

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