

# Vacant Stare, Prognosis

Up to now Gods been good to me  
Sad to see  
Born into a place I don't want to be  
As I grow so does disgust  
When I die its long after my trust

With the demons on my back  
You gotta take the line, you gotta feel the slack  
Cause no ones ever perfect in this f\*\*ked up world  
You either choose to last or end up on your arse

Well God knows that I wish for world piece  
Life deceased  
How did it ever come to this  
With nothing ventured and nothing gained  
F\*\*k me man it was done in vain

Well all my life I've been fed, fed, fed, fed  
With everything my mother said, said, said, said  
So who the f\*\*k where the f\*\*k are we lead  
I'll tell you where, in different directions  
Oh correction

Above all I'm alive I'm sane  
With a cross hair eye I will try to aim

Well now there's questions that need to be answered  
Hatred passed you stupid little bastard  
Another body chucked with a hundred  
Another leader has blundered

With all the evol in control  
You got to take the reigns you got to show them all  
Listen to the heartbeat of an unborn baby and you will see  
Just maybe

That as a person you are totally unaffected  
By all the things that seem to get connected  
And oh f\*\*k when everything has gone  
Some motherf\*\*ker should see that he was wrong

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Stupid motherf\*\*ker could have been my f\*\*king bother  
Then I'd have to f\*\*king love you and you'd f\*\*king love you back  
Will you ever notice just a little grain of sugar  
Dissolve in sandy water when you should have notice sooner

I hate you  
For all the hate  
That you fed  
That's now led  
What the f\*\*k  
have you done  
to yourself  
GOD?

What God?  
What God?  
What God?  
F\*\*k gods!

Above all I'm alive I'm sain  
With a cross hair eye I will try to aim  
Demons come in familiar forms and tastes  
Why so sad? We're all on the same track, track, track, track