

Jughead's Revenge, Hit And Run

I'm not afraid of your unjustified prudence
I'm the product of a nugatory son
The dropout of a school of life student
It's a mental hit and run
Fighting a war
A foe you can't see
Spending beyond your chemistry
You didn't ask to come
You were born within
Get up and fight
And revel when you win
So what the fuck is all this intellect illusion?
They won't exceed the view they're looking down
The hypocrites in do discretion
So take all your fake insistence
You have your own consequence
Rise with your resistance
Be sorry when you're dead
What matters in the end