

Regurgitator

"Track one"

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My life is a paradox
Seems that I care a lot
Meaning that I stare a lot
But I don't give a fuck

Armchair compassionate
Accessory fashion it
Get me a character fit to assassinate
I generalize, criticize, amplify

Exemplifying what? Take a shot
Then sell it while the barrel's hot
Lying there and rotting, thinking what do I crave?
Slave to the market, market for the slaves

I'm just a sucker like you
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I'm just a sucker like you

Social stand-outs with plastic obsessions
Commercial handouts for catchy confessions
I've got the fear that I'm gonna get afflicted
With a means to an end, I'm contradicted

Lost my integrity just momentarily
Grab its sorry ass and pin the fucker down please
Slap it in the face till it quits the hysteric
Rhetoric, then my friend you can fucking bury it

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