

## **Ruiner**

# **"Dead Weight"**

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The ones born in shit with no remorse or no regret,  
Watch the foundation break we laugh as we take.  
Born the son of a carpenter and highschool secretary,  
Bread blue collar in a white trash town, with just  
enough to lose.  
But I learned the value in wanting nothing  
Because then no one can take anything from you.  
I watched the heart of my old man get overworked for  
the sake of a dollar.  
Worried that love might only, be found,  
In the amount of things you leave behind when you die.  
I started driving nails at an early age  
For a class of people their god forgot.  
For the ingrates who never knew the pain of callous  
hands  
For the bottom feeder waiting for their hand out.

This is humanities true face, middle aged  
And fully capable but not willing to sweat.  
Who think they are better than that,  
As if born with some form of entitlement.  
The punch line in this joke, we are angels at birth  
But true sinners and always looking for a hustle.  
I was born a fortunate son.  
But I learned early on if you want to live, you got to  
suffer,  
You got to be willing to bleed.  
I was born a fortunate son.  
But I learned early on if you want to live, you got to  
suffer,  
You got to be willing to die. (Empty handed).  
I go day to day with a chip on my shoulder  
I can not shake for a generation of leaches  
Who seem to think that life owes them something more  
than a right to breathe.  
Life owes me nothing but a cold deep grave  
And a promise to never wake me up when I close my  
eyes,  
Let me close my eyes. Please let me close my eyes.

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