

Man of Virtue

[iwrestledabearonce](#)

Dying to live, trying to fit narrow
Dying to live the definition.
I won't be conned, I won't be ensnared.
To tell you the truth, you make me sick.
To tell you the truth you still have nothing.
You are violent but I feel nothing.
Your entitlement-
I owe you nothing.
I watch you deflate and I see nothing.
You're not my Saviour this time.No.
No point in trying to fix this narrow snare.
You're still slack-jawed, listless and soft.
Man of virtue. I will hurt you.
And my heart is too cold
And I lack a gentle touch
And I do not exist as a constant to your crutch.
I disregard your moral failings. If you couldn't get it up.
And my heart is too cold
And I lack the sympathy.
It's too small.
It would split if I would give you what you need.
The constant to your crutch, if you can't get it up.
You're failing.
You can't control the clutch.
I lack a tender heart. Can you function with no backbone?
I have no consolation.
I'm running out of patience.
Can't control the clutch.
So soft and slack-jawed.
My conscience is crystal clear.
My conscience is fucking crystal clear.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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