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.