

# Jughead's Revenge, Hit And Run

I'm not afraid of your unjustified prudence  
I'm the product of a nugatory son  
The dropout of a school of life student  
It's a mental hit and run  
Fighting a war  
A foe you can't see  
Spending beyond your chemistry  
You didn't ask to come  
You were born within  
Get up and fight  
And revel when you win  
So what the fuck is all this intellect illusion?  
They won't exceed the view they're looking down  
The hypocrites in do discretion  
So take all your fake insistence  
You have your own consequence  
Rise with your resistance  
Be sorry when you're dead  
What matters in the end