

# Candidate

## Dramarama

Forced by the pressure  
The territories marked  
No longer the pleasure  
Oh, I've since lost the heart  
Corrupted from memory  
No longer the power  
It's creeping up slowly  
The last fatal hour  
Oh, I don't know what made me  
What gave me the right  
To mess with your values  
And change wrong to right  
Please keep your distance  
The trail leads to here  
There's blood on your fingers  
Brought on by fear  
I campaigned for nothing  
I worked hard for this  
I tried to get to you  
You treat me like this  
It's just second nature  
It's what we've been shown  
We're living by your rules  
That's all that we know  
I tried to get to you  
I tried to get to you  
I tried to get to you  
Oh I tried to get to you

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