

Hopeless Vows

Swingin' Utters

My bastard brother's hopeless vow
of leaving off to another town
Has once again soaked deep into
the cold and rotting ground
He never shares his lovesick bed
or listened to a word they said
He hoards the beer and wine and bread
Christ, I wish he were fucking dead
Bury yourself in blame
Drown yourself in flame
Burn the bottle that beckons you
to betroth yourself to shame
give yourself a break
Break the ones you hate
Hate those that've fed off of you
and your pathetic plate
I've left it up to the gods above
I don't believe in, ain't seen or heard from
and nearly sick to death of this
being neither ignorant nor in bliss
with a family of parasites
and feckless friends with shameless eyes
all the endless miles caught up with me
wearing the face of my own kind
Bury yourself in blame
Drown yourself in flame
Burn the bottle that beckons you
to betroth yourself to shame
Yeah, jump that fuckin' train
wed the goddamn stain
live your life in a fuckin' cell
be the martyr with no brain
Step inside this room
mind the open wounds
cross yourself and carry on
that claptrap may do you good

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