

Holding On "The Joke Is On Us"

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Your aspirations are out of line. The truth will come to light in time. Your ego trip is buried inside and masked behind your phony pride. And we buy it. We eat it up. Even though your goals are completely fucked, you smile as we build it up. It's too bad the joke is on us. Everything is just handed to you. On a fucking silver plate, I see you act and I hear you talk. You are everything that I hate. I see right through what you do. And it makes me fucking sick. You've tricked us in to playing your game. And believing your shit. Your hollow success doesn't impress me. Or earn my fucking respect. When this all comes to an end, you'll have nothing left. I see through you

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