

Boy Meets Girl

"The Abominations Of Those Virtuous"

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We rely on subtle points and stabs at biting humor to
reveal our tired roles of slave and domination who did
you enlighten today humiliate to sell your point of view
Create and image for mass
Consumption insecurities as intellect
See your soul in your eyes hope your trophies will not
mind
I'm sick of this grain of salt that i must take you with i
wanna lash out but i bite my lip
The talk gets older and the lines get stale
Your chance at
Godliness has already failed
You can't deny your thirst and drive for your time in the
spotlight
Why are you so damned sure that you shut your friends
out
I have learned to shut out every hateful word you'll
never see the friends you've lost
From behind your transparent mask
I haven't grown to hate you i've just grown to forget you
You label me class rank and station your intellectual
masturbation you're absolutely intoxicated with your
own mouth running in circles
Your tounge always tends to lose it
Every chance you get you abuse it
You have now spent a lifetime killing time
I'm sick and tired of your reaction
Why don't you shut the fuck up and when you discover
just how easy it is to impress without demanding
attention for no reason maybe you'll believe me
Your own will to power has come back to haunt you

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