

## 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To an outdated state of mind  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