

Mr. Failure

Crystal Eyes

You think you're Messiah supreme,
'Cause you write in a magazine
But what's coming out of your head
Makes me wonder if your brain is dead

You think everyone is a star
Just because they got a guitar
Our music is not made for you,
'Cause 'bout Metal you don't have a clue

You live your life just to criticize,
And sneak around to spread your lies
Among the fools from the MTV
You create a false reality

Hey Mr. Failure, face it
We don't want to read your bullshit
Your words are fake, we want 'em no more
You're a wannabe to the core
Hey Mr. Failure, silence
Because what you say is nonsense
Now take this as a rule
You damn pathetic fool
Oh Mr. Failure, you can't see what it's about
We've had enough, get out!
And leave our ground once and for all

You're greasing the media machine,
With vicious rumours of our scene
You bring our band to your mill,
And you grind us just for the thrill
The sick brain of yours never rest,
Always plan for what you do best...
Oppress, provoke, irritate,
Ridicule, humiliate

You live your life just to criticize,
And sneak around to spread your lies
Among the fools from the MTV
You create a false reality

You say you do not like our sound,
But we do not care, just leave our ground
Heavy Metal is what we play
No matter what you say
Now hear our song and obey