Finger on the Trigger

Until the End

Saturate yourself with the stench of stupidity,
it seems you're addicted to playing the fool.
Inhale the lies of beauty
and fame they've got you trapped in a losing game.
Is this what you need?
What you need to fit in?
Fit into what?
An early grave.
Swallow every lie that is fed to you.
Watching yourself decay everyday.
Coughing up life, do it again and again.
Playing a game you have no chance to win.
As you've seen this world prey on weakness.
This moral decay takes my breath away.
The air that i breathe - second hand disease.
How can you say it doesn't affect me?
Put the barrel down your throat,
Pull the fucking trigger choke.

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