

War of Words, The Last Supper

a scrap of meat tossed to the lion cubs
who couldn't be cued in to the lion's share
stripped from game
they spent the same season hunting
but who am i to speak my mind?
it may be new year but i'm stuck in time
and still my place remains the same
to everyone but me
oh what a treat
a seat across from the water thief
damage control to prove he cares
and down the way is a brand new enemy
so as we argue the lesser of two evils
i guess it should be the one you benefit from
you benefit from crumbs
and as i choke down this last meal
it's not as sweet as it should be
is it bad reflection or a new direction?
if a double-dipped tip ain't worth this
i just can't tell you what is
is this new religion just a rash decision?
if everyone's off except for me
am i the one who really is?
and as i choke down this last meal
wonder who wonders how i feel
and if this really is my time to go
it's not as sweet as it should be