

Martyr\'s Pose

Tourniquet

You've lived your whole life in this role
Father checked out prematurely, mother drank away her soul
You became the whipping boy for an angry, bitter man
When you see this much this young you learn to cope as best you
can

The trick's to look remorseful, but never shoulder any blame
Condition their responses, that's the way to play the game

Crocodile tears stream from your eyes
Shoot an anguished look up at the sky
Then it's arms outstretched, and a southbound nose
Your defensive stance
Your martyr's pose

It's now your nature, it fits you like a second skin
You adopt your tortured posture when you feel their patience wearing thin
Tell me how much alienation
How much bitterness have you tasted
How many years were wasted trying to turn dead roses red
You typecast yourself in this role - your martyr's pose