

Sycophants, I'm fucking sick of it  
You pat my back until I've had enough of it  
How would you hate to be exposed  
Shame that everybody knows

Agony accompanies every little thing you do  
Honestly I don't wanna be anywhere next to you

Misery loves company but that ain't me  
Leech, I see your a leech  
Hanging on my heels since the walking disease  
On my back while I fight to the top  
Then you get off at your own stop

Agony accompanies every little thing you do  
Honestly I don't wanna be anywhere next to you