

# Bane, Release The Hounds

all swelled with pride, your chest blown out  
face the flag as you declare  
"we are the greatest country in the world  
richest, smartest, most advanced...  
who can keep up with us?"  
and where has it gotten us?  
take a look around  
as miserable as we have ever been  
violent, mean, pulling our hair out  
as fourteen year olds march through metal detectors  
bitter, unhealthy, empty  
most dissatisfied of societies  
my granddad weeps for the simple days  
everything that you could ever dream of  
five minutes from our fingertips  
prettied, processed, packaged,  
shipped right to your door  
we need everything in every color  
to feel that we're alive  
we've got to brag to all the world  
about all our toys  
just like when we were five  
i hear you chant  
"everything is alright, it's gonna be alright"  
as you rush to your night job  
everything is gonna be alright  
knuckles white as you grip your purse  
you scream that things could not be better  
as the flames lick at your face  
and i'm as fucked as anybody  
the bright lights catch my eyes  
i'm as scared as anyone  
the blood rains from the sky  
we can't tell what we want from what we need  
or which one matters more  
it's all a spinning mobile  
it's all a catchy lullaby  
everything is gonna be alright  
so suck your thumb