

This Feels Like The End

Ion Dissonance

I'd like to trust that you're not a piece of shit as
you fooled us all into believing.
Some how, deep down I know we're all mistaken, you
remain a moronic passing phase.

It's ironic to see yourself as the villain and mutual
trust was never considered as a given right.

The day my fist comes into contact with your face, I
hope you'll realize that your life's a disgrace, you
punk ass chump.

Keep running your mouth like you're some kind of know
it all, you know what they say?
The taller they are the harder they fall.
There's nothing left to say about this fib of treachery
and so we fall back down just to pick ourselves back up
again.

This is my town, this is my hood, don't get shit
misunderstood, you wouldn't get it even if you could.
Still spotting you at all the places we used to meet,
keep sporting that obnoxious smile on your face.

Your mother. Your poor mother raised a pathetic
asshole.
She's best to kiss you goodnight one last time before I
never give her the chance again.
Don't get it twisted, my goal's not to take you out.
It's to disgrace your name in shame and all which you
stand for, I don't know why you think you're slick, I
don't know why you think you're quick, I know you can't
compete with this dick, all I know is you're gonna wish
you'd quit.

The day my fist comes into contact with your face, I
hope you realize that your life's a disgrace, you punk
ass chump.

I don't know why you think you're sick, I don't know
why you brought your clique, I know you can't compete
with this dick, all I know is you're gonna wish you'd
quit

Your life ain't shit.
You don't got what it takes to roll with us.
Pull over and hand me my nine, I know I got you as soon
as I spot you.