

## **Burning Skies**

# **"Rounding Up The Cattle"**

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What the hell is happening  
The shit surrounds the fucked up things  
The scum that lay just scattering like landfill sites  
They're festering  
Stinking out the possibilities of ever listening  
Things can't always be the same and yes  
There's always room for change  
But don't follow some shitty craze  
That may seem cool because it pays  
You will look back and regret  
The fact you look so fucking wet  
I refuse to accept the way this shit has gone  
They seem to be breeding daily  
These scenes are all so wrong  
It's all about money gained  
Money spent on some pathetic products  
To try to be as fake as possible  
Please just die and get out of my way  
Get out of my way you stupid pansies  
And never return  
I hope you all get slaughtered and never reborn  
Rounding up the cattle  
Die you wastes of space and leave things the way they  
were  
You're all as camp as a row of pink tents  
And will get what you deserve

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