

Anthrax, W.C.F.Y.A

The mind can atrophy
such mediocrity
things aren't always what they seem
sometimes
and every waking dream
repeating central theme
if we don't wake up do we die?
and when the best can be
worse than what's usually
found it's all between
the lines
then patience starts to bleed
increasing enmity
its time to let the bullets fly

developed all exposure
revealing no composure
the gates are open wide
the wrecking ball is here
your chest contains no treasure
the prisoners are loose
we've come for you all

pay the expected fee
for the insanity
now the reflection's deeply
lined
all systems fail and seize
break down and spill the grease
aggressive tendencies designed

and every element
will force a consequence
it takes a slanted state of mind
then patience starts to bleed
increasing enmity
it's time to let the bullets fly