

No Roots

That Handsome Devil

This place is full of goofy faces, and the jokes are truly tasteless
I used to love to go out, now I usually hate it
We could leave or stay and fight, no difference from the day to night
I used to think it was the greatest, now I usually hate it

Your trees have no roots
Your seeds bear no fruits
These kids don't fight for nothing
All they wanna do is shoot
(Shoot shoot)

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Only gets harder, husband, father, preacher, martyr
It only gets harder mother, daughter, teacher, scholar

I try to draw conclusions, and all I draw is blood
You try to draw conclusions, and all you draw is blood
Well, that kind of reasoning turns pushes into shoves
And though I try to draw conclusions, all I draw is blood

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Grown in mirrored boxes, hydroponics, fed off neurotoxins
(Shoot shoot shoot shoot)
Grown up in a mirrored box, and we're not sure if we're here or not
(Shoot shoot shoot shoot)
Grown in mirrored boxes, fattened up off hormones and neurotoxins
(Shoot shoot shoot shoot)
They grown you in a mirrored box, and now you're not sure if you're here or not
(Shoot shoot)

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