

12 Oz. Prophet

Soilent Green

Start from scratch
Victim in your own style
A rash coming to surface
No one could even stop this
All talk and a coward stance
Resenting final chance
Hands of fate tied behind your back
A balance faults always weighed out
Tip the scale to this downfall
A puzzle of let downs you could never solve
To most you're an eyesore, even the score
An unstable head hits the floor, without excuse
A social breakdown of knotted emotion
Victim in a lost cause
Eyes that can't sleep a wink without a drink
The coward plague on talking shit
The next in line that has been left behind
Wet these lips for another drunk promise of lies
Fourth grade logic
Just another blacked out moment
Climbing out of restraint
Configuration for harm's way
These dead days
The outcast pig
Counting black sheep in your sleep
Register and dominate punishment
The decline of man's verbal promise
Headache of the obvious
Stop letting the bottle speak
Inside these lies take praise in time
Hide this failure of looking back
A rewritten story of past events
Blinding these faults that chase you
Dissolve into a stable delusion, forgettable solution
Analyze imperfection of compulsive
Sitting at the table of dysfunction
Genetic run of a father's blood
Hiding the addiction of your ways
The less to forget in time
Limitations on pride
Overrated cycle of rage
Victim for your cause
This continuous cycle of self involved decay
Flavor of the month
Vodka bottle slut
Date rape side show for the one night stand that wet the bed
Half the man
A broken home
Below the knee with broken bones
Recreate the perfect mold
Drown these sorrows
Losing tomorrow
To sell yourself for another night for that minute trip of fame