

She Sells, Rsole

Don't play on my pity for an excuse,
You'll have to cut your own throat, to get free from your noose,
Tell me, why did you do it? was it fun for a while?
Try to explain it away, your words are just too vile.

You're an Arsehole
You're an Arsehole

Why are you hear, how can you have the nerve?
All that you have is more than you deserve
Would you do it again? I know I don't have to ask
Show no regret for actions of your past.

You're an Arsehole
You're an Arsehole

I don't care if you're sorry, I don't know if you'll learn,
but before you redeem you're gonna crash and burn,
So fucking cordial, sickly sweet smile,
I thought I made myself clear are you just in denial?

You're an Arsehole
You're an Arsehole

Product of society, maybe so,
but we were here to support you 'til the final blow,
You fall deeper in your favourite cliché
bit the hand held to help you, I've got no more to say.

You're an Arsehole
You're an Arsehole