

# Acumen Nation, Bandroid

not an ounce of sadness or truth in what you feel  
sacrifice your sorrow for a shot at any deal  
careful not to actually bleed from your heart  
not that you can drain much from an empty fake

is it just me or does everything reek with the stench of mediocrity  
is it just me or does everything seem to suck no matter how hard i  
TRY. TO. FORGIVE  
IT JUST CAN'T SEEM. TO. BELY  
THE FACT THAT YOU. ARE. A  
FUCKING WASTE OF LIFE!!

recycling the talent of a god compared to you  
new york city digs it so it must be something true  
truth be known it's how we've felt the rape of our spirit  
you have taken all the fire from the fight you lousy whore

sucking up your table scraps for no more than a day  
manufactured bruises and the shallowness to say  
oh, how hard it's been on you and your passion  
i'll try to remember that, as i'm burning down your mansion

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so this is the cross you have to bear  
so this is the shit you sling at us  
you're just a poseur built to fail  
and fail you will  
you're just a poster boy for mediocrity!

come collecting favors and there's nothing for you left  
eating from the garbage seems the pastime you were meant  
for all the soulless lies coming through the radio  
we'd all agree that you should (blow yourself away)

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