

In The End

Talisman

stuck on yourself, gacked out your mind
now who do u think u are?
cuz if u could see u would probably still be blind
u stab in the back & laugh at the face of inflicted misery
well i've news 4 u i won't be the fool in your game
the root of your evil began as a child
your strength lies in numbers of friends
but where will they be when your antics are dubbed out of style
it's easy 2 hide all the pain in your mask
it's plain 2 see u don't know who u are
the only excuse is u don't believe in yourself

where will u be in the end (i don't know)
when there's no one left 2 offend (where 2 go)
the ways of your world can' t pretend (now i know)
cuz your days are about 2 end
shit talkin fool with no ambition with dreams turned 2 black &
white
there's not much 2 leave behind, u got no real inspiration
the racism, hatred u're quick 2 exclaim they leave u 2 look lik
e the clown
& this circus that u call life is leaving 2day

u've got no real deserves u've got no real respect
& guess who is laughing now
there's nothing left but remorse in the form regret