

Lone Child

Hit The Switch

Tailor made for the lone child,
Labor born put upon,
The bylaw takes effect increase as a valiant force blazes on,
And if the furnace runs out of heat,
Die or evasively presume a new one!
So put this chump in his place,
The common wealth in mass appeal so lets get it straight,
The patron's weight overrides two cents from the crowd,
Just a fuck like you in the way,
Is all in a days worth to erase,
So make or break your wage.
Steady rise of the lone child,
Payback born to the bone,
And subject to a vast array lf malignant pay to fold,
But a little bird told me that the only way to go is right thro
ugh them!