

This Is Where It Ends

Throwdown

These half-assed cliché suicides are getting old and getting under my skin
These rich degenerates and cocaine whores have worn their welcome out
And worn my patience razor thin
They breed like rats and laugh their way through life
And spread a plague of useless and pathetic trends
Now every tear you cry is drawing flies, but that's just fine 'cus listen up, son
This is where it ends
You piss your sorry life away
I pray each day for floods to wash the bullshit back to where it bred
Don't cry to me when all is lost to self-inflicted holocaust
'Cus now my pity's buried with the dead
I'll force you down, I'll force you out
I'll show your face unto the world and every dying junky friend
Now dry those sunken eyes
You chose to make this hell your life, now listen up, son
This is where it ends

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