

## **Lowest Of The Low**

### **"The Sharpest Pain"**

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A stain on the paper, this conditional hell  
It sticks to its victim,s with no choice but to wear it well  
The phony blue beatific cross  
The never calculated lost

The public court's wired, so strike up the band  
It;s the voice of a liar in a sound bite driven land  
A smoke in mirrors alibi  
The sharpest pain, the duller knife

So there's no sun shing on Robson street  
You've tipped your hat and escaped deafeat  
And intent speaks louder than ink or pen  
No, I'm not your fellow Canadian, John

I'd kill this fly with a hammer  
And reposses the Angel's wings  
A weak plot and tone  
is your so called epic poem  
if the sentence flies  
the verdict stings

So there's no sun shing on Robson street  
You've tipped your hat and escaped deafeat  
And intent speaks louder than ink or pen  
No, I'm not your fellow Canadian, John  
Thanks anyways

So there's no sun shing on Robson street  
You've tipped your hat and escaped deafeat  
And intent speaks louder than ink or pen  
No, I'm not your fellow Canadian  
No, I'm not your fellow Canadian

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