

Limp Bizkit, Human Pinata

Videodrone:

Directions say assembly required, nothing's admired,
The majority's been hired, wired, the truth,
The roof is on fire.

A life, all I desire.

Paychecks, respect disappears quickly.

Situation tense trickly.

Hand jobs, yes, they have plenty.

Backs cracked for copper pennies.

Migraines, wrist sprains, free samples of rogaïne,

Fill me with anything.

Regaining ground while the well endowed

Sit proud with their heads in the clouds.

Prophets predicted it, inscribed on the minds of the ancient tribes.

Mother Nature's striking back.

Come suffer with me! (repeated 3x).

What will you do, the chosen few?

With your Reebok shoes and your missing clues,

Pretend it will go away?

Oxygen levels growing thin,

The opposite of birth unfolds within.

Must prepare and be aware,

The existence of man will disappear.

No tunnel harps, angels to follow.

Every man, woman, child swallowed.

No eight o'clock alarm tomorrow.

Man returns the earth he borrowed,

And while the meek obey to repeat defeat.

(Mother nature releases).

Come suffer with me! (repeated 3x).

Fred: One-nine, nine-nine (what, yeah!)

Gotta get a grip, c'mon, what's this fuckin' world coming to?

Run for shelter, helter skelter.

It's too bad, before too long, there'll be no songs.

No break of dawn, it'll all be gone,

'Cause Mrs. Mother Nature, she's grown to hate ya.

It's the apocalypse kid, a little karma for all that you did.

You want to know where we're heading? Armageddon!

Come suffer with me! (repeated 4x).

(Will time erase the human race?)