

Dead Wrong

All That Remains

Here we go

You assume that you're my best friend
No life, just consume what you attach to
Failure, now hang on others and try to fill the hollow

Pathetic, weak, laughable
You live to follow wantless admiration
Shameless you dig for status, on your knees crawl

Validation becomes an all consuming goal
Intruding nature, demanding one to play the roll

You're not worth my time
Ya damn hanger on
You've got a long way to go
You're still dead wrong

Now dot the map, bring the gifts you offer
As a payment for your audience
Stand up worship bow down to your knees
Intrenched within a culture that exploits the offers
Relish in the excess
Pathetic your punishment we must endure

Validation becomes an all consuming goal
Intruding nature, demanding one to play the roll

You're not worth my time
Ya damn hanger on
You've got a long way to go
You're still dead wrong

You know that trust can not be bought
And still know doubt of your return
You can't pretend to know my heart
And no we're not of the same cloth

You're not worth my time
Ya damn hanger on
You've got a long way to go
You're still dead wrong