

Calm yourself, fighters, calm down  
Do you rip up dollar bills when no one's around?  
Swore the semi-century would suffer no hunger of sound

Fill the slots use and abuse  
Sand down your throat just to choke on your food  
Can't you find the balance between chewing me out and getting c  
hewed?

If all my friends wanna cut me into bits  
They should throw me on the skillet  
Make a dinner out of what they get  
When they're done they can flush me with the shit  
It'll be the same as always, I can't see any difference

Summer of infection, pus and sweat in my eyes  
Everyone avoids me and it's no real surprise  
Catch em during mealtimes hunting lessers that scurry right by

And who am I to skewer in song?  
Teeth and claws like predators, meat in their gums  
Wanna eat a balanced diet, wanna hear they've done no wrong

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They should throw me on the skillet  
Make a dinner out of what they get  
When they're done they can flush me with the shit  
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Get out the knife, butcher me to bits  
Oil me up I'm ready for the fire pit  
When it's done wash it down with all that sweat  
Your friendless friend digested then it's over with  
It's over with