

Vigilantes Of Love, Welcome To Struggleville

All is quiet on the Western front,
there appears to be a lull.
John and Jane Doe are sleeping well tonight
with the little thoughts inside their skulls.
Salome she's undressed to the nines
although a few pounds fatter.
she's got Pavlov's bells on her ankles and wrists,
she coming at you with her platter.
I stole down to the waterfront
to escape the desert heat.
What on earth you gotta do around here
to try and get yourself a drink
Heard John the Baptist preaching
"Make way for the King,
but if you wanna recognize him,
you gotta tell me all your sins"

They are building a new gallows
for when You show up on the street.
Polishing the electric chair,
they're gonna give You a front row seat.
Heard a sneer outside the garden;
salutation so well-heeled:
"Welcome all you suckers to Struggleville"

I've been trying to negotiate peace
with my own existence.
She's gotta stockpile full of weaponry;
she breaking every cease-fire agreement.
Whole thing is full of decay
just as sure as I'm made of dust,
and into rust I know the beast is falling.

They are building a new gallows
for when You show up on the street.
Polishing the electric chair,
they're gonna give You a front row seat.
Heard a sneer outside the garden;
salutation so well-heeled:
"Final Stop! No points beyond Struggleville,
Welcome all you suckers to Struggleville"

In the hole from the beginning/wherever
Truth shows up, it'll go on the chopping block.