

I hurt myself today
To see if I still feel
I focus on the pain
The only thing that's real
The needle tears a hole
The old familiar sting
Try to kill it all away
But I remember everything

What have I become
My sweetest friend
Everyone I know goes away
In the end
And you could have it all
My empire of dirt
I will let you down
I will make you hurt

I wear this crown of thorns
Upon my liar's chair
Full of broken thoughts
I cannot repair
Beneath the stains of time
The feelings disappear
You are someone else
I am still right here

What have I become
My sweetest friend
Everyone I know goes away
In the end
And you could have it all
My empire of dirt
I will let you down
I will make you hurt

If I could start again
A million miles away
I would keep myself
I would find a way

All Souls' Day was the day
when powder, lead and steel
abruptly closed the way—
my chances are now nil.
The murder took his toll,
caught in a poacher's sling
my deadly wounded soul
while I lost everything.

What have I become
at this day's sorry end.
I already hear the busy hum
of foe and "friend"
And you could have it all
My empire of dirt
When you let me down
I will make you hurt!

The questions sting like thorns,
the harm's beyond repair,
my fate nobody mourns,
this is one nightmare.
The Kick's heinous crime
I can't make disappear.
He left but all the grime
for me to clean up here.

Again this gleeful hum
while I try to mend
civil liberties that are dumb
in the end.
"This won't bear up at all!",
they comment with mirth.
I won't take the fall,
why should I on earth?

And I will start again,
no matter what they say,
in office I'll remain,
'cause this is just my way!