

# Offspring "Blackball"

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In this world of hate and shallowness  
Where enemies become your consolation  
Those of us who win the game give up their minds  
I don't call that winning

Say this doesn't apply to you  
But ask yourself first  
What have I done today to win the game?  
And just what have I sacrificed?

Win the battle or lose the war  
I know I've played this game before  
When people were still real

I don't want this anymore  
It's time for me to close the door  
There's nothing left to feel

Reflect on all out yesterdays  
My own words choke me, why were they spoken?  
Regret for things I've said and done, just can't  
compare with  
Regret for those that I have never tried

So blame this world or blame yourself  
It's really all the same  
When you are standing on that precipice  
From which you just cannot return

Win the battle or lose the war  
I know I've played this game before  
When people were still real

I don't want this anymore  
It's time for me to close the door  
There's nothing left to feel

In the style of forgotten men  
I look to my horizon, I see nothing  
While thoughts of guns and desecration sweep through  
my mind  
But only coffins and bones remain

As I look to you  
The emptiness behind your eyes  
Seals my decision

Can't carry on in a world of jugglers  
Where all this thoughtlessness  
And bludgeoning, your key to success  
What kind of tradition to carry

Blackball, the new disease  
Blackball, the new disease  
Blackball, your evil ways have found their way inside,  
inside me

Blackball, the new disease  
Blackball, the new disease  
Blackball, for a better life in this high tech, dog eat dog  
existence

Win the battle or lose the war  
I know I've played this game before  
When people were still real

I don't want this anymore  
It's time for me to close the door  
There's nothing left to feel

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