Lamb Of God, Lame

Whine, whine, whine. How can you afford to throw me those looks when you haven't pulled the bloody wool from over your eyes yet? How can you say those things to me when you haven't pulled the boot of the past out of your mouth? Tepid morals personality set for easy calibration knowledge of importance paramount. Marooned a suicidal caste deal with isolation grease the wheels chameleon. Sliding through social strata and yet you still whine. Your conviction is merely iconographic. I'm so sick of hearing you whine shut up.