

## Boot Scraper

Lamb of God

Watch the broken common man  
Drown his sorrows at unhappy hour  
Dirty and sweaty with just enough to get by

Calluses on his hands, calluses on his soul  
Hard-boiled, son of a bitch  
Scraping away on the down hill grind

It's a means to an end, a mean end for most  
Death and domestication ends in shattered hopes  
Can't see the hand at the other end of the leash

Turn and bite, turn and bite the hand that bleeds you dry  
Throw yourself a bone, no one else will  
Compromise leads to self-loathing  
Money the excrement of labor

And you don't get to keep shit  
Except politics and power trips  
And a bad breath down your neck

I know for I have toiled in the halls of the mighty  
And not received a teardrop in a bucket  
Motherfuck it

The world doesn't owe me a thing  
But you do, motherfucker  
The world doesn't owe me a thing  
But you do, motherfucker

So crooked when you die  
They're gonna have to screw your ass  
Into the ground

As life slowly unravels with nothing to show  
But your wasted time and dust  
A thousand points of lies falling  
On the deafened funeral eardrums of the blind masses

Rise above, extract your life  
Will you look within then turn around and bite?  
Day by day the mask suffocates your life  
Is this any way to live? No fucking way