Gatsbys American Dream, My Name Is Ozymano

With a wink and a nod look we're all giving favors! There's four pale pinked boys in an accountants hand Examples must be made! Discipline must be maintained! See, we're all a little mad here what a joy it is to kill all my hunger in three minutes and thirty seconds cause at the top of the world we're all just the bottom line someone's been shook red-handed! Dead stage center at the shit-grin parade beware! beware! beware of an aging pack of men who think like cats wow! ain't it grand to be part of the future?! A pox on ye phony kings and all night while you slumber you'll dream of electric sheep For we may perish at the hands we must shake Our bodies longing for the aches to escape and the filth they'll accept is the filth that I'm dragging my belly through cause we're being drowned out in our own fucking sound now the teenage brigade has opinions and I can't get respect cause I'm not at the bar now the teenage brigade has opinions when I'm weak it is bleak and they're all capping me with their cold metal clutch on us tightly so get hip to recouping with youth at the bottom of a rabbit's hole!