

Never thought it would happen again  
Another smooth talker disguised as a friend  
You sit among us but you cease to exist  
Soaking it all in to spew from your lips  
There's always one of you in the corner  
There's always one of you at the door  
We stomp and stomp and kick and crush  
There's always one of you on the floor

Spy

You don't have anyone back  
You aren't on anyone's side  
The ends will never justify  
The goods that have to die