

Ninety Pound Wuss "The Party's Over"

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Crash triggers clinging chokers
Choking victory dry
Don't panic simply randomly
So what she has alzheimers
Mathematically epileptic
If she don't wet her pants first
The problem a constitution null and void
Who's to look for your disclaimer?
Get over it
The question then becomes fragmented
Jaded, or confused
Everyone gets together
Vibrations named ourselves
Don't cry this inauration day
Best pillows I ever felt
Is it fulfilling?
Collectivism, discipling, unionism
Trading souls to never fill your void
Labor \$10 minimum
She's still dying and wets the bed again
Who's more frustrated?
Me or you or you or me
Take a look
What is conception
Some frivolous game puts children on the street
Her disease is still the same
Old and stiff and angry, birth to death
What have you left, but a small space inbetween
Don't waste your time it's short
Primal language of new born infants
Choking ignorant
Raised deaf, dumb and blind
Age old desire
In solitude of other brainwashed has-beens
Incontinent failure
None of us survive
Survive fire
We all die too young

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