

Ensign, Winner Takes All

It must be hard to scream for change
With that foot stuck in your mouth
And all your false claims
Of knowledge disavowed
Unity becomes a catch phrase
For the fools of tomorrow
All your shit talk ways
It only serves to separate
An already divided scene
In which you have no place
Again you take your soapbox
As a forum for your lies
Witness to an early end
Broken down from inside