

Virus Nine "Cutthroat"

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So long to our town, your not welcome back, we gave to
many chances and you stabbed us in the back, we
gave you all our trust and you left your mark in flesh,
you might as well spit in my face or kick me in the
chest, burned one too many bridges, hit one to many
skirts you cheated on your lonely wife, your name's
dragged thru the dirt your the weakest link to honesty I
think we've ever seen, the blackest heart, the weakest
soul that will ever be, so cutthroat, from us to you, you
lost a lot of friends don't show your face, don't come
around, your a liar, it's the end.

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