

## Living Martyrdom

### The Bigger Lights

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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