

Claim To Lame

Hand Of Mercy

Won't spend another fucking second trying to figure you out

I'm so exhausted from the shit that's running out of your mouth

Building a life that you've mad as a leech

Taking credit for another's accomplishments

Why does this justify achieving the glory?

And tell me why this constitutes a free fride

Worth nothing more than a dime a dozen

Yet so righteous, in social progress

Sucking away and draining, all the life and blood bone dry

Making demands and making plans, to make believe you lead a useful life

Sucking away and draining, every last drop until nothing is left

Sorry to say, at the end of the day

You'll be lucky if you've got a friend

I won't buy into your games

Won't get the best of me, your life is a catastrophe

I struggle to think of what you offer us

There's nothing left do discuss and you disgust us!

And you disgust us!

You won't get the best of me, your life is a catastrophe, and nothing comes for free...

A constant disappointment, another failed attempt

I'll speak what's been unspoken, it's all in your head

A constant disappointment, another failed attempt

I'll speak what's been unspoken, your soul is fucking dead!

You've made not one impact on my entire life!

So what the fuck's up?