

Bite the Hand That Feeds

Zero Down

I have no interest in self-preservation, emptiness is like an old friend.
I have no motive or any inclination, of doing anything for any one again.
I've been the patsy, I've been the fool,
I've been the scapegoat, now all of that is through.
Don't want to sit and wonder when the end is near,
don't want to know where I'll be in 20 years.
Because I bite the hand that feeds.
Easy to call me selfish, after years of nurtured apprehension.
I have no shame I take the blame, no more subordination.
I gave up my self-esteem for a false security,
and foolishly I chased that dream, that had to be force fed to me.
I play no part in hope that dwindles, reality is such a change of pace.
I see things now for what they are, and reality is such a different place.
Nostalgia such a waist of time, so much life left to live.
I can't dwell on yesterday, I gotta take as much as I give.

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