

Triple Shot

"My Personal Hymm"

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My passtime's aggrivation
Cause I can't please you
And I grit my teeth with agitation
Im not pulling through
Everyline's not good enough
Wont make the grade
Im taken for a good for laughs scherade
Though I still parade my problems out
Its easier to stand up scream and shout

These are my words
You can't have them
This is my life
My personal hymn
This is my heart
Use it at will
For a good cause
Or a cheap thrill

Hit it with acceleration
From my hopes and my dreams
And I want to tell the whole nation
Just what it means
To stand in the face of something you love
And be told that youre not good enough
Youre skill is poor
And what is more
Something once five will be changed to four

Im holding the inkfilled daggar
I choose not to prolong
Embedded will be my message for you
Youll probably sing along
My pen has more clout
Than my mouth ever will
And when I aim with words
Im aiming to kill

So lets play a game, I'll roll the dice
And thats how many times I get to make a slice at you
and make you hurt

Your heart can't hate what your eyes can't see

My heart you had from the very start

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