Plastic

Biohazard

it's apparent to me, that you are happy to be, stumbling around in your bullshit fantasy, the mirror, they hide from the terror where everybody wears this phony ass grin and nobody's ugly, or willing to look in-side that the world is not a utopian place it's iller than ever with scumbags and killers as the head motherfucker I spit in your face I'll bet they write us off as a bunch of illiterates With nothing to say, and think that we're ignorant afraid of our might, so they label us belligerant how can they be so motherfuckin arrogant? we are the strong and they the insignificant to think we'll stand by and take this shit all you fuckin faggots can suck my dick so here's my reply to your condescending statements sick of all the lies, I despise all you fuckin fakes comes as no surprise, your demise, you fuel my hate hatred-anger contempt-plastic you commercial motherfuckers coming out like your hard you wanna talk shit lets pull some cards I'm calling you all out, and you know who you are the mike is my blowgun, spittin' venomous darts These plastic people on this plastic planet pop genocide, my solution seems drastic Are under my skin, and no one gives a fucking shit you've got no heart, I know that you're plastic I am the voice of hate!!! I am the voice of hate!!! Why are you all so fake? You're plastic

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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