

# 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