

Claim To Fame

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 made as a leech
Taking credit for another's accomplishments

Why does this justify achieving the glory?
And tell me why this constitutes a free ride
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 to 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?