

Ordinary People Do Fucked-Up Things when Fucked-Up Things Become O

Propagandhi

Words can't do justice to pain.
Seems like they can't feel a thing.
Ordinary people do fucked-up things when fucked-up things become ordinary.
I can't promise utopia or a better world.
I have no clever lures.
No harsh punishment if you don't bite the hook.
It's a world of shit or bust.
There's no escape from disappointment.
When you commit heart and soul to earning your place,
Someone else will have to cheer you on.
What are you capable of?
You can be the one to string them up and beat them to death.
When you cut the bodies down,
You'll see the face of your failure and shame.
This is a world of professional liars:
A bleating chorus of tempered truths,
Who like pealing church-bells echo its' virtues
Sung over and over and over again.
Rotting at the bottom is better than living as a fool.
I can't find the meaning in the great achievement.
When you commit heart and soul to earning your place,
Opportunity kills common sense.