F.T.C.M.

Get The Shot

Hello retards
How good has it felt to fall in line?
To blur your sight?
To sell your mind?
To lay down your arms without a fight?

I won't kneel down
In front of the cult you glorify
You feed the flames, you praise your chains
What you're headed to is just a self-made hell

Sometimes life is hard enough
Maybe you were meant to live enchained
To a false promise of clearer days and better ways
Sometimes life is hard enough
So bless the cut-throat
Your final breakdown is one step away

You never cared
You say, you dig anything, everything

Never cared
You never cared or worried about your misery
Never cared
So dig your hole and perish inside the walls you fucking built

I came to believe that everything in this world soils the best of me
Can't escape from the pain of life repressed
Fuck the corporate masses

I used to wait and shut the fuck up
But now I'm relieved

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