

## Mr. Failure

Crystal Eyes

You think you're Messiah supreme,  
'Cause you write in a magazine  
But what's coming out of your head  
Makes me wonder if your brain is dead

You think everyone is a star  
Just because they got a guitar  
Our music is not made for you,  
'Cause 'bout Metal you don't have a clue

You live your life just to criticize,  
And sneak around to spread your lies  
Among the fools from the MTV  
You create a false reality

Hey Mr. Failure, face it  
We don't want to read your bullshit  
Your words are fake, we want 'em no more  
You're a wannabe to the core  
Hey Mr. Failure, silence  
Because what you say is nonsense  
Now take this as a rule  
You damn pathetic fool  
Oh Mr. Failure, you can't see what it's about  
We've had enough, get out!  
And leave our ground once and for all

You're greasing the media machine,  
With vicious rumours of our scene  
You bring our band to your mill,  
And you grind us just for the thrill  
The sick brain of yours never rest,  
Always plan for what you do best...  
Oppress, provoke, irritate,  
Ridicule, humiliate

You live your life just to criticize,  
And sneak around to spread your lies  
Among the fools from the MTV  
You create a false reality

You say you do not like our sound,  
But we do not care, just leave our ground  
Heavy Metal is what we play  
No matter what you say  
Now hear our song and obey