

## **A Wilhelm Scream "Route 40 One Six"**

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Come on. The ringer got the wolf in a headlock.  
The trainer took a quick shot of Russian.  
In one motion, the fight called.  
Above the ringing were the aches  
when I woke up from this pitiful awakening.  
From this bullshit. The fight called.

Come on, a generation wasted, spare us the pain  
your faceless bullshit imposes on us all,  
fans of has-beens and never-were's.  
Writers riding the same old wars.  
Through the motions. It's all bullshit. Fuck em all.

Well you can't take pride in what you can't inspire,  
cause we're out here on our own.  
And you can't make time stop the downward wind.  
Let it go.

Blame us for the next disaster to hit.  
This fight was called. Let the shame set in.

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