

You Am I, Just Like The End

This is the last song I'll ever write;
Don't flatter yourself, you're not the one to blame.
I hate living in a world where lies are promised,
And the honest don't survive.
I strive for being well fed and just on top of myself.

They say I got the world in my hands,
But forget what you know, kill myself every day for show.

You got two options in life do what you love, or hate what you do;
I fucking picked both. So nail me to a cross, with my middle finger high,
As a fuck you to all of you - I did it and I didn't sell my soul.

Tired of being tired, the bastards have got old,
Told this story a thousand times,
So this is the last song I'll ever write.