

# 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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