

Hostage Life

"Securing My Seat Or "Is That Blood On Your Collar?" "No, It"

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one final gasp and this man collapsed
mind your own, no questions asked
he laid there for a week in the trash
another body, we don't care
my focus
purpose is clear
it's part of the landscape around here
don't lift a finger, we don't stare
my cause is acquisition
survival of the vicious
slaughter the competition
if you want a better slot?
destroy what they've got, and hang them all from a
Windsor-knot
one final gasp and this seat is grasped
aim to own, don't ask to act
never hesitate to attack
another body, bigger share
all the more spoils to snare
that's one big dollar sign laying there
don't lift a finger, we don't stare
one more body and we don't care and we don't
stare
bloody knuckle fight, neon-fucking-lights
go for the neck, detach head for success

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