

Omega

Stone Sour

What a skeletal wreck of man this is
Translucent flesh and feeble bones
The kind of temple where the whores and villains
Try to tempt the holistic tones
Running rampant with free thought to free form
In the free and clear
And the matters at hand are shelled out like lint at a laundromat
To sift and focus on the bigger, better, now
We all have a little sin than needs venting
Virtues for the rending
And laws and systems
And stems ariff from the branches of office
Do you know what your post entails?
Do you serve a purpose?
Or purposely serve?
Lying down inside of your atavistic galore
The value of a Summer spent
And a Winter earned
For the rest of us there is always Sunday.
The day of the week that reeks of rest
But all we do is catch our breaths
So we can wade naked into the bloody pool
And place our hand on the big black book.
To watch the knives zig-zag between our aching
fingers.
A vacation is a count-down
T-minus your life and counting
Time to drag your tongue across the sugar-cube
And hope you get a taste
What the fuck is all this for?!
What the hell's going on?!
Shut up!
I could go on and on, but, let's move on shall we?
Say, you're me and I'm you
And they all watch the things we do
And like a smack of spite
They threw me down the stairs
Haven't felt like this in years
The great magnet of malicious magnanimous refuse
Let me go and
Plunge me into the dead spot again.
That's where you go when there's no one else around
It's just you
And there was never anyone to begin with now was there?
Sanctimonious pretentious dastardly
bastards
With their thumb on the pulse
And a finger on the trigger
Classified my ass! That's a fucking secret and you know
it!
Government is another way to say
Better than you
It's like ice but no pick
A murder charge that won't stick
It's like a whole other world
Where you can smell the food but you can't touch the silverware
Hah, what luck

Fascism you can vote for
Isn't that sweet? And we're all gonna die some day
Because that's the American way
And I've drunk too much
And said too little
When your gaffer taped in the middle
Say a prayer, save face
Get yourself together and
(See what's happening)
Shut up!
(Fuck you!)
Fuck you! I'm sorry, I could go on and on but
It's time to move on, so remember you're a wreck, an accident
Forget the freak, you're just nature. Keep the gun oiled and the temple clean
Shit, snort and blaspheme
Let the heads cool and the engine run. Because in the end,
Everything we do
It's just everything we've done.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>