Five-Six

Full Scale

All I want is for the world to stop
All I want is for the greed to disappearPick up the pace back up
Take your philosophy
And shove it away
Your throat reeks of hypocrisy
I've only one shot to get through to youToo much to askPick up your pace
Stand up, state your theology
And hide truth away
A long way from democracy
I've only one shot to get through to youDeath.
It's not yours it's not mine
It's just ours and it's sublime
Pain.
Too much war
And not enough bloodPick up your pace
Stand up, take your college degree
And cue for your pay
'Cause you reek of the problem see
They've only one job to give all of youToo much too askPick up your pace
Stand up, break everything you see
Take comfort in pain
It's all that you have left you see
They've only one gun
They can't shoot all of youI've been backed into a corner
Making me feel like you never really need me
If you want me to be nothing
All that I ask is you stop being somethingI've been backed into a corner
Making me feel like you never really need me
If you want me to be something
All that I ask is you stop being nothingBack me inI did not choose what is making me sick but I still fall
I did not choose what I got (No!)Back me in

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