

# **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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