

Everyone Hates Everyone

Superjoint Ritual

Mind is a freeze, from me, from you, from shock
There is no sanctuary, you want to do this...right now
Your blank look tells me, you're not to thrilled at all
To stand here face-to-face with me
You want to stab at me, right now, not tomorrow
'Cause there's a fine line between me and them
Call it a rift

I can't just look you in the eye without just crying/laughing
I speak with death-
threat tone...you and yours want to make a name
Pack it up and move on right now, no tomorrow
'Cause there's a fine line between me and them
Call it a...

I will decide

There's pressure, revolving, absorbing, unloading, depreciated
Step on the foot of Excelcier, a net in the womb of the afterma
th
The problem ahead is that "fine line" that keeps us apart
A fence there in the middle/keeps us apart again