

Efilnikufesin (N.F.L.)

Anthrax

It started back in high school
So cool, king of the scene
You found that making people laugh
Was more than just a dream
The public took right to you
Like flies to a pile of shit
So funny and smart, so talented
But success just couldn't fit

Wasting your life no future bright
Dancing on your grave
Living like a slave, someone should've said...

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Wake up dead in a plywood bed
Six feet from the rest of your life
And when you couldn't see your own dependency

N.F.L., NICE FUCKIN' LIFE

The whole world is your playground
Yet you can't find your niche
Your only friends, it helps you through
Helps you dig your daily ditch
The bottom line can't touch you
Cause you're above the rest
But your little friend's the enemy
And the bottom line is death

You lived a life of excess
GODDAMN shame it's such a waste
Just one too many cookies
From the batch no one should taste
Yet his memory stills stays with us
Cause watching him was fun
Too bad things weren't different
Who knows what he'd have done