

Manifest Destination

Trash Talk

The streets are gold
But reek of piss and look like shit
The stench of fear is real
Among the charlatans of dominance
Make no mistake this is the age
Of plague and hate
Our fucked up generation's come
To seal our grisly fate
Maladjusted
Forever fucked
No love for anyone, anyhow, anymore
This curse has ruined me
And everyone can see the truth
I hold behind there eyes is a lie