

# Acid Drinkers, United Suicide Legion

Their thoughts are the same  
Is their poverty just a game  
They hardly eat and hardly sleep  
They don't listen, they don't speak  
When I see them out on the street  
They're never moving up on their feet  
They don't all fit in this scene  
Which goes on like a bad nights dream  
They hardly eat and hardly sleep  
They don't listen, they don't speak  
United Suicide Legion  
There thoughts are the same  
In their hunger they all complain  
Soldiers and Civilians  
Men who make millions  
The scene played on as I walked by  
They made a rope, on which to die  
The final card has been laid  
The natural selection has been made  
When I see them out on the street  
They are never moving up on their feet  
They don't all fit in this scene  
Which goes on like a bad nights dream  
Bad nights dream  
Bad nights dream  
Suicide dream  
Bad nights dream  
United Suicide Legion