

## Donkey Show

The Expendables

At ten AM on the weeks end  
The cattle come and dig in  
To tread on everybody that get in their way  
A donkey show at an all time low  
We watch them rot  
Can they be saved?  
Ignorance can't hide the pain

Drinking beer and talking shit  
Showing off to bigger idiots

Each decade there's a brand new breed  
Of tattoo toe-heads, junk-sick hopeless  
Just like the others, they will never be free

A public prison that they binge in  
Self-proclaimed kings of their castle  
Protecting fake territories  
They don't see  
The result of their decay  
Throwing life away  
Glad it ain't me

Swinging fists then swinging hammers  
Crying out for any answer