

Those Who Lie Beneath "8 To 5"

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I hate this place.
Everyday it's the same thing,
Always the same nothing.
I drown my pain with substance.
See the same bullshit.
Deprived of everything.
Always the same nothing.
I've come to my last stand.
Motivation low due to nothingness.
Must break out of this everyday routine.
Fuck this place.
Plans went off course.
Some of them I know I will never get back.
A day late and a dollar short.
Suicide has crossed my mind,
Doubtful I'd go through with it.

A shooting spree with a blindfold on,
In a small dark room is much more likely to come.
To see their faces when it all comes.
Oh, it is going to be bittersweet.
Twenty is too young to be this hateful.
Hatred and anger must not have a shelf life.
Fuck this place, nothing's going to change.
I must break away from all this hate.

Something must change.
Place the blindfold to on my face.
Last thing I do is strap in the clip,
Roll in with a smile on my face,
And a new found thirst for blood.
There will be no mercy on this day.
Roll in with a smile on my face,
And and a new found thirst for blood.
There will be no mercy on this day.

Brutality is a way of life.
Let it all overwhelm you.
Embark on a violent killing spree of unexplainable proportions.
Enjoy it while you can, you know that it won't last.
Make them feel all your hate with each person that you

blast.

A shooting spree in a small dark room is much more likely to come.

Embark on a violent killing spree of unexplainable proportions.

Enjoy it while you can, you know that it won't last.

Make them feel all your hate with each person that you

blast.

Fuck!

It all happened so quick, all laying there dead.

Last thing I do is put one through my head.

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