

Trash People

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Trash people
They fail at life
Flesh covered in dirt
Dead sheeple
No concept of what is a fucking debt
So wasted
Dirt, dust and filth
They drop to escape
So hollow
Forsake their skin
Such a fucking waste of space
Without a hope they will not thrive
Another death alive
For every night they see a light, it's all within their mind
Upon their toes Is death below
It waits to take ahold
With every flash born from their stash
Another night in the life of trash people
They fail at life
Flesh covered in dirt
Dead sheeple
No concept of what is a fucking debt
Drop until you roll
Waste away from your home
Runaway from your goals, you trash people
You fail at life
You dead sheeple
No meaning to your end
You're dead