

Karkadens, The "Chattle"

Visit "[Chattle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The more you show, the less I want to know
Teaching all the kids to sell their little souls
Spoiled and rotten, and frying their brains
One piece of candy and they'll do what you say
Everyone grows, and plays, and fights
Believing all their parents' little white lies
Santa's coming so you better be good
Not for the sake of good

Give me a break cause that's all I want
I'm so sick of the way we're being taught
Call it obedience; yeah we're like dogs
Throw me a treat now here's what you want

Sit still son, let me give you a shot
It's all done, now here's a lollipop
I know it won't make the pain go away
But I'm doing my job, so we'll call it a trade
Sure you wouldn't have made the deal on your own
But you haven't a choice, that's how you're grown
Like cows on a farm, you get your grass
Fatten up cow, you're gonna get milked

Give me a break cause that's all I want
I'm so sick of the way we're being taught
Call it obedience; yeah we're like dogs
Throw me a treat now here's what you want
No longer children, I'll call them chattle
Let them graze on the field with all the other cattle
Eat fatty fatty, now give me your teat
Next time I'll be coming back for meat

Visit [Karkadens, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.