

# Gatsbys American Dream, Filthy Beasts

Consuming every little thing we get our claws around  
I do subscribe to the thought that we are the dinosaurs  
With pebbled skin, sharp teeth, a wicker tail and stinking breath  
We are to say the least a pack of filthy beasts  
All we want is dinner  
We stalk the landscape in an endless search for easy prey  
The days are very long but hunger keeps our sleep at bay  
With hopes of finding weak or wounded that have run astray  
We are to say the least a pack of filthy beasts  
All we want is dinner  
Just looking for a feast because we are the filthy beasts  
Lots of teeth = lots of respect  
And some things you can't protect  
We'll fill our bellies with the things you hold dear