

Sub-Urban Tribe, Oil And Water

Chains of the free
unlimited greed
and gluttony
The price of cheap
becomes expensive
you know nothing free

Beauty of the beast
infinite feast
all the friends all the foes
here anything goes

I don know
when you grew so tall
we used to be the same age
now youe so much older

Falling from grace
sinners and saints
wee like oil and water
secrets unwound
tearing us down
oil and water

Austerity of luxury
so empty
Wealth of the poor
purity of amour
unconditional

Pride of the meek
Strength of the weak
you can fight it deny it
it still out of reach

I don know
when you grew so tall
we used to be the same age
now youe so much older

Don matter how we try
we will never combine
we will never be the same
don matter how we fight
how hard we collide
we will never unite as one