

Setting son you feel you've won, but your game is lost for sure
Oblivious to the obvious man your kickin' down, wreckin' the wrong door

Well I'm the same old son who forgot to hold on to
That which gave the power to let go

Too busy trying to crumble the laws of man

With your black lined lungs and your bread and cheese

The canary saves your life

And I've been there before, I'm wasting my time again.

As the scars turn into lessons boy you've been robbed

The bodies fell right through boy didn't you expect them to

Molly is screaming 'Let me out!' as the boss blacks out the window

Noises from the ground shake to the bone

Stimulants, excuses, bite the hand that wipes your ass,

And bitch until its time for me to go

Come on Prometheus take our fire

The Gods will rest unassured

The books are there for our consumption

Now the the ashes are scattered on the floor

Get up, get off your horse boy you're nothing special