

Bigwig, Hold On Fucker

Compete, Compete
Let the blood fill the streets
Hear the cries of the fallen denying defeat
Comply, Comply
You don't deserve to know why
Forced to push on 'til the day that you die
My respect tied to the tracks, train's on my back
These ropes are too tight
And those headlights look like home

Holding my breath waiting
I'm searching for a sign
Just a bitter ending
Reciting all these lines
Holding my breath waiting
Need a reason or a rhyme
Just bitter ending
Seems like a waste of time

Attack, Attack
Cause there's no looking back
Your value defined by that which you have
Control, Control
Its always been about control
The money you work for the things that you own
Inspiration slipping pas memory's grasp
Brighter prospects now look nothing like i'd hoped

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We won't play the game
Fight to stay on top
You don't realize it never stops
So bring us wealth
Bring us fame
It's a disease, so break the chain

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