

Fugazi, Nightshop

Fuck your fucked directives god I want a new invective
Custom built to form fit you say it to your face
If I get to choose I'll take something real
The fight to feel while your next meal is
Calling loosely trademarked as the best fucking thing you've ever had
Inside your mouth all comet cleaned and scrubbed down landscaping
For a ghost town while that deficient platform for your head
Causing you to mistake yourself for dead and all that you would issue
Is capital's incontinence causing you embarrassment?
The wet spot on the carpet that you leave as the reminder
That you need of all that it did to you adjusting your reception a welcome
Self correction make it quick make it soon make it something I can do all by
Myself cos there's a brain inside it there's a brain deciding there's a
Brain inside the brain there's a brain inside the brain deciding there's a
Brain inside the brain there's a brain inside the brain deciding time to make
Or break find me somewhere else time to make or break how about it?
I've got no patience no way stationed hanging at the nightshop eating shit who
Works for who?
Every asshole says side saluting emptiness instead but if I get to choose
I'll take something real who works for who who you working for?
Who works for who who you working for?