

# Slapshot, 108

You sing about the straight-edge  
Why do you think you're a part of that  
When you're god, controls your mind  
Weak willed - why don't you take control  
Cause the meek will inherit nothing

You think you've seen the light  
You think you've seen the might  
Lost inside a fake  
Never wide awake  
Open up your eyes  
Look and see the lie  
What's your greatest fear  
Where do you go from here

How much I hate this 108  
Turning kids to chanting fools  
Hey Ray, why don't you get some self respect  
Your religion has got you more f\*\*ked up  
Than any drug can ever do  
I don't hate you just what you do

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