

## All Hail

### Kind of Like Spitting

The food that you love  
has snuck up on you and what a  
Weight you've gained.

The life that you chose was getting too heavy

Now you can't complain.  
Now you can't complain.

There are many subjective versions of what people view as sane

As the childhood gods picked for us steal our friends  
Now we will sin, now we will sin, Now

The beats that you love have beaten up on you  
Now you can't complain.  
The life that you chose has gotten too heavy  
What a weight you've gained  
Oh what a weight you've gained

Are you happy with what you've got?  
Happy with what you've got?  
You gonna make a move or not?  
Make a move or not?

We argue these questions over bottom-shelf whiskey  
You love it  
You hate it  
I'd like to see you trust it  
The life that you chose  
At least you told yourself you chose  
What a weight we've gained  
Oh what a weight we've gained