

# Hayseed

## One Bad Son

It doesn't matter if we ever unlearn this -  
It's still looking pretty bleak,  
It's still looking pretty dim.  
We couldn't keep ourselves from these painful habits,  
And never asking for more. I can't stop, I can't slow down.  
Moving towards the end -  
No faith, no trust, no hope.  
I can't stop. I can't stop.  
Just relax, I got a rope around my neck to break my fall. We are the flies trapped in a moving car,  
Helpless while we're searching for scraps.  
And we have watched you all exhaust yourselves underneath the entropy,  
A severed arm's length apart. I can't stop, I can't slow down.  
Moving towards the end -  
No faith, no trust, no hope.  
I can't stop. I can't stop.  
Just relax, I got a rope around my neck to break my fall. Wake up, do it again.  
Wake up, do it again.  
They paved the road for us so we could break our backs.  
Our ambition tied the knot so we could clear our heads. I can't stop, I can't slow down.  
Moving towards the end -  
No faith, no trust, no hope.  
I can't stop. I can't stop.  
Just relax, I got a rope around my neck to break my fall.

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