

What will we take?

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Give a man more than his due he'll laud you all his days
But give him less than he mused oh god you're an idol waste
What will finally earn your grace?
Are you not entertained?

When your expectations ride on the back of promised lies
Knowing your worth is almost a curse that leaves you high and d
ry

What of ends long pursued scaled and weighed for praise
Heart regressed to follow suit the art has lost its way
What will finally earn your grace?
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Tell me what's the point of this?

(What's the point?

What's the point?)

I'm lost in censorship

(I'm lost in censorship)

Tell me what's the point of this?

(What's the point?

What's the point?)

I am lost

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