

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, W

Random lost souls have asked me
"What's the future of rock'n'roll?"
I say "I don't know does it matter?"
This and that scene
They sound all the same to me
Neither much worse nor much better

We're so fucked these days
We don't know who to hate or who to praise
Yet we consider this our suffering and pain
When we're so privileged, a fact
We all forget about as
We go whinging all over the place

How we've laughed as they shoveled the ashes
Wrath hath soured
Blood and death, we will pay back the debt
For this candy store of ours

Look at those cunts on MTV
With their cars, and cribs, and rings and shit
Is that what being a celebrity means?
Look, boys and girls, here's BBC
See corpses, rapes, and amputees
What do you think now of the American dream?

And our soccer moms and dads
Who raised us brats on these TV ads
I know that they sleep at night
Their conscience is intact
They've convinced themselves of that
Giving money to Jesus Fucking H Christ

How they laughed as we shoveled the ashes
Of the twin towers
Blood and death, we will pay back the debt
For this candy store of ours