

Retard-O-Bot, Sharp Tongue

There's always a point
To the undertones
Right or wrong
Neither lasts for long
Explanations don't work
We must be shown
Fear to speak Because we stand alone
Secluded
Acting like a drone
When a hand is handed
No love is shown
Shit doesn't matter
Just let it go
The faint fizzle out
While the strong live on
There's always an edge to the jokes
Nothing goes without intent
When an insult goes flying
And I'm not crying
Doesn't mean I didn't
Know what you meant
Years pass
No end in sight
Let the petty
And shed some light
It doesn't matter
Only what we make
Counting on an accident
Or mistake
Is no way
To get through
F-I-G-H-T everyday, fight
F-I-G-H-T everyday, fight
F-I-G-H-T everyday, fight
F-I-G-H-T everyday
There's always a tone
To your voice
Just a hint of cynicism
Never ending arguing
And all your fucking criticism
Never miss a word
Always heard but never wanted
So it is ignored
Anything you want you got it
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