

No Soul

Say Anything

There's something in the way you people smell,
Like you've got no soul at all,
Fingers crawling with ringworm,
Your sneer's a mating call,
To lure in others of your breed,
Spread that smug and slimy seed,
Borrow quotes from the culture,
Crowded like weeds. Is your schedule sufficient tonight, you toad?
Hop another bar until the rooster crows. This song belongs to you,
And all your crew.

This curse will sting the worst,
As it shall mar you. All rise!

All rise!

I'd rather spend an evening giving birth than see how you rise a groove on everyone but the
person you're talking to.

Trapped between babushkas on a plane is a fraction of how lame
It is to watch you pump the poison through your veins. Is your schedule sufficient tonight, you
crow?

Squawk another song until your heart explodes! This song belongs to you,
And all your crew.

This curse will sting the worst,
As it shall mar you. You probably think this means I give up on you.

The saddest part is this is why I come,
To watch and pray that I'm mistaken,
And pray I'm not the only one,
Try not to care about this,

I'm knowing this is hopeless;

No one notices it's,

Not losing sleep over this;

You people are unredeemable, indescribable, all but evil.

"You know very well, what you are,

Don't let 'em write you off.

You wear your scars,

I've had a few, but not that many.

But you're the only one,

Who gives me good and plenty." This song belongs to you,

And all your crew. (You're the only one)

This curse will sting the worst,

As it shall mar you. (You're the only one)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

