

Offspring, The "Blackball"

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In this world of hate and shallowness
Where enemies become your consolation
And those of us who win the game give up our minds
I don't call that winning
Say this doesn't apply to you
But ask yourself first
What have I done today to win the game
And just what have I sacrificed

Win the battle lose the war
I know I've played this game before
When people were still real
I don't want this anymore
It's time for me to close the door
There's nothing left to feel

Reflect on all our yesterdays
My own words choke me
Why were they spoken
Regret for the things I've said and done
Just can't compare with
Regret for those that I have never tried
So blame this world or blame yourself
It's really all the same
When you are standing on the precipice
From which you just cannot return

Win the battle or lose the war
I know I've played this game before
When people were still real
I don't want this anymore
It's time for me to close the door
There's nothing left to feel

In the style of forgotten men
I look to my horizon
I see nothing
While thoughts of guns and desecration
Sweep through my mind
But only coffins and bones remain
As I look to you

The emptiness behind your eyes
Seals my decision
Can't carry on in this world of jugglers
Where all this thoughtlessness and bludgeonings
Your key to success
What kind of tradition to carry on

Blackball The new disease
Blackball The new disease
Blackball Your evil ways
Have found their way inside me

Blackball The new disease
Blackball The new disease
Blackball For a better life
In this high tech dog eat dog existence

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