

Your Demise, The Joke's On You"

The joke's on you
You're hiding at the back of the room
Now i'm coming out to find you
You made your last mistake
You pushed me way too fucking far
How dare you fucking doubt me?

If you're putting your shit above the things that count
Then your days are numbered
And you can count me out
Open up your eyes, and try and find something in life
Instead of sitting around
Chatting shit to my friends

I value the things i have
But they don't mean everything
They don't mean half as much as friendship means

I'll fucking find you
Of that i'm sure
Fucking take me on
And i'll assure
That you won't come back for more
I'll fucking find you
Of that i'm sure
And i won't stop
Til your blood's on the floor