

When It Hits Home

Entombed

Greed

It's really no mystery

Where these people come from is so fucking plain to see

They fist-fuck the planet and smile

And lick their fingers clean

Hey

You're better than all the rest

You're god's special creature

Intelligence at it's best

You fist-suck the planet in style

And lick your fingers clean

But now you wake up in a pile of shit

Gone is the dream

And you scream but there's no-one there

You got to pay your own fare

Your dick is sore and you're all alone

Hurts like hell when it hits home

Now, listen

Prepare to suck cock in hell

It's really not all that bad once you get past the smell

You fist-fucked the planet and smiled

And licked your fingers clean

As gods come and go

You did not make the winning team

You're god's special little creature