

Misplaced Society

Ninety Pound Wuss

waaaaaaaah!
another casualty, misplaced, misfit,
degenerate youth not reconed with.
i'm not a statistic,
i refuse to be part of your plan in a world decaying.
you make me ashamed to be human,
is what i can't help born into this world.
like me and you, you'll see when we're through.
what makes you so much better?
at least i know why i'm here.
at least i know what to do.
at least i know where i'll be.
at least i'm still trying.
at least i know why i'm here.
at least i know what to do.
at least i know where i'll be.
at least i'm still trying.
my flesh is still decieved, but that won't hold on to me
or make me be greedy, or conditional in thought,
prayer, or praise, i follow the Son.
and make no room for the other, who lies,
and cheats, and steals from me with his obscure insanity's.
woe to the man who hits me in the eye,
i might just turn and let you have another swing.
yeah, i'll turn the other cheek and let you think you win.
at least i know why i'm here.
at least i know what to do.
at least i know where i'll be.
at least i'm still trying.
at least i know why i'm here.
at least i know what to do.
at least i know where i'll be.
at least i'm still trying.

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