Axe To Grind

Vicious Rumors

You're mouth's still moving
But I can't hear a word you say
You're lips ought to be sewed shut,
Just to seal your fate
Why don't you ever have
Anything good to say
We're all done talking,
All I have for you is pain.

So get up or walk away,
I don't wanna play your game
There's no reason, there's no rhyme,
I got my own axe to grind
So get up on your feet,
This is war out in these streets
There's no reason, there's no rhyme,
I got my own axe to grind.

So damn tired of this lazy son of a bitch
Got no time to make a rich man rich
We're all done talking, for me this is the end.

Don't try to hold me back,
I'm breaking free, I'm on my way.

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