

Hello Lester this is Gregory
Finally my father before me, nose is bleeding
Heart is barely beating
Surviving you in the den of iniquity

Now the sole heir of a fallen tree
From an estate on a mountain of misery

Hello Lester this is your legacy
And I'm almost done

Mine is tragedy the son of Satan
Lester the molester of children
Even mother well the stable one
That we loved ran away
To the arms of the young blood

There in your house there with your wife
Her affair with Jeff and the kitchen knife
A childhood peer a sworn enemy
An old friend with a stab of reality

And God is dead

I'm on the express to see it your bloodline
Severed by the chemicals in mine

Define guilt

I can find guilt in self defense
I think in blue and see in red

But there's no accomplishment
To change the past
I've got my, plan to succeed
Father through the snow

I got mine I got mine I got mine I got mine
I got mine I've got mine
I've got mine I've got mine
I've got mine we've got we've got
We've got we've got we've got
We've got we've got we've got
We've got we've got we've got