

Pearl Jam, Rival

all my rivals will see what i have in store, my gun...
i've been harboring fleets in this reservoir, red sun...
and this nation's about to explode
your disciples are riddled with metaphors, well hung...
better pony up and bring both your barrellfulls, not one...
as we release this unspeakable toll...
(every grain of sand equals)
(all the stars and everyone)
how's our mother to damn these contributors...with mud?
how will the man who made chemicals difficult...shed blood?
how's our father supposed to be told?