

Explain Yourself.

Nonpoint

R: I didn't ask you to explain yourself to me.
The fact you feel you have to is enough evidence,
to see right through all the bullshit,
and the stories you create.
I didn't ask to be a game for you to play with.

Didn't ask for anything in return that wouldn't,
be asked by anyone else.
Respect is something I demand.
Worked hard enough to understand.
People say what you want to hear,
if something comes out of it for them.
Even some of the people you're calling your friends,
are waiting for the second they don't have to pretend.
What I expect from you is straight forward no frills,
no lies unless they kill.
I don't want to die from a truth that you never told.
A book that you never closed.
Read the rest and come back
when you've learned what you're supposed to.

R:

I expect the world, cause I give it in return.
And if you know me well enough you know I burn bridges,
with flaky muthafuckers and stool pigeons.
They have their own agenda,
and the people that they burn
will eventually see everything crystal.
Then fire like an automatic pistol.
They didn't ask you to choose the way you did.
All your wrong words, wrong looks,
judgments passed, closed books, bad reactions.
No apologetic actions took, by either stubborn side.
So you return to your lonely life.

R: (2x)

Didn't ask to be the one.
The one to make you see.
You chose me.
I didn't ask you to.

R: