

You struggle with words. I don't.
But you can bet that when you struggle to control
yourself
I'll make the choices you won't. Myself, I'm only having
trouble taking them to decide
If what I'm about to say is right - a closed fist is a
powerful thing
You'd hit the ground.
You'd run for cover if you know what I mean
When I say a closed fist is a powerful thing
So fuck you.
'Cause I can't stand it and I won't tolerate another
false line of the standard fucking shit you say
I can't believe it that they would celebrate in the face
of another empty line about pain
Your tombstone reads the lies that your body couldn't
sell while you were alive.