

Weaponize

VEXED

Hate, composed hate
Falsely accused and wrongly abused
All because I did the things you told me to do
Set up to take the fall
Oblivious to it all
Don't let your instinct take over
Compose your hate, weaponise the exposure

Bang bang you're dead
Fifty bullets in your fucking head
Just like Edmond Dantés
Biding your time has the sweetest revenge

Had the tools to set me free
That buried me alive instead
Used your power to keep me sweet
Till I realised that my chances were six feet deep
Undeserving self indulging false authority
Ivory towers filled with gold by profiting from the weak
As I push the knife in deeper and deeper
Your blue blood still runs red, there ain't supremacy when you're dead

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If you really want to succeed
Better get yourself some enemies
'Cos being loved by everyone
Doesn't drive you half as much as proving them all wrong