

Pro-pain "F.S.U."

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feel as strong as an ox
the psilocybin was laced with dust
suicidal's on the box
and kids are goin' fuckin nuts
starin at the face of death
a poster child who fits the bill
takes a break to catch a breath
lost and lonely, voids to fill
fall into a psychopathic rage
from within
I've been there and back since half my age
and to hell I've been
severing the hand on which we feed,
is not enough
status quo don't satisfy thy need
to fuck shut up
overdose is on the rise
lips are cold and eyes are black
friends are falling through the cracks
it might be best to cut your ties
time to taste the bitter pill
it's hard to swallow and tough to chew
make the promise that you will

think of better things to do
I know what it's like to feel your pain,
and I know it hurts
most confess to acting quite the same,
severing the hand from which we feed,
and maybe worse
is not enough
status quo don't satisfy thy need
to fuck shut up

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