

Travis Bickle

Emmure

Well all the junkies they know my name
And every city looks the fucking same
And the derelicts the street are all insane
And the scum surges up and there's no one to fucking blame
Game over it's no fun
Got me on the run
I'm gonna go get my gun
Blam, blam, blam you're done
Game over it's no fun
Got me on the run
I'm gonna go get my gun
Blam, blam, blam, you're done
All the prostitutes who run around midnight
And the junkies and hypes are all trying to get tight
They're all trying to find some hope for sale
But there's no fucking way outta this hell
Game over it's no fun

Got me on the run
I'm gonna go get my gun
Blam, blam, blam, you're done
Game over it's no fun
Got me on the run
I'm gonna go get my gun
Blam, blam, blam, you're done

Allegiance to scum promising nothing to a world that's lost strife and conflict, encounters with the devil,
Incarnate destruction and annihilation in the city, Acqueducts of blood, Alleyways extort and uproot the
forgotten dead, Polluted and incapacitated crippled masses, Polluted and incapacitated crippled masses

Game over it's no fun
Got me on the run
I'm gonna go get my gun
Blam, blam, blam, you're done
Game over it's no fun
Got me on the run
I'm gonna go get my gun
Blam, blam, blam, you're done
Yeah! You're fucking done!

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