

Chaos

Raised Fist

Six-figure salary and still not fed up with insanity
Sound like you are mentally ill and I still
Wonder why you keep chasing the dollar bill
So fix your lips your hips, acting like 20 and you can't come to grips
With the plague ordinary people call age
You are working overtime, as a banker. Organized crime
Leather shoes, expensive watch, big mansion, still you cry at night
Let it be said, they should be fucking dead
Let it be said, they should be dead
How sweet, your kids in the backseat while you
Smoke and work on the next tweet
Everyone in the gang so happy, then it ends with a bang
A piece of processed food in the corner of your mouth
When you pushed her south and became the man that you did not plan
It was like you could not command your own body
You could not withstand
Done, when done, cash in the hand
Zip your pants up, back to a happy marriage in familyland
Let it be said, they should be fucking dead
Let it be said, they should be dead
When I feel down and low, in the city of cold where the snow falls
And no flowers seem to grow
We try to go out on tour, we try to ignore the insecure media whores
Burning out of fucking control
Let it be said, they should be fucking dead
Let it be said, they should be dead
Let it be said
Now let it be said

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