

Typecast

"The Crows Are Hungry"

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I'll be watching and waiting on the side
That's where you want me
I'll wear my big fake smile

Go on ahead and use your so-called intellect
But you'll never last
Collect the arrows and knives
You will never stand a chance

There's a grave waiting for you on the other side
Your riches are meaningless
Your influence won't work

I'll be watching and laughing on the side
That's where you want me
I'll draw my big smile

When you're crawling
When your intellect destroys you
When the crows pluck out your eyes
How your influence betrays you

(How your influence betrays you)
Go on ahead, it's worth your arrogance
(How your influence betrays you)
Go and get the price, your grave on the other side

They are watching, hovering above
Waiting for you to fall and give up
You're no loss; good riddance

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