

Spare the Agony

Brand New Sin

So much has happened now I have to reflect
So much misery I wanna reject
For years and years I have wanted more
But too many times they've walked out the door I should forget it all and think about me
Spare the agony, learn to be free
Question everyone, false hopes they bring
Believe no lies, don't trust a thing The world is mine Don't feel a thing
Don't feel the pain
Don't feel pride
Don't feel no shame
Sick of the fine print
Sick of the games
My soul is flying
And it's all that remains It seems there was a time somewhere in my life
I fought off every single tale of advice
Now yesterday has come to be gone
Taking with it everything that I've done wrong Don't feel a thing
Don't feel the pain
Don't feel pride
Don't feel no shame
Sick of the fine print
Sick of the games I felt the sting
I dealt with the pain
The world is mine
I feel no shame
I read the fine print
I forfeit the game
My soul is flying
And it's all that remains

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