

Brandtson "C'Mon Fascista"

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This is what they call paying your dues.
Don't even say it, I want nothing from you.
Doing what I can to forget the past.
Just don't think I can quite so fast.

Hey. Hey, hey. This is the end.

Glass on the floor and blood on the mirror.
Clean up quietly so no one will hear ya.
Put up your feet I got something to sell ya.
Pull up a chair and watch the world go to hell.

Hey. Hey, hey. This is the end.
Hey. Hey, hey. Leave me for dead.
Cause I told you this would happen and it did.

Wake up, walls are sweating.
Make yourself beautiful.
Wait for the sound to die out.
Kick and scream and fight for your soul.

Hey. Hey, hey. This is the end.
Hey. Hey, hey. Leave me for dead.
Cause I told you this would happen and it did.

Armed to the teeth
with hopes and dreams.
Falling apart
at the seams.

This time we're
playing for keeps.
You wonder if it's... "what's in it for
me? if it's, no, it's

Hey. Hey, hey. This is the end.
Hey. Hey, hey. Leave me for dead.
Cause I told you this would happen and it did.
You're just standing
and you're clapping
as you burn your bed.

Hey. Hey, hey. This is the end.
Hey. Hey, hey. Leave me for dead.
Leave me for dead.
Leave me for dead.

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