

Archers Of Loaf, Harnessed In Slums

Too harnessed in slums, to rock you wrap your throat.
Standing over your common ground.
Snuff the leader with the bad assed plan.
Take what you want from the palm of his hand.

We're running joke, running jokes, running dry.
Strip the color from the meat of my eye.
Lick the loser, just don't make him stick.
Lay it on heavy and make the wrong size fit.

I want waste.
We want waste.
They want waste.
Slaves want waste.

Too harnessed in slums, to rock you wrap your throat.
Standing over your common ground.
We're running joke, running jokes, running dry.
Strip the color from the meat of my eye.

I want waste.
They want waste.
We want waste.
They want waste.

Side to side, with the tired smile
Cut into your face.
They let me down for the second time straight.
With thugs and scum and punks and freaks,
They're harnessed in slums but they want to be free.

Snuff the leader with the bad assed plan.
Take what you want from the palm of his hand.
Lick the loser, just don't make him stick.
Lay it on heavy and make the wrong size fit. (?)

I want waste.
We want waste.
They want waste.
Slaves want waste.

Side to side, with the tired smile
Cut into your face.
You let me down for the second time straight.
With thugs and scum and punks and freaks,
They're harnessed in slums, but they want to be free.

(repeat)