

Gatsbys American Dream, Game Over

Now with silence broken,
your torch has sputtered out
and now the tribe has spoken,
you're voted out
and there's not time for your last words.
I hope that you feel rotten
when you get what you earn.
For what it's worth, I'll be happy when you're gone.
You're just a little man, you burned the bridge.
We're not the same.
The consequences come
when they're the last things that you're looking for.
Not the nucleus of your stupid game.
You're not the judge.
I'm not the same as I used to be.
When all you sow is hate; it's a bitter harvest.
You'll get what you earn.
You'll get back what you ask for,
but you won't win this time.
You won't win.
I'll shut you down.
Game over.
With silence broken, my tired voice can sing I'm sorry.