

Superstition Aimed At One's Skull

Soilent Green

Sentenced to this lifelong sequence of watching your
back
A second guess
Sink into the feeding of essence to the vultures of
another yesterday
Save us from indolence, save us from this fate
A black cat tradition damned to the genetics of our
parents' ways
Half dead, on your way out
Sent back to these days of heresy
Look at these things that they've tried to do to me
Every supple opinion counts
Roll her over when you're done
Son, don't let them see when you reach for the gun
Turning backs on father time
A problem with consistent faith
Never to count for your prayers
Attributed to these backward ways
A desire that has lost the edge
The solution to the end of our kind
Painted into that corner of the mind
Smoking gun theory put to the test
Prophecies that will seal this final guess
The only battle faced is accepting fate
Nevertheless a final trait
Only hoping to have been on the winning end of the
wishbone again
Disgruntled attitudes adored
Affliction of the victim clause
Never listen to your own advice
Back to those days of negligence
Time to clear the shame from your face and call it a
day
Wipe the blame from your lips and crawl back to your
demeaning ways
An adult crusade against the ways they acted when they
were young
Feeling sore from this lack of respect
As your soul is waged for a final bet
Will you take that plaque from earlier goals that you
have achieved
And place it on the dashboard of that wrecked high
school dream?
Empty-handed in the peak of deception
Hating the exact things we do ourselves
Cited for these words of the last regard
The depraved have let their ideas out again.