

The Lottery

The Used

Gathered all in a circle
It's Ritualistic
Just like before
They say to pick a number
To pick a color
But what's it for?
I'll stand by this tradition
Man my position
It's ignorance
Faceless into the mirror
I'm not convinced that I stand a chance

Please don't hurt me

I'll be
Your one and only
Standing here lonely
Watching you throw things
Fire fire away

Twisting
We're all contorting
While you keep sorting
Us in a line
Chasing
The warm embracing
While you keep tasting
The bloody wine
Blindly leading the blindfolded
To an outdated state of mind
The free will die
Live my lie
Make your body whole like mine

Please don't hurt me

I'll be
Your one and only
Standing here lonely
Watching you throw things
Fire fire away

One day this will end with a fire on your skin
The crowds will come in waves as the sacrifice begins
The banners will be waving in the ashes of your hell
The end is fucking now

Please don't hurt me

I'll be
Your one and only
Standing here lonely
Watching you throw things
Fire fire away