

## 12 Oz. Prophet

Soilent Green

Start from scratch  
Victim in your own style  
A rash coming to surface  
No one could even stop this  
All talk and a coward stance  
Resenting final chance  
Hands of fate tied behind your back  
A balance faults always weighed out  
Tip the scale to this downfall  
A puzzle of let downs you could never solve  
To most you're an eyesore, even the score  
An unstable head hits the floor, without excuse  
A social breakdown of knotted emotion  
Victim in a lost cause  
Eyes that can't sleep a wink without a drink  
The coward plague on talking shit  
The next in line that has been left behind  
Wet these lips for another drunk promise of lies  
Fourth grade logic  
Just another blacked out moment  
Climbing out of restraint  
Configuration for harm's way  
These dead days  
The outcast pig  
Counting black sheep in your sleep  
Register and dominate punishment  
The decline of man's verbal promise  
Headache of the obvious  
Stop letting the bottle speak  
Inside these lies take praise in time  
Hide this failure of looking back  
A rewritten story of past events  
Blinding these faults that chase you  
Dissolve into a stable delusion, forgettable solution  
Analyze imperfection of compulsive  
Sitting at the table of dysfunction  
Genetic run of a father's blood  
Hiding the addiction of your ways  
The less to forget in time  
Limitations on pride  
Overrated cycle of rage  
Victim for your cause  
This continuous cycle of self involved decay  
Flavor of the month  
Vodka bottle slut  
Date rape side show for the one night stand that wet the bed  
Half the man  
A broken home  
Below the knee with broken bones  
Recreate the perfect mold  
Drown these sorrows  
Losing tomorrow  
To sell yourself for another night for that minute trip of fame