

## Claim To Lame

Hand Of Mercy

Won't spend another fucking second trying to figure you  
out  
I'm so exhausted from the shit that's running out of  
your mouth  
Building a life that you've mad as a leech  
Taking credit for another's accomplishments

Why does this justify achieving the glory?  
And tell me why this constitutes a free fride  
Worth nothing more than a dime a dozen  
Yet so righteous, in social progress

Sucking away and draining, all the life and blood bone  
dry  
Making demands and making plans, to make believe you  
lead a useful life  
Sucking away and draining, every last drop until  
nothing is left  
Sorry to say, at the end of the day  
You'll be lucky if you've got a friend  
I won't buy into your games

Won't get the best of me, your life is a catastrophe  
I struggle to think of what you offer us  
There's nothing left do discuss and you disgust us!  
And you disgust us!

You won't get the best of me, your life is a  
catastrophe, and nothing comes for free...

A constant disappointment, another failed attempt  
I'll speak what's been unspoken, it's all in your head  
A constant disappointment, another failed attempt  
I'll speak what's been unspoken, your soul is fucking  
dead!

You've made not one impact on my entire life!  
So what the fuck's up?