Everyone Hates Everyone

Superjoint Ritual

Mind is a freeze, from me, from you, from shock
There is no sanctuary, you want to do this right now
Right now
Right now
Right nowYour blank look tells me, you're not too thrilled at all
To stand here face-to-face with me
You want to stab at meRight now, not tomorrow
'Cause there's a fine line between me and them
Call it a riftI can't just look you in the eye without just crying/laughing
I speak with death-threat tone
You and yours want to make a name
Pack it up and move onRight now, no tomorrow
'Cause there's a fine line between me and them
Call it aI will decideThere's pressure, revolving, absorbing, unloading, depreciated
Step on the foot of Excelcier, a net in the womb of the aftermath
The problem ahead is that "fine line" that keeps us apart
A fence there in the middle keeps us apart again

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