

When It Hits Home

Entombed

Greed

It's really no mystery
Where these people come from is so fucking plain to see
They fist-fuck the planet and smile
And lick their fingers clean

Hey

You're better than all the rest
You're god's special creature
Intelligence at it's best
You fist-suck the planet in style
And lick your fingers clean
But now you wake up in a pile of shit
Gone is the dream

And you scream but there's no-one there
You got to pay your own fare
Your dick is sore and you're all alone
Hurts like hell when it hits home

Now, listen

Prepare to suck cock in hell
It's really not all that bad once you get past the smell

You fist-fucked the planet and smiled
And licked your fingers clean
As gods come and go
You did not make the winning team

You're god's special little creature