

Folklore

James

I've seen your mouth moving, heard others here say,
Those words are a piece of a part that you played
That sounds like your father, a teacher, the church
Didn't spring from the heart, but research
The only way I learn is put the fist in and get burned
Go get burned
Old wives, mystics, hearsay
Wise men, rich men, shamen and sage
When you're meek on the Earth, when you die you will pay
For accepting that lot, in the cheapest of graves
The sexes divided, men mustn't be weak
Sensitivity is a vice of which we shan't speak
And women are a plaything that are just made for men
To treat how the boss he respects treats him
And I am going to grow up like daddy wanted me to be
To impress all those, who so impressed me
And young boys melt into men
And we'll start the process again
Add a touch of mystique where the writing gets weak
Break up coherence with a cut-cut-cut up technique
When you've got nothing to say
Shut up
Or show that you're willing to play
With words that simply aren't out of touch
With the genuine feelings which lead to their birth
Most things are better not written or heard
When you open your mouth, out drops a turd
The only way I learn is put the fist in and get burned.

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