

The Latest Plague

From First to Last

What would you say, if this blemished face,
This blemished face with a crooked nose
Had a chance to say whatever he wanted
from his blemished world of the unknown?

Would you give a fuck if all that you heard
Were nouns and verbs like shallow heartache?
The sound of victory blowing up your world, world

Fake faces everywhere I see,
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down, don't tell me,
Don't tell me where I don't belong

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Oh, I heard a sick sad voice (Oh),
It was honesty, I turned to her and said,
We need to be medicated;
And you're the prescription,
For a forced out vision
If you're with me, send the critics to hell
with the sound of our voices

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All you better-thans that fed us shit,
Will be knocked on the floor,
So don't you place your bets just yet
All you treasure sleepers feed on shit,
You'll be knocked on the floor,
So don't you place...

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