

Flatliners "Scumpunch!"

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blamed for everything done wrong he goes and gets
himself a gun
shooting dope yeah there's still hope he has hit the
rock
bottle to the wall
cracks in the brick show it all too thick
you better watch where you step, you could be
spreading the epidemic

corner store robberies and everything in between this
life and the next
it'll all explode like kerosene
shots fired bones drop it's all that i see
i'm fucking sick of this town where the hell have you
been?

it's not over, until it's over
scrape the streets you motherfucker
meet and greet with the pavement and your teeth
economic sober nickel and dimming till we're beat
keep things discrete or you'll be sucking like a leech

now you can't see through the clouds of defeat
bottled up till nothings left your tops been blown
blame it on me like everything
well it's okay another loose end straightened
another time we'll take it too far
another bottle's been broken another day is dawning
on our faces
the disgrace that we bring to the table
sometimes it seems theres no stopping it
sometimes things go too far

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