

Final Fight

"When Words Go Unchallenged"

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We're too busy scratching ourselves to think that
something's wrong.

We're too busy sitting on this faulty throne held by our
wrongs.

The social ruiners of our era, the nihilism I'm ashamed
of.

Be the man your dad wants you to be.

Using your power to muffle the progression

Of all the girls and all the woman.

No one gives a shit about your needs to play fair, act
fair, deny your feelings.

A poor excuse of my category, I want to reprogram
your minds.

A sad excuse of humanity, disallowing others the
chance to shine.

Still we play dead and act like it's ok.

And we all allow this to be excused a phase.

You. Are. The. Problem.

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