

Cribs, The "We Were Aborted"

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In the grey of yesterday
A breeze blew over exposing
A memory so small
What is it here for

Your virility, makes me forget empathy
Dig your hole
That's what we're here for

To make you feel important
cause you knew we were aborted
It's the same things that we're saying all the time

And they have have everything
They kept there ribs, i'm sure of it
It's what they're all about
But getting inside counts

Mass virility, has made me forget empathy
Dig your hole
It's what we're here for

To make you feel important
cause you knew we were aborted
It's the same things that were saying all the time
(they may be views , but they'll never be mine)

The mid-shelf masturbation
Leaves a smear on half the nation
Its the same things that they're saying all the time

Oh your virility, has made me forget empathy
dig your hole
its what they're here for

To make you feel important
cause you knew we were aborted
its the same things that we're saying all the time

The mid-shelf masturbation
Leaves a smear on half the nation

It's the same things that they're saying all the time

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