

## Spill Your Guts

The Flatliners

Back again, and there's nothing you can do  
I took some time and figured out your plot  
You said that you changed again, but you'll always be the same, just  
under a different name

Hey!

My roots, my rules, my cuts and bruises show it all, but I don't see  
nothing on you

I know what to do, you better figure it out too

Who knew? Who knew? Who knew?

It's time

Everything hurt's just the same

They say there's no room for change, but all these promises are still  
made

I'll hold my breath till my head explodes

They'll just cram it down your throat

Rip your heart out of your chest just to make another dollar

No!

I'll spill my guts on your fucking clothes

Buy a gun, shoot someone, grow up in America

Land of the free? Well I'm tellin' ya...

Who makes the laws? Abides by the call? And everything else...

I'll never figure it out

Wake me up when the revolution's started

Don't drop the bomb, we've gotta stop this

Wake me up when the darkest cloud is daunted

Make way for change, make way

Keep kicking, vicious, you're wearing mother fucking cleats

When the time comes, I'll be standing tall and you'll be looking up at  
me

You take it all for yourself

Yeah, that's fine, just go ahead

It goes straight to your head, it goes straight to your head

Your selfishness, malice, prejudice

All in all, and the rest of the time is spent in distress

Keep fucking taking it and taking it, until it's boiled over the edge

And you're half over the fence, looking back

Hey!

They'll just cram it down your throat

Rip your heart out of your chest just to make another dollar

No!

I'll hold my breath till my head explodes

Hey!

They'll just cram it down your throat

Rip your eyes out of your head and tell you what you're seeing is fas  
hionable

I'll hold my breath till my head explodes