

Brave Saint Saturn, Mercenary

I was the future,
in nineteen-ninety-five,
I watched the flashbulbs burst,
Whenever I'd arrive.
I'd tape my knuckles up,
cinched and tight for the ring,
just beneath the gloves,
clenching white for the swing.
I was a sellout,
before a sellout crowd,
I threw the fight in my head,
before the fat lady bowed.
You want a tip-off,
some good advice for the brawl?
Just wear a mouth-guard,
to keep your teeth when you fall.
And when you quit,
make sure that you can wash your hands of it.

chorus
Armed to the teeth,
score one for treachery,
I am a mercenary.
There's more lies here,
than we can all bury
I am a mercenary.

I've seen the headlines,
swarming thick with flies.
I've seen the Billboard Charts
I've heard them spitting lies.
Here's to your lame award,
your phony Nobel Prize.
Here's to the suckers lining up
to see us compromise.
Let's light a campfire,
We'll have a sing along,
I'll burn some bridges,
you'll bring the crappy songs.
And when you quit,
make sure that you can wash your hands of it.

bridge
There's a part of me I've compromised,
buried somewhere under ghosts of lies.
Make it quick, make it sick,
turn the crank and just play the greatest hits... sigh.
There's a part of me that I despise,
pull the curtain back and see what dies.
Emerald spires of the near profound,
let's burn this lousy city down.