

Gatsbys American Dream, My Name Is Ozymand

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!