

# 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