Lame

Snook

Whine, whine, whine
How can you afford to throw me those looks
When you haven't pulled the bloody wool
From over your eyes yet?
How can you say those things to me
When you haven't pulled the boot of the past
Out of your mouth?
Tepid morals personality set
For easy calibration knowledge of importance paramount
Marooned a suicidal caste deal
With isolation grease the wheels chameleon
Sliding through social strata and yet you still whine
Your conviction is merely iconographic
I'm so sick of hearing you whine, shut up

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