

Hand It Over

Stolen Babies

Now it's serious, though not so much belated,
Your face may be something, but your value is corroding,
And all that your living for is fading faster than you
But you still some, and you whine delusional, inbred, impatient
, you say
"Hand it over, and I wait now. And I've paid, paid my dues."
And the scales on your body are flaking off as you're going off
Laughing it off at another's expense as you shed
All that your living for is all that's about you
And it doesn't matter what anyone's going through cause you've
earned it now
"Hand it over, and I wait now. And I've paid, paid my dues."
And what do you have to prove?
Your world revolves around something untrue.
Milk the fading scene, until it's rot ages with you.
And everyone has moved on, but you still remark,
"Hand it over, and I wait now. And I've paid, paid my dues."