

Lech

Slipknot

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I know why Judas wept, motherfucker
The fires burn on the summit
Shining a light on the ones I've killed
Survivor's guilt - undetermined
I could murder the world in all the blood I've spilled
Banishment
Still question the conquered
To hell with your intelligence
Just figure out your common sense
No one is bulletproof
And I'll eat the skins of my brothers
Yellow pastor bones will make a perfect wall
Gonna fill in the cracks of these feelings
With every terrible piece or maybe nothing at all
Selfishness
Take granted for everything
What more could you ask for?
It doesn't matter anymore
No one is bulletproof
Can you feel the cold?
Fortune never favors the old
Tired of defending myself
Go complain to somebody else
Somebody else
The masses and your manners
Are the voices in your head
They're smashing out your windows
That you worked for beneath your bed
You live right fucking 'neath it
So you'll die like thanking gods
In between the voices and the pure
'Cause masses have the charm
Nine for sure
And I have only sand inside of me
It's a rotting sick that I don't need
To pene-vent your interro-gration
I can believe I'm saying this
I'll live with my regrets
I'll die by my decisions
I'm not your fucking superstar
Keep it closed, you're going way too far
No one is bulletproof
Bulletproof

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Bulletproof

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