

# Prescription

## Gob

Go, alright We walk it straight and narrow  
We take this path straight to hell  
We want a quick solution  
We put ourselves inside a pill Damnation, salvation, can't see a difference anyway  
We get so medicated that we don't even care We've got to be put to rest  
After we're born to death  
You see I just met you  
And now I'm trying to forget you I get so disconnected  
I lose my love everyday  
I lose it on the street and freak out  
Well, I don't know what to say I don't know, I don't know what to say  
I don't know where to begin  
I know I don't belong  
Out of the law We've got to be put to rest  
After we're born to death  
Gravity makes a sound Pills mean, so get ill, get infected  
No sweat, just give us injections  
If you feel sentimental  
Deleted memory, nothing special And you see I just met you  
And now I'm trying to forget you  
Fuck you, I'm temperamental  
Self defense is fundamental We fight to feel alright  
We fight to feel alright  
We fight to feel alright  
We fight to feel alright We fight to feel alright  
We fight to feel alright  
We fight to feel, we fight

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