

The Flavor Of The Month

Poisonblack

I walk wearing a crown, self-proclaimed Roaylty
At least compared to you
I'm as good it gets and will be remembered
I know, I was told so

I talk wearing a frown
With arrogance and loathing, I address the punters
I'm the best there is, so beautiful and bold
I've got the touch of gold

No matter how fucked, no matter how fucked I am

The flavor of the month, come and take a bite
Another useless one, another spoon-fed, another spoon-fed mind

I'm the bastard incarnate, an odious deadpan prick
Don't care what you think
I'm the VIP, the morons united
Access all areas

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Thus the pointing finger, being holier than, holier than thou

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