

Foundation

"No Cure For Fools"

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I pray that hand of yours gets cut right from your wrist,
As you cast out your arm and turn down your thumb.

It's so easy to pass out judgement when you take no
fucking risks.
Don't need the approval of someone who spits poison
every time they speak.
Venom rolls off your tongue, and between your teeth.

But your words don't mean a thing. (They've never
meant a thing to me)
Cause you have never loved anything more than
yourself.
And there is nothing, I said nothing, nothing,
So righteous, noble and good that your ego could not
devour in a fucking
Heartbeat.
Hear the sound of your chest thump.

I pray that hand of yours get hacked right off your
wrist.
Sliced through like a god damn hammer, hope the pain
drops you to your
Fucking knees cause if you can't stand then you can't
stomp on these
Dreams.

I've seen your kind. You're all the same.
So you can't stomp on these fucking dreams.

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