

Stampin' Ground

"Dead From The Neck Up"

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Dead from the neck up
I know you hate to face the truth but can't you see me
I'm not like...
You can count the true friends you have on the fingers
of no hands
You never looked before you leap
Never think before you speak
The things you think of as your strengths I despise for
being weak
You made my acquaintance with broken glass
I know you hate to face the truth even when you're
faced with the proof
Can't you see that you're just a fake?
How much of this can you take?
You're dead from the neck up
Look deep in every shadow
You know you'll see me there
Awoke the thug within me
No guilt, only despair
You're dead from the neck up
You rained blood on my parade
I live for retribution
My life incomplete
Buried alive, beneath your lies
Impotent rage stinging my eyes choking, fish out of
water
On the last true word that you never said
I gaze at indifferent stars and hope you suffer
wherever you are
You made my acquaintance with broken glass
I know you hate to face the truth
Even when you're faced with the proof
Can't you see that you're just a fake?
How much more of this can you take?
Your sin burns in my veins
I live and breathe your pain
I piss upon your worthless pride
You are everything I despise
You rained blood on my parade

