

Propagandhi

"Ordinary People Do Fucked-up Things When Fucked Up Things Become Ordina"

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words cant do justice to pain seems like they cant feel a thing.Ordinary people do fucked up things when fucked up things become ordinay.I cant promise utopia or a better world,I have no lures,no harsh punishment if you dont bite the hook,its a world of shit or bust.Theres no escape from disapointment when you commit your heart and soul to earning your place,someone else having to cheer you on.

What are you capable of?You can be the one to string them up and beat them to death,when you cut them down youll see the face of your failure and shame.this is a nation of professional liars,a bleating chorus of tempered truths,who lke pealing church bells echo its virtues

sung over and over and over again.Rotting at the bottom is better than living as a liar.

Chorus:I cant find a meaning to the great achievement when you commit heart and soul to earning your place,opportunity kills common sense.Ordinary people do fucked up thing when fucked up things become ordinary.

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