

Give 'Em The Ripped One

Kid Dynamite

If I murdered millions tell me would you believe? If I called it social progress would you fucking believe in me? If I sugar coated lies, would you believe? Like razors down your throat you swallow you're pride and it eats you alive. It seems a mind of it's own gets battered down and bought out. Uh oh. Ideals lost, not found, what now?

Quick to, shake the hand of a suited man, with bloody hands. Uh oh. He pulls you in. This time, he wins. If I bought and sold you're freedom would you believe? Distract you with the excess culture? Would you fucking believe in me? If I denied everything? You're soiled like you're soul. You dig your own hole. And you never get out. If you say that you can seize the day, I'd say get off you're knees. And muse about what they can do without and dismiss what you believe.

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