

Euphoreador

"Kingdom Of Wanton Shit"

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Been out to the places I deplore
Seen a little more of what I can't stand
Been a man in high demand
By mainly fat chicks on this earth
Done nothing matterful since birth
But endless surmise to wander through
This brokenesque consumer dis
(Precipice)
Filled with vinegar and piss

Many days gone too far
And death will be the best of loves

All my instinct fails me
Hear in this kingdom of wanton shit

On the left side
On the right side
Just douche bags
No one can confide
In the lamest use of what sentience brings
We speak of shit-fickle things
Are we mere chattel for prattle
When our lives are just bone rattle
Off from ourselves
Places
We gave a damn
And truly thought for ourselves

Dark times ahead
In maturation bed
When we joyfully eat
All that we're force fed

Think for a moment
Now silence your mind

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