

Scapegoat "Killing Kit"

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We've got our fingers crossed We've got his very best friends in on the job We the people are the people, and as people we will have our way We're doing away with this sharp, unorthodox, ir-rhythm, Damning our streams Give me this way out Cuz I'm being run over By an eighteen wheeler with sorry written on the side My life inside a broken straw Let go of the railing Give up, give up, come down Please give me this way out Cuz my cup has long runneth over And a flat line reading would surely do me right My life inside a broken straw and beneath me Is the water I'll never reach A cleansing not known to me Well I stand up to breathe? My legs cripple, knees give in And I cave in I'm caving in I never wanted to be nothing more than unhappy I'll wear this stereotype like a crown, and inherit the world as a king Fucking rock star Let go of the railing Preferably before your last words, your last breath The subjects dropped and I'm killing you Se la vie, we soon will see, your bed in hell will reek of me With your tail between your legs, kill me Kill me and see what I'm made of Crucify me and make me a king Let the killing begin Cuz nobody ever wants to die in vein Give me a reason to be remembered Your alter is fading, as will you You are my reason to be remembered Crucify me, make me a king I never wanted to be nothing more than unhappy And now I'm the spokes jack ass I'll wear this stereotype like a crown, and inherit the world as a king Fucking rock star Let go of the railing Preferably before your last words, your last breath The subjects dropped and I'm killing you Se la vie, we soon will see, your bed in hell will reek of me With your tail between your legs, kill me

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