

You think you know what this world is about  
But nothing grows in the desert when you covet the drought  
And you believe everything is alright  
It's plain to see you're pretending now with all of your might

And I hope you wither out  
Fuck you and your fake adoration

Hooray for the saviours who prey on the prayers  
And drink of the well as they give fuel to the fire  
Your selfish behaviour - a taste that you savour  
You worship yourselves, you're all just bigots and liars

You kick and scream when you're being ignored  
But no-one heeds aberration when the act is a chore  
And I believe we have been here before  
It's plain to see you are everything I hated you for

And I hope you wither out  
Fuck you - you're a poor imitation

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