

# Retreat Hell, Pt. 2

## Combichrist

Tonight I'm covering the city  
in posters that yells "Fuck You"  
Fuck your Politics, Opinions and Agenda  
You try to fix my life  
You don't have a fucking clue  
The left can go sit on this finger  
The right can go and sit on something even bigger  
Too afraid of living, you have to belong  
You got one shot at life  
It's not easy to be strong  
When you grab your life by the neck  
Don't grab the card  
Grab the whole fucking deck  
who said you have to play fair  
your parents, your teachers and how they got there  
do what it please, you don't have to play  
like your brother, just watch his back  
and be there for each other  
I don't care what you are  
what body you're in  
If you're being an asshole  
get the fuck outta my way  
There's too many isms  
I don't care for either one  
Why not try to be human and  
Have some fucking fun  
I don't care about your God, your gods or your goddess  
but i respect that you believe  
Now I'm trying to be honest  
Fuck your views on immigration  
and your generation revolution  
We're all fucking immigrants of superhuman fusion  
Now when i say "Super" I mean super fucked  
Keep your door to your heart open  
But keep your guns cocked You're always busy bitching and complaining  
and you say so are you  
Yeah but it's true i can't hide it  
I complain about fucking idiots like you I don't blame the suits though  
they are paying for the party  
sure it could be better  
but the party just got started  
I celebrate life

the opportunities are few  
I don't care what they expect  
they can't tell me what to do  
I don't know where we're going  
but we're going there fast  
So I'm staying at the party  
as long as it last  
I say fuck this world up the ass  
If we're going to hell  
We're flying first class  
There is love but i doubt you can see it  
Technically it's chemicals  
But i doubt you can feel it  
(Voicemail of some funny guy plays)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>