

# A Global Threat, I Dont Want It All

It's all just a game, right? But I forget the fuckin' shifty rules  
I'm not a poet I suppose if the elite defeat the meter of my prose  
And in no uncertain terms mines is a faith that isn't confirmed  
Ask the Berkeley position and what you're hearing isn't worth the listen  
But I don't want it all  
I just want you  
Don't get me all wrong, the scars were defensive wounds  
I won't make a great liar, can't debate a taste I can't afford to acquire  
Won't stoop down to clean up well  
if your parents and friends think I looks like hell  
So strike a proud pose  
You drew the long straw just to cram it up your nose  
You want a suit and tie to make band and multiply  
Join the unsatisfied  
You know what?  
You're just not my type