

Rats in the Infirmary

CKY

Out of the woodwork keeping hidden where they hide
Par for the course the highest horse on which they ride
The devil's grin, illness is in so claim your prize
Without the facts on track samaratism dies

I've got this chronic fever
You'll cure me non-believers
Still ill and rehabilitated
By those sick enough to have created

Symbols of sanity decreasing year by year
Inflated vanity you learn to hold so dear
Opposite, synonymous, withholding every truth
I live to tell the tale for I am living proof

Rats
They're living in the infirmary
Rats
And they've been crawling all over me
Rats
We feed them in the infirmary
Rats
And they've been crawling all over me

We're just part of the smallest fraction
Not worthy of any reaction
Without a clue you're over medicated
By those sick enough to have created

I'm not a stranger to the threat of every modern day
Never got the facts on track and time will win this race
Each tragic accident there's a hero in its place
Your good intention for attention is gaining praise

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