

Dead Weight

Ruiner

The ones born in shit with no remorse or no regret,
Watch the foundation break we laugh as we take.
Born the son of a carpenter and highschool secretary,
Bread blue collar in a white trash town, with just enough to lose.

But I learned the value in wanting nothing
Because then no one can take anything from you.
I watched the heart of my old man get overworked for the sake of a dollar.

Worried that love might only, be found,
In the amount of things you leave behind when you die.
I started driving nails at an early age
For a class of people their god forgot.
For the ingrates who never knew the pain of callous hands
For the bottom feeder waiting for their hand out.

This is humanities true face, middle aged
And fully capable but not willing to sweat.
Who think they are better than that,
As if born with some form of entitlement.
The punch line in this joke, we are angels at birth
But true sinners and always looking for a hustle.
I was born a fortunate son.
But I learned early on if you want to live, you got to suffer,
You got to be willing to bleed.
I was born a fortunate son.
But I learned early on if you want to live, you got to suffer,
You got to be willing to die. (Empty handed).
I go day to day with a chip on my shoulder
I can not shake for a generation of leaches
Who seem to think that life owes them something more than a right to breathe.
Life owes me nothing but a cold deep grave
And a promise to never wake me up when I close my eyes,
Let me close my eyes. Please let me close my eyes.