

Take the Paycheck

Lich King

Once upon a time in the eighties, metal bands
Worked hard to turn out albums that were good
Nowadays, most aren't worth a damn
But it's fine, no one cares, it's understood

Forty minutes of you phoning it in
While the label claims "a true return to form!"
But you didn't try, and you won't again
Doesn't matter, it'll sell like a storm

Hey
We can't blame you, take the paycheck
And milk your fame for all that it's worth
We're
Just mad we have to put in effort
We hope to get where you are so we don't have to work

Elder statesmen of metal, lying in repose
Where is the speed, where are the riffs?
Doesn't say in your contract that you can't coast
On prior success from when you gave a shit

Tap a little more self-respect into the ashtray
As you fall asleep at the fretboard
No motivation, you get paid anyway
You punched out as soon as you hit record

Oh
Who cares, right? Who needs a legacy?
We envy your position in life
And
Can't wait until we're well-established
And nothing can dislodge us from those dizzying heights

You once
Were gods of speed and death
Your riffs
Would hammer and aggress
Setlists
Full of song after song
But then
Something went wrong
You lost
Your zeal for the job
But still
Make junk for the mob
Can't wait
Till we've earned those rights
To not
Have to try sounds nice

Would you help us out and tell us how it's done?
Just tell us, how did you become so blessed?
Getting rich for horseshit sure sounds fun
So when can we stop doing our best?

Say

What is the magic number?
Is five solid albums enough?
To
Relax and take it easy
And start churning out some halfhearted fluff
Like you?