

# Men

## The Rotters

This is a sign  
I use to wear  
This is a lie  
It says I care  
I found a reason  
I found a tear  
Last year  
I am a boy  
You want a man  
I am indifferent  
You have a plan  
I'm getting out  
I'm getting bent  
This year  
We are in love  
We are at war  
I feed myself  
You feed the poor  
I write the fiction  
You write the lore  
These are addictions  
I've seen before  
And if I get out  
I won't be safe  
You are my keeper  
I am your slave  
You're in my thoughts  
You're in my way  
Keep all the weakers  
Bury the brave

This is a game  
We have our roles  
I am a player  
You have control  
There is an ante  
There is a toll  
Buy in  
And i want my space

You want a home  
You need to have it  
    You need to own  
Let's build a flower  
Let's watch it grow  
    And die  
We are in love  
We are at war  
    I feed myself  
You feed the poor  
I write the fiction  
You write the lore  
These are addictions  
    I've seen before  
    And if I get out  
    I won't be safe  
You are my keeper  
    I am your slave  
You're in my thoughts  
    You're in my way  
Keep all the weakers  
    Bury the brave

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>