Black Friday

Stray from the Path

There is something in the air. I can tell that it's not right tonight anything goes after midnight. Watch your back. The world has lost control, cars full of people who would sell their soul. As they gather far and wide like a cattle, armed with their wallets Loaded guns for a battle. Look out. I'm still waiting for he world to see What this life is supposed to mean. You can't buy me I'm not for sale. Money won't buy a heart of gold They're fresh out they were free with self control. Is there anybody out there? Does anybody care? Is there anybody out there? I would rather have nothing than this. I would rather have nothing than miss what I really care for, what I'd die for, rip out my hair for, mothers cry f or. Appreciation for the shit you've got. Appreciated is what you're not. I won't be bought. You can't buy me I'm not for sale. Money won't buy a heart of gold They're fresh out they were free with self control. It goes ,it goes One for the money Two for the money Forget about the Third world they aint hungry. Four closed homes Five missed payments on Six loans The dumbest people with the smartest phones. I fear Scared that you won't Next year You're still ungrateful It will I bet that it will be worse. Let me express what I'm thankful for I'm twenty five, full of pride surrounded by the ones i love.

Scared that you won't Next year You're still ungrateful It will I bet that it will be worse.

You should all be shameful for shopping lines, stolen lives You're still my material whore.

American Greed. Too many people buying too many things they don't even need They're just following lead. American Greed. Too many people buying too many things they don't fucking need it's just American greed.

Everything must go. Tonight, tonight. The world's lost control. Tonight, tonight Anything goes Tonight, tonight We won't be bought or sold. Tonight, tonight.