

THE PLOT TO NUKE THE MIDWEST

PSYCHO-FRAME

Everybody's got something to fucking say
Fuck what you think
Pretend they don't lay down and obey
I smile while you sink
Below oblivion in the blink of an eye
Cast aside; brood alone in despair
From your crossed eyes, see yourself as godlike
But no one listens or cares

Fuck what you think
Eat shit (Shit, shit, shit)
Everyone of them deserves to die
They fall from grace like weak fucking flies

When it comes to the rest of you
I don't owe you a fucking thing
Quit your bitchin', you little pissant
Jump off of a bridge or taste my fucking gun

I said eat shit (Shit, shit, shit)

Every word sounds like a fucking cry
Inflated whelps that don't know how to read
Force fed; wasted breath
Don't think you should be allowed to breed
Thank God I'm not you

Fuck your opinions
Fuck your beliefs
And fuck you
Stay the fuck away from me
Fuck your opinions
Fuck your beliefs
And fuck you
You are wasting our time

Bled my patience dry
You have found a way to make hell worse
But did you stop to think that you're not the worst?
You've given birth to humanity's curse

"I'm so fucked up..."

Get the fuck out my face

Think you are
Fucking paid
Bitch, you're not
Run that fade
Where's your friends?
They won't help
Bite the curb
Kill yourself
Kill yourself
Think you are
Fucking paid
Bitch, you're not

Run that fade
Where's your friends?
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