

Crashdog

"Don't Tell Me You Care"

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You shit-head slimy got it all
You crap-eyed ghosts with greasy balls
You wicked matron stabbing hard,
Grabbing while the going's good
Administrators vicious smile
Dancing on the body pile
Slipping your sly fingernails
Impaling flesh on battlefields
The decaying corpses help you up
To your position at the top

You shit-head slimy want it all
You bind the baby as it crawls
And crush it's head, the soft new scull
Burst it's brain and keep it dull.
You own it's mind, you murderous thief
Grind it down with bloodied teeth
And feed it up with national pride...
Progress through self-sacrifice
Not for themselves, but you, you scab
You raid the bodies of the dead

You shit-head slimy make it all
With dead meat dripping as you walk
Don't talk of justice or respect
You shit soaked armchair moralist...
What right is yours that others lives
Are yours to smash and kill and bind?
It's your security that they bleed for
Your definitions that they die for
You stack your dead heroes with no more thought
Than some accountant at their work

You shit-head slimy got it all
Crap-eyes ghosts were maggots crawl
Tired old jerk-offs with your bodyguards
Those muscle-pimps with forty-fives
You gutless automatic butchers
Bullet shitting dumbhead hookers
It's your heartless failure they protect
While you deny the shame of your neglect

All you can see is your brutal success
And damn the dead and fear the mess

You shit-head greedy have it all
You cheat and lie and jargonise
That your success is also ours
That what you take you take for us
While your ambition scrapes the living dry
And your solutions are archaic battlecries

You dead meat eyesore death pushers
Look elsewhere for your arselickers...
The face that stares back from the mirror
Reflects the reality of your horror
So don't tell me you care, shit-head
You betray the dead as you curse life
Eat you own shit leader of this nation
Piss off to your Downing Street fortress
Leave us out of your madness
Buy your own vaseline, grease your own arse
Shit in your own back yard, suck your own turds...
THIS IS OUR WORLD

When you woke this morning you looked so rocky-eyed,
Blue and white normally, but strange ringed like that in
black.
It doesn't get much better, your voice can get just
ripped up shooting in vain,
Maybe someone hears what you say, but you're still on
your own at night.
You've got to make such a noise to understand the
silence.
Screaming like a jackass, ringing ears so you can't
hear the silence
Even when it's there - like the wind seen from the
window,
Seeing it, but not being touched by it.

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