

Your Demise, No Half Measures

Your a half measure that's all you are to me
Your trying to be something you'll never be
We're fucking proud let's get one thing straight
You're nothing to us, you're weak and a fake (you're a fake)

Too much time wasted chatting shit
It gets too much once we turn up the heat
Where not dictating, we're thinking aloud
Expressing the view that makes us proud

I don't go shouting what lies true in my heart
I felt this true since the moment I start
I know that I wont feel the same at the end
Cos my X'd up fists will lie cold in my grave

Not true till the fucking weekend
Straight edge till I'm fucking dead
Cos all the shit that you ever said bout' my friends and band
It's coming back cos we

Watch every step that your fucking taking
Its clear to us that your fucking faking
You know its your mistake
If you think its only friendship your about to break

This so called label, I gave myself
It's not for friendship, it's not for health
It's for the pride that I keep inside of me
I know I'll end my life, DRUG FREE