

The Heckler

Primus

Through the door it slithers in,
Accompanied by its peers.
Always groveling for attention,
While no one really gives.
In its mind it's full of wit
And quite the social king.
It plants itself among the rest,
Who give it deadly state. It's just a matter of opinion
Further now there's a man of taste.
Of talent and precision.
To work and strive his years are fogged
Has been his life's compensation.
The stage is set. The perfect show
Is put before the mass.
Only to be ridiculed
by some slimy, pompous snake. It's just a matter of opinion.

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