

# Kill the Creator

Code Orange Kids

I'm starting to let things slip  
I'm starting to let things slip in  
Like water through an open window  
Like leeches sucking at our skin  
These maggots always have their say  
These cowards always have to win  
These has-beens love to grasp at straws  
They feed the selfish beast within

Out with the old, in with the new

You've misused your influence  
You've confused our congruence for cluelessness  
Now it's your turn to pay for it  
Broken bodies to match your six month friendship

Out with the old, in with the new means

The death of your bully mentality  
The death of your mentor hypocrisy  
The death of your political strategy

Thinner of the herd  
You have nothing left for this world  
It's time to shed your skin (show your sin)  
The broken selfish scum within  
Now you pay for all you did  
Gun to head  
Kill the creator