

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