

# April March, Necropolis

It's driving me crazy...this necropolis.  
I feel watched and dirty all the time.  
These nasty piles of the populous,  
Commit and resubmit the heinous crimes.

Oh... where can we turn, I feel like a contradiction?  
Oh...I start to burn, I feel subjugated to submission?

It's making me seethe...this necropolis.  
Making me turn round and round.  
Suddenly one of the populous.  
Guess there are no more mysteries to expound...or confound.

Oh... where can we turn, I feel like a common dictator?  
Oh... I start to yearn, my potato features are in the perculator?

Eehh..oh..poppin chock.. where shan't I go?  
Peeh oh..cockkin bock... why can't I slow?

Oh... where can we turn, I explain to the juristdition?  
Oh... where can we turn, ah-ee-ah-ee-ahhh....