

Parasites

Wyoming

it preys, it preys on my mind all day
it preys, it preys on my mind in every way we go down in history once more
we go down as no one did before
we follow our ancient path
and we ignore the aftermath
with iron will and rifled guns
we bite the hand that feeds our sons
we scream, we shout, we cry it out
that we're allowed cause we, we are the best, oh the best this is our paradise
and we, we are the parasites
with dirty hands and hungry eyes
we eat you while you're still alive
we scream, we shout, we cry it out
that we're allowed cause we, we are the best, oh the best I am stuck in the town,
I am stuck in the town of rats

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