

Binocular

"Competition"

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We used to be part of the same thing,
But now you make strides for the gold ring,
You make our sacred ground into a slaughterhouse,
You used to look me in the eye but now you look me up
and down.

Competition always looking out for self,
Indecision and then your friendship fell,
No religion no ethics in your ways,
I pray for you to see the error of your days,
I pray for you to see the error of your ways.

Step up for the crew to represent,
But what do you stand for? you only resent.
It was all for one, but now you blew it,
I know you're not down and I can see right through it.

What you give is what you get and I know it's not
respect.
What you give is what you get jealous ways you'll soon
regret.

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