

No High Five For C. Oward

War from a Harlots Mouth

Is your light shining bright?
Is everybody getting blind?
Received some attention today?
Have you clapped your own back?
Why do I still have to write
Songs about gaining cheap respect?

Words you believe and spit out
Words i don't give a shit about
Make you a liar, a dreamer,
A thief and a cheater

It's time to call it a day
At hundred days overdue

My hands won't abide
Any longer to you

Investments on a dead market
Commitment on dead meat
Passion on a dead piece of shit
Or heart on a dead fucking fiend

That's what I am going to beat down
It's what you won't get next year
No way, to you I won't bow down