

Plucked

Drug Church

Things people pretend to like
They ingest, invest, aggress for
A party that partly hopes they die
Take a beating with your robbing
Kicked to the teeth on live TV

Trust this statement
There's no trusting states, man
I don't put faith in
Any crooked strangers plans or hands
Essence sucked out the bottom

While your man stays standing by
Behave bad and act rotten
Teach a dog to chew his tail
Behave like you're owed something

Trust this statement
There's no trusting states, man
I don't put faith in
Any crooked strangers plans or hands

I learned young there's no I in people
Anything that's bigger than a band
Is suspect and can't be relied on
No matter how hard you find yourself trying
There's a hole that's always leaking
In the shape of your fellow man

The missing piece is
Anything but misplaced grievance
Lots of talk maybe lost in talk
Anything that works is in pieces