

Eighties Combat

"Transparent"

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I noticed that you rarely listen. You take for granted
what you think you know.
When it comes time for your disposition, you face us all
with nothing there to show.

You say you've changed for all to see, but you're not
fooling anyone. But me,
I'm here to let you know that we see right through you.

You survive on luck. We've got you now just go ahead
and try to lie your way out of this one.
You're pathetic you still can't see it. Just take a look at
what you have become.
We could give you one more chance, just to see you
leave and screw this up again.
You'll never get it right. Pack your worthless self and
never show your face again.

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