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## Gob "Prescription"

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Go! Alright!

We walk it straight and narrow We take this path straight to hell We want a quick solution We put ourselves inside a pill Damnation, salvation can't see a difference anyway We get so medicated that we don't even care

We've got to be put to rest After we're born to death You see I just met you And now I'm trying to forget you

I get so disconnected I lose my love everyday I lose it on the street and Freak out, well and I don't know what to say I don't know, I don't know what to say I don't know where to begin I know I don't belong (out of the law) We've got to be put to rest After we're born too death Gravity makes a sound Pills mean, so get ill, get infected No sweat just give us injections You feel sentimental Deleted memory nothing special You see I just met you And now I'm trying to forget you Fuck you, I'm temperamental Self defense is fundamental

We fight to feel alright We fight to feel alright

## We fight to feel, we fight!

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