

# God Forbid, No Sympathy (Live)

What's up CBGB's?  
(What's up God Forbid?)  
Y'all wanna give it up

What?  
What?  
Your words fill me with mistrust  
From all your spoken lies  
Your speech means nothing to me  
My hatred last forever  
Will grow through the years  
Through the years

Language spoken  
Silent has made it so real  
Each waking moment left  
Your tragic end is near  
Your tragic end is near

Laughter, and chaos made intense  
Your treacherous ways, makes no sense  
Distorted visions, of the past  
Disillusioned by, what is clear  
You love to hate  
What is feared