

Seller's Market

Bleeding Through

I'm sick of this I'm tired of all the bullshit
I don't care who the fuck knows who
I want to read between the lines
But the scared look in your eyes
The only truth I will find
We all know where you come from
And to be honest we don't fucking care
Your life of privilege no more silver platters
Where the fuck will you be
When all your scams clear the air?
And I know there is something else to all of this
Every broken promise just another dollar well spent
Kissing ass sucking up your arrogance makes me ill
And now I'll defend to the death this dream you're
trying to kill
And I know there is something else to all of this
Every broken promise just another dollar well spent
And if I listen to you
I would only doubt myself
Are you trying to pollute us with your ego?
I hope we meet in hell
We will meet again in hell
Straight to hell
I'm sick of this I'm tired of the bullshit
I don't care who the fuck knows who
I want to read between the lines
But the scared look in your eyes
The only truth I will find
We all know where you come from
And to be honest we don't fucking care
Your life of fiction you're so fucking clever
How many fucking excuses do you want us to hear?
Straight to hell