

Armor For Sleep, Williamsburg

Hold your own jacket please
I'm not in the mood
Millions of trains under the ground
This city was the blueprint for hell

Passed out, sleeping at your party
Dream of leaving in the morning
You will all die in Williamsburg
Too hip to even clean your nose out
Your grave is pulling at your pants now
You will all die in Williamsburg

Bored again
Watching the rats
Eat all your food
At least you'll be used to
The place you'll be soon
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Do you know how obvious you are?
You were born in New Hampshire but you say you're from the O.C.
Brooklyn's a death bed
For clones of the same kid
Stuck in the party
That was lame to begin with

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You will all die