

# No One's Gonna Know

Tristen

Praise the moral absentee  
ho runs a gang of violent thieves  
with power many guns retrieve  
when shooting for the kill  
a new temptation holds you tight  
keeps you putting up a fight  
a bully underdog could win  
with bootstraps pulling up his chin  
The only way to climb to the top  
is stepping on heads  
you're better off dead  
you were always worth killing  
just a runner for the show  
and no one's gonna know  
Praise the woman buttered up  
your golden apple shut her up  
she bats her eyes, now points her toes  
perfects the mating ritual  
babes are born and she stays by  
sings the children lullabies  
Knowing when your on the run  
Knowing when to hold her tongue  
Praise the king on pillow top  
who guides the power  
from generations of upper stations  
hard work makes no new relations

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