

# Lamb Of God, Bootscraper

Watch the broken common man  
Drown his sorrows at unhappy hour.  
Dirty and sweaty  
With just enough to get by.  
Calluses on his hands calluses on his soul  
Hard-boiled son of a bitch  
Scraping away on the down hill grind.  
It's a means to an end, a mean end for most.  
Death and domestication ends in shattered hopes  
Can't see the hand at the other end of the leash.  
Turn and bite.  
Turn and bite the hand that bleeds you dry.  
Throw yourself a bone, no one else will.  
Compromise leads to self-loathing  
Money the excrement of labor.  
And you don't get to keep shit

Except politics and power trips and a bad breath down your neck.  
I know  
For I have toiled in the halls of the mighty  
And not received a teardrop in a bucket.  
Motherf\*\*k it.  
The world doesn't owe me a thing  
But you do (Motherf\*\*ker).  
So crooked when you die they're gonna have to screw your ass into the ground.  
As life slowly unravels  
Rise above, extract your life.  
Will you look within  
Then turn around and bite?  
Day by day the mask suffocates your life  
Is this any way to live?  
No f\*\*king way.