

Stolen Babies

"Hand It Over"

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Now it's serious, but not so much belated
Your face may be something, but value is corroding
And all that your living for is fading faster than you
But you still some and you wine delusional, inbred,
impatient, you say

"Hand it over, and I wait now, and I've paid, paid my
dues"

And the scales on your body are flaking off as your
going off
Laughing it off at another's expense as you she'd
And it doesn't matter what anyone's going through
cause you've earned It now

"Hand it over, and I wait now and I've paid, paid my
dues"

And what do you have to prove?
Your world revolves around something untrue
Milk the fading scene, till it's rot ages with you
And everyone has moved on, but you still remark

"Hand it over, and I wait now, and I've paid my dues"

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