

Burn Season

"Lame"

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Whine, whine, whine.
How can you afford to throw me those looks
When you haven't pulled the bloody wool from over
your eyes yet?
How can you say those things to me
When you haven't pulled the boot of the past out of
your mouth?
Tepid morals personality set for easy calibration
knowledge of importance paramount.
Marooned a suicidal caste deal with isolation grease
the wheels chameleon.
Sliding through social strata and yet you still whine.
Your conviction is merely iconographic.
I'm so sick of hearing you whine shut up.

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