

8 Foot Sativa, Gutless

Your way of life amusing
Your choices seem wasted to me
What you choose at the bottom will keep you there with the obscene

Your strength is in numbers
Your weakness is yourself
To speak your opinion
Only amongst your crowd

Your gutless, never trusted
So gutless, your minds corrupted
Your thoughtless, guided by fools
So thoughtless, it means nothing to you

Do you give yourself a chance
If do you throw it away
You seem hopeless to me
Somethings will never change

Oblivious To all around you
Victims despise you helplessly
No way to change the ignorance
To take away that which you need

This weakness will follow
You through the rest of your days
Your lacking confidence
It shows in every way

You're acting like a fool
Whats the point in this
Rejected. self imposed
You can't be yourself
No-one wants you now
Deceiving all you know
Back stabbing friends to hell

Your life is going nowhere
Still you think you're better than me
You mock me. But all I hear
Is your self-indulgent mentality

You're going nowhere fast
You'll realise when it's too late
Set for you already
This mundane monotonous fate