

Lich King

"Office Politics"

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I'm a white collar death machine with murder on his
mind
A psychopathic madman caught up in the daily grind
Inter-office enmity has brought me to this place
I want to take a sharpie and then stab it in your face

Backstabbing chickenshit has gone over my head
Told the boss about the files that I knew I should have
shred
Now I'm in my cubicle and darkly thinking how
I could end this punk with pain and settle back and
disavow

I wish it were 5 o'clock
Wait for you out in the parking lot
I could kill you
I will kill you
I will finish the job you should have done for yourself

Mosh!

Take a ride to Staples on my lunch hour just to check
If they're selling something I could use to stab you in
the neck
Maybe human resources has something I could read
That'll help me practice policy while causing you to
bleed
I take my glasses off and I loosen up my tie
It's almost time to go help a brown noser to die
Say goodnight to Bob and take the elevator down
Grab a tire iron and then put it in your crown

You know you asked for this
Fight for your life, stand and try to resist
I can kill you
I will kill you
Put down your briefcase and ready yourself for the
pain

