

Boot Scraper

Lamb of God

Watch the broken common man
Drown his sorrows at unhappy hour
Dirty and sweaty with just enough to get by
Calluses on his hands, calluses on his soul
Hard-boiled, son of a bitch
Scraping away on the down hill grind
It's a means to an end, a mean end for most
Death and domestication ends in shattered hopes
Can't see the hand at the other end of the leash
Turn and bite, turn and bite the hand that bleeds you dry
Throw yourself a bone, no one else will
Compromise leads to self-loathing
Money the excrement of labor
And you don't get to keep shit
Except politics and power trips
And a bad breath down your neck
I know for I have toiled in the halls of the mighty
And not received a teardrop in a bucket
Motherfuck it
The world doesn't owe me a thing
But you do, motherfucker
The world doesn't owe me a thing
But you do, motherfucker
So crooked when you die
They're gonna have to screw your ass
Into the ground
As life slowly unravels with nothing to show
But your wasted time and dust
A thousand points of lies falling
On the deafened funeral eardrums of the blind masses
Rise above, extract your life
Will you look within then turn around and bite?
Day by day the mask suffocates your life
Is this any way to live? No fucking way

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