

A Girl A Gun A Ghost, Street Rat's Eyes

Our fathers can hardly understand us anymore.
Abandon your straightened thoughts.
Forget the jewelers and their priceless songs.
Can't you hear yourselves disappearing into the arms of mother/father?
Keep your immature pretensions, your love-affair affections to yourselves.
Behind my back my elitist die has been cast down upon the unsuspecting masses.
Forgive them, lord, for they know what they do.
Are you going deaf?
I will bite off the hand that force-feeds me.
Free me? Feed me.
I walk silently past the ballroom the commotion.
I don't know these dances, I am an Old Romantic.
I sing the old songs, I bleed the old blood.
Would you want to waltz with me?
Can't you hear me screaming until my throat is raw?
Until Hell freezes
Over
My dead body will I let the Ravens reign down upon us,
Always blinding with their refuse and shame.
You'll have to pry their words from my cold dead lips.
There's a storm-a-brewin', the smell is intoxicating.
We're sick, so sick of this town.
Raze it to the heavens,
Burn it to the fucking ground.