

Binocular

"Survival Of The Fittest"

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Only the strong survive.
Living all these days for myself, not you.
Mind your own business, I do what I do.
All of you who like to preach all day,
Now hear what I have to say.
The smell of leather makes me high,
I feel good inside when you cry,
Nor remorse is felt when you sigh,
Because skin keeps me warm and dry.
Chorus (2x)
To wear my boots, I'll take a hide
To feed my face, I'll kill with pride
In this world of survival
Those with strength will have no rival
I'll smile at you as I drive down the street
Sitting in my car with plush leather seats
Survival of the fittest and that is the beat
And I eat all of the meat
Don't get me wrong
I come from the streets
I'll tell you now it's strong over weak
You slow--you blow
And you will meet your defeat
Now you will understand
Chorus
You will understand now

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