

# Bang the Drum Slowly

## Bane

(play the fife lowly)  
i just cannot stop  
asking why, always why  
running and running  
wandering and wondering  
no matter how many years fly by  
screaming "who, what and when"  
like some crazed eight year old  
who needs to know everything  
in a world so filled with nothing  
running and running  
towards one ounce of proof  
things that will not crumble at the slightest touch  
you tell me who the hell i gonna trust  
i can stand looking at grown-ups  
never mind trust them  
loud and proud laughing at things that are not funny  
chewing happily on what is left  
of this cold, gray, flawed world  
i just gotta keep right on running  
away from it all  
towards tears born from lesson  
towards dreams instead of dollars  
half my age and stupidly brave  
uz anything is better than lying in some comfortable deathbed  
staring into the abyss  
as afraid of living as i am of not living  
though one time i awoke  
and could still feel the cold steel of a sword  
that had been thrust into me

Lyrics provided by

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