

Sycophant

My Ruin

One two Freddy's commin' for you,
Three four better lock your door,
Five six grab your crucifix...
Something wicked this way comes
Premeditated evil numbs
Cartoon kids crayola smiles
Children of the korn fed styles
But I don't buy your lies
I see through your disguise
Don't feel your screams or cries why?

I'm sick of looking so sick I can't,
I'm sick of the sycophant,
Sick of listening so sick I can't,
I'm sick of the sycophant.

I see you breathless and deranged
A little girl who's acting strange
Tryna scare us with your scream
But it's all routine
And all you do is take steal
And imitate you are what you create
You're fake

I barely recognise
You in your new disguise
Cosmetic covered eyes
Just tell me why? Why? Why? Why?
You put the make-up on,
You take the make-up off
Searching to be found
But you're so fuckin' lost

Now the road to hell is paved with stones
And some of those are fakes and clones
Counterfeits which suck and bleed us
Wearin' fuckin' adidas but something ain't just right,
No substance only hype
With faith you got the life that made you
Rich and a punk ass bitch

Sick of you and anyone like you,
Sometimes I think I've lost my mind
Or else this whole world's blind!