

# Swingin' Utters, Hopeless Vows

My bastard brother's hopeless vow  
of leaving off to another town  
Has once again soaked deep into  
the cold and rotting ground  
He never shares his lovesick bed  
or listened to a word they said  
He hoards the beer and wine and bread  
Christ, I wish he were fucking dead

Bury yourself in blame  
Drown yourself in flame  
Burn the bottle that beckons you  
to betroth yourself to shame  
give yourself a break  
Break the ones you hate  
Hate those that've fed off of you  
and your pathetic plate

I've left it up to the gods above  
I don't believe in, ain't seen or heard from  
and nearly sick to death of this  
being neither ignorant nor in bliss  
with a family of parasites  
and feckless friends with shameless eyes  
all the endless miles caught up with me  
wearing the face of my own kind

Bury yourself in blame  
Drown yourself in flame  
Burn the bottle that beckons you  
to betroth yourself to shame  
Yeah, jump that fuckin' train

wed the goddamn stain  
live your life ina fuckin' cell  
be the martyr with no brain

Step inside this room  
mind the open wounds  
cross yourself and carry on  
that claptrap may do you good