The Martyr

Cursive

And so it's begun
This is year one
The birth of a child in the form of a man
Wrapped in towel
Passed out on the floor
These drunken hours -- graces deflowered
Cast down by an angel
She used to kiss his weeping eyes
Depressed in her bosom
Tears roll off her nippleSweet baby, don't cry...
Your tears are only alibis
To prove you still feel --
You only feel sorry for yourself
Well, get on that cross
That's all you're good for...The MartyrAnd thusly it ends
Depression seeps in on a lonely messiah
Now he drinks with the lepers
Losing a limb, his better half
A glass once half full
A head hung half-mast
He claims he's the victim
Strangled by the nine-to-five
And a pattern of stillness
That haunted this still lifeYour tears are only alibis
To prove you still feel
You only feel sorry for yourself
And that's how you thrive
Your sorrow's your goldmine
So write some sad song about me
Screaming your agonies, playing the saintThe Martyr...
The Martyr...
The Martyr...
The Martyr...
The Martyr...
Oh....

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