Strength Beyond Strength

Whitechapel

There is nothing. No education. No family life to open my
Arms to. You'd say that my job is today, yet gone tomorrow.
I'll be broke in a gutter.
I know the opinion. A broken record. Fuck you and your
College dream. Fact is, we're stronger than all.
You're working for perfect bodies, perfect minds and perfect
Neighbors. But I'm helping to legalize dope on
Your pristine streets and I'm making a fortune.
You're muscle and gall. Naive at best. I'm bone, brain and
Cock. Deep down stronger than all.

A sad state of affairs. A crippled America. A pipe dream
Buttfucked. Immune. Stronger than all.

A lament for a rookie officer, punk ass weak little lamb.
For the mob, truly, does rule at this particular time.

We've grown into a monster. An arrogant, explosive motherfuck.
Hard as a rock. Shut like a lock.
Finally, the president in submission. He holds out his hand on
Your television and draws back a stump. It's too late for some.

Far too late.

No more holdbacks. No more paying a cops paycheck. Let him
Bust his own child. The son that heeds my word and smokes my dope.
The daughter that sucks me off and snorts cheap anything.

Hail Kings. The new Kings. Stronger than all.

A simple process to legalize. There would not be a choice but to
Take our side. Be there no question of certain strengths. Know
This intention. Forever stronger than all.

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