

# Demotivator

## The Dirt Radicals

"Ready, Steady, Fall". Running from the walls,  
Like a wounded convict on the run.  
Paralyzed and cold, with a paper gun to hold.  
Stepping over corpses from the war.

You're turning into something, that's probably worth nothing.  
From fighting fire with fire, save your lies for liars.  
Whilst begging for your world to stay the same.

What do I do, what do I do?  
What can I say to get it through?  
I don't rate the hate you still inflate.  
The way you stick to me like glue.  
What can I say, what can I say?  
Polite keeps getting in the way.  
Guess I'll look you in the eyes and say;  
"You burn me out".

A million eyes that stare with a billion lies to spare,  
Waiting on them fuckers to give in.  
So call me up and tell me of your misery,  
That you're blaming all on someone's history.

You're turning into something, that's probably worth nothing.  
From fighting fire with fire, save your lies for liars.  
While begging for the world but you won't change.  
(You'll stay the same)

What do I do, what do I do?  
What can I say to get it through?  
I don't rate the hate you still inflate.  
The way you stick to me like glue.  
What can I say, what can I say?  
Polite keeps getting in the way.  
Guess I'll look you in the eyes and say;  
"You burn me out".

Look at yourself, look what you've become.  
Look at yourself, looking at yourself, so now where's the gun?  
Look at yourself, what you've gone and done.

An isolate in a desolate place, who burns me out.

What do I do, what do I do?  
What can I say to get it through?  
I don't rate the hate you still inflate.  
The way you stick to me like glue.  
What can I say, what can I say?  
Polite keeps getting in the way.  
Guess I'll look you in the eyes and say;  
(And you know it)  
"You burn me out".

Lyrics Submitted by AnggaSupreme

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