

The Glorified Collector

The Rascals

Amplified the hidden dangers
The oracle and then he calls me
The invention in which he created is now for real

How could you expect nothing else?
Selfish enjoyment on the shelf
Call out the witchdoctor, I think he's going insane

It started with years full of drugs
Self graced in his own harm in his hood
[The Rascals Lyrics are found on songlyrics]
The glorified collector, infectious with law and order

And you're a parody of yourself

Story filled with plenty of fuel
It can go on and on and on
I don't understand why someone can't be seeing this
Are we all going in the same direction?