

Jinxed, Everyone Hates The Winners

Every word that falls past your lips,
Is a poison with potential to kill and deceive,
And every motion that you go through,
Is an addiction with intent to allure and mislead,
And all the mistakes that you have made,
Will come back to haunt you in the end,
And all the lessons you've never learned,
Will transcend everything you've said.

Maybe you're the coward,
And you're hiding behind everyone's shadow,
We won't give up,
Try to knock us down, we won't fall...

Words waiting on the tip of our tongues,
And bullets refrained from exiting the tips of our guns,
Insults ceased before falling past our lips,
Opinions brewing that we don't let slip,
Thoughts halting in the back of our minds,
And our plans are terminated while plotting your demise,
We kill with kindness and listen while blinded.

I've been ripped apart and sewn back together,
But some wounds will never heal,
But it's okay for you to go,
We'll be fine on our own,
Everyone hates the winners...