

Candidate

Theologian

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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