

feel as strong as an ox  
the psilocybin was laced with dust  
suicidal's on the box  
and kids are goin' fuckin nuts  
starin at the face of death  
a poster child who fits the bill  
takes a break to catch a breath  
lost and lonely, voids to fill

fall into a psychopathic rage  
from within  
I've been there and back since half my age  
and to hell I've been  
severing the hand on which we feed,  
is not enough  
status quo don't satisfy thy need

to fuck shut up

overdose is on the rise  
lips are cold and eyes are black  
it might be best to cut your ties  
friends are falling through the cracks  
time to taste the bitter pill  
it's hard to swallow and tough to chew  
make the promise that you will  
think of better things to do

I know what it's like to feel your pain,  
and I know it hurts  
most confess to acting quite the same,  
and maybe worse  
severing the hand from which we feed,  
is not enough  
status quo don't satisfy thy need

to fuck shut up