

Black Friday

Stray from the Path

There is something in the air.
I can tell that it's not right tonight anything goes after midnight.
Watch your back.
The world has lost control, cars full of people who would sell their soul.

As they gather far and wide like a cattle,
armed with their wallets Loaded guns for a battle.
Look out.

I'm still waiting for he world to see
What this life is supposed to mean.

You can't buy me I'm not for sale.
Money won't buy a heart of gold
They're fresh out
they were free with self control.

Is there anybody out there?
Does anybody care?
Is there anybody out there?

I would rather have nothing than this.
I would rather have nothing than miss
what I really care for, what I'd die for, rip out my hair for, mothers cry for.
Appreciation for the shit you've got.
Appreciated is what you're not.
I won't be bought.

You can't buy me I'm not for sale.
Money won't buy a heart of gold
They're fresh out
they were free with self control.

It goes ,it goes
One for the money
Two for the money
Forget about the Third world
they aint hungry.
Four closed homes
Five missed payments on
Six loans
The dumbest people with the smartest phones.

I fear
Scared that you won't
Next year
You're still ungrateful
It will
I bet that it will
be worse.

Let me express what I'm thankful for
I'm twenty five, full of pride
surrounded by the ones i love.

I fear

Scared that you won't
Next year
You're still ungrateful
It will
I bet that it will
be worse.

You should all be shameful for
shopping lines, stolen lives
You're still my material whore.

American Greed.
Too many people buying too many things
they don't even need

They're just following lead.
American Greed.
Too many people buying too many things
they don't fucking need it's just American greed.

Everything must go.
Tonight, tonight.
The world's lost control.
Tonight, tonight
Anything goes
Tonight, tonight
We won't be bought or sold.
Tonight, tonight.