

No Control **"Bula Scum"**

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We're the scum of bula we don't need your care
We're trapped by desolation everywhere
Everything we see is just fuckin' black
We're blinded by everything that you lack

Quit makin' excuses turn your shit around
Instead of driving us into the god damned ground
Turn your back on us and just walk away
But soon you'll have a price to pay

You walk around a re-animated corpse
No freedom or will did you ever have a choice
Can't think for yourself or figure it out
No time to fuckin' wonder what it's all about
Your head on your shoulders shines so bright
That piece of fucking plastic was made just right
It's perfect for the noose around your neck!

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