

Full Scale, System Of Shame

Failing under the weight (C'mon)

You've got the pain in a system whose shame
Is that they built the game so that you can't win
Fanning the flame but the sentence remains
because they built the game so that you can't win.
Sticking a vein and it's taming your brain
Now you know it's a game that you can't win.
You made the grade with your parents betrayed
Now you're running that game
(what a feeling)

You've been brought here for your knowledge
Not your good intentions
You've been brought here for your knowledge
Come get some

You. It's just your style
You. Does it hurt to smile?

Don't crack, don't give in don't let the money makers win
cos everybody everywhere can get that human feeling.
Just a touch say's as much let it be your crutch, and terrorise
your eyes and your minds with the television.
Come Get Some

All you want is my sympathy.
All I want is to make you bleed.

Why can't you be just one
It's all this asshole needs
Why can't you just be the same

This system. It's defines you
By the air you breath
By the trust you break
This system. It's designs you
How you sow your seed
How you bend to take

We live in a society.
Not in an economy.

You've just got to trust in me, I'm all you need,
I am the air you breath just in out in and then you're filled with me
I'm sending billboards to space, There's nothing I won't do
to sell my shit right on to you.