

One Dead Three Wounded "Bad Business"

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Were fucked. This is Business.
We will choke without a witness.

As a man you stand six feet high evolving a million
years in a downward spiral.
Cheap smiles wont hide the lie of love upon the bottom
line we sign

Stop searching for heartbeats in graveyards. They
don't exist down here.
Stop searching for canaries in coal mines. They don't
exist around here.

Deathbeds of old faithful friends. They are victims of
your industry.
You stole their reason to breathe when you stole their
reason to scream.

We are the ugly. We are the tired. We are overworked
and uninspired.
Don't look me in the eye; I lost faith in the sound from
your criminal lies

This is business. Just business. Who gives a fuck about
your opinion?

If this is punk rock were fucked.

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