

Dr. Acula

"Heavy Handed"

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Born into a world where words are wasted. Actions never speak at all. Quick is the cloak that's covered in smoke to fill his pockets behind closed doors. Feasting on the prayers of those who hope for a better tomorrow. Reality check is now in effect, so wake up and smell the sorrow. New York Wasteland, our secrets die with you. And we aint goin nowhere, well sink where we stand. It's not hard to believe, this world is not the place for me. I find it hard to vent, when everyone around me seems content. Fuck all you mothers of misery, beatin on your kids cause there's nobody else to blame, and the gun-toting teen, who took away the dreams of people just like him. Mad world, I wont miss you on the day I fucking die. Sad world, stronghold on the less than powerful. Man of the cloth, you'll burn in Hell long before all of us. Man of the cloth, you'll burn in Hell long before all of us.

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