

If you try to be a martyr it will only slow you down and I'll cry a little harder as I wrap you in your shroud but it's never going to happen and it's never going to count and there's nothing we can do about it now.

Once we had so many options, now they're narrowed down to one and it's sad to see you watching while the damage has begun.

If it's not what you expected I expected more from you and I'm sorry but there's nothing we can do about it now.

And I'm all overcome with apathy, doesn't have anything to do with me.

If you think I should feel responsible I don't know anything is possible.

Picture of you in my head and I'm waiting here in my bed it's an iron maiden I heard what you said but I can't remember something about my neck.

And at last you'll be a martyr as you're crying on the stairs soon you'll be flashing your stigmata and repackaging your prayers.

And we'll hang you in the parlor and we'll cut you into squares and we'll think of you when anybody swears but there's nothing we can do about it now.