Spill Your Guts

The Flatliners

Back again, and there's nothing you can do
I took some time and figured out your plot
You said that you changed again, but you'll always be the same, just under a different name
Hey!
My roots, my rules, my cuts and bruises show it all, but I don't see nothing on you
I know what to do, you better figure it out too
Who knew? Who knew? Who knew?It's time
Everything hurt's just the same
They say there's no room for change, but all these promises are still made
I'll hold my breath till my head explodes
They'll just cram it down your throat
Rip your heart out of your chest just to make another dollar
No!
I'll spill my guts on your fucking clothesBuy a gun, shoot someone, grow up in America
Land of the free? Well I'm tellin' ya...
Who makes the laws? Abides by the call? And everything else...
I'll never figure it out
Wake me up when the revolution's started
Don't drop the bomb, we've gotta stop this
Wake me up when the darkest cloud is daunted
Make way for change, make wayKeep kicking, vicious, you're wearing mother fucking cleats
When the time comes, I'll be standing tall and you'll be looking up at me
You take it all for yourself
Yeah, that's fine, just go ahead
It goes straight to your head, it goes straight to your head
Your selfishness, malice, prejudice
All in all, and the rest of the time is spent in distress
Keep fucking taking it and taking it, until it's boiled over the edge
And you're half over the fence, looking back

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/