

# Blackball

## The Offspring

In this world of hate and shallowness  
Where enemies become your consolation  
And those of us who win the game give up their minds  
I don't call that winning

Say this doesn't apply to you  
But ask yourself first  
What have I done today to win the game  
And just what have I sacrificed

Win the battle or lose the war  
I know I've played this game before  
When people were still real  
I don't want this anymore  
It's time for me to close the door  
There's nothing left to feel

Reflect on all our yesterdays  
My own words choke me  
Why were they spoken  
Regret for the things I've said and done  
Just can't compare with

Regret for those that I have never tried  
So blame this world or blame yourself  
It's really all the same  
When you are standing on the precipice  
From which you just can't return

Win the battle or lose the war  
I know I've played this game before  
When people were still real  
I don't want this anymore  
It's time for me to close the door  
There's nothing left to feel

In the style of forgotten men  
I look to my horizon  
I see nothing  
While thoughts of guns and desecration

Sweep through my mind  
But only coffins and bones remain  
As I look to you  
The emptiness behind your eyes

Seals my decision  
Can't carry on in this world of jugglers  
Where all this thoughtlessness and bludgeoning  
Your key to success  
What kind of tradition to carry on

Blackball! The new disease  
Blackball! The new disease  
Blackball! Your evil ways  
Have found their way inside me

Blackball! The new disease  
Blackball! The new disease  
Blackball! For a better life  
In this high tech dog eat dog existence

[Chorus]