Man's Ruin

Prong

My whole life counting dimes worried about uncertainty.
So I roll the dice before I die, maybe get a little for me.
I bet it, bet it all
Threw everything into a pile. Regret it?
Got nothing at all, no guarantees, no pieces of the pie.
Got the eyes on you, black eyes on you
Ruin it for you if they could.
Eyes on you, black eyes on you
Mansruin for his own good.
High life all the highlights covered on the plays of the day.
Baked out, burnt right out of it, breath fried beyond repair.
I tasted it, devoured it, ballooned right out of sight.
A done deal dealt out by fate scored myself a bite of nonlife
Fucked out, fucked out of everything, drained at the end of each day.
A red cent, no pennies from heaven taken for a chump for life.

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