sticks and stones
I'll be a little more than glad to let you know
You're so overrated in your own eyes, good god

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