

The Offspring, Blackball

In this world of hate and shallowness
Where enemies become your consolation
And those of us who win the game
Give up their minds
I don't call that winning
Say this doesn't apply to you
But ask yourself first
What have I done today to win the game
And just what have I sacrificed

Win the battle or lose the war
I know I've played the game before
When people were still real
I don't want this anymore
It's time for me to close the door
There's nothing left to feel

Reflect on all our yesterdays
My own words choke me
Why were they spoken
Regret for things I've said and done
Just can't compare with
Regret for those that I have never tried
So blame this world or blame yourself
It's really all the same
When you are standing on that precipice
From which you just cannot return

Win the battle or lose the war
I know I've played this game before
When people were still real
I don't want this anymore
It's time for me to close the door
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In the style of forgotten men
I look to my horizon
I see nothing
While thoughts of guns and desecration
Sweep through my mind
But only coffins and bones remain
As I look to you
The emptiness behind your eyes
Seals my decision
Can't carry on in a world of jugglers
Where all this thoughtlessness
And bludgeonings your key to success
What kind of tradition to carry on

Blackball - The new disease
Blackball - The new disease
Blackball - Your evil ways have found
Their way inside me

Blackball - The new disease
Blackball - The new disease
Blackball - For a better life in this
High tech dog eat dog existence