

# Anthrax, W.C.F.Y.A

The mind can atrophy  
such mediocrity  
things aren't always what they seem  
sometimes  
and every waking dream  
repeating central theme  
if we don't wake up do we die?  
and when the best can be  
worse than what's usually  
found it's all between  
the lines  
then patience starts to bleed  
increasing enmity  
its time to let the bullets fly

developed all exposure  
revealing no composure  
the gates are open wide  
the wrecking ball is here  
your chest contains no treasure  
the prisoners are loose  
we've come for you all

pay the expected fee  
for the insanity  
now the reflection's deeply  
lined  
all systems fail and seize  
break down and spill the grease  
aggressive tendencies designed

and every element  
will force a consequence  
it takes a slanted state of mind  
then patience starts to bleed  
increasing enmity  
it's time to let the bullets fly