

No Soul

Say Anything

There's something in the way you people smell
Like you've got no soul at all
Fingers crawling with ringworm
Your sneer's a mating call To lure in others of your breed
Spread that smug and slimy seed
Borrow quotes from the culture
Crowded like weeds Is your schedule sufficient tonight, you toad?
Hop another bar until the rooster crows This song belongs to you
And all your crew
This curse will sting the worst
As it shall mar you All rise, rise
All rise I'd rather spend an evening giving birth
Then see how you rise a groove
On everyone but the person you're talking to Trapped between babushkas on a plane
Is a fraction of how lame
It is to watch you pump
The poison through your veins Is your schedule sufficient tonight, you crow?
Squawk another song until your heart explodes This song belongs to you
And all your crew
This curse will sting the worst
As it shall mar you You probably think this means I give up on you
The saddest part is this is why I come
To watch and pray that I'm mistaken
And pray I'm not the only one Try not to care about this
I'm knowing that this is hopeless, no one notices it's
Not losing sleep over this
You people are unredeemable, indescribable, all but evil You know very well, what you are
Don't let it light you off, you wear your scars
I've had a few but not that many
But you're the only one who gives me good and plenty This song belongs to you
And all your crew
This curse will sting the worst
As it shall mar you

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