

## Scapegoat "Monster"

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Sore cunt from a career of self-serve  
What the hell have you done to yourself?  
What the fuck have you done to everyone else?  
Face the jury! Buoyantly, vividly  
rendering every pocket blistering  
You've found a way to displace the shame,  
To misplace the same weight,  
Gift wrapped in disease  
Shotgun in a muzzle  
Shotgun silenced  
Sealed in a graphic  
Sealed in silence  
Pivotal as choice is in your hands  
Have you not any shame?  
How could you blame the world?  
How could you place any fault?  
Reflective surfaces show who holds  
responsibility for it all  
I'll never accept who you are  
Monsters not word enough  
What you are, words can't say  
Alive and well to my dismay  
Dismay brought from a conveyor of self-serve  
Look what You've done to yourself  
Fuck you and what You've done to yourself  
Have you not any shame?  
How could you blame the world?  
How could you place any fault?  
Reflective surfaces show who holds  
responsibility for it all  
I'll never accept who you are  
Monsters not word enough  
Never accept who you are  
What you are, words can't say  
Alive and well to my dismay  
What you are, I can't say  
What you need?  
I'll shove a splintering stake up your cunt  
No I will never be a monster  
I'll never accept who you are  
Monsters not word enough  
What you are,  
Monsters not word enough

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