

Gatsbys American Dream, We Can Remember It

As we creep along
The beat from our wings keeps us humming
To the buzz of our hives requiem
This comb will rot away
Our queen is filled with eggs
And thats just the worker instinctively feeding me

So if these beasts wants something sweet some may go down after the sting
We've raped the nectar from patches deep
'Cause if it tastes like honey then it must be sweet

We're working hard one hundred and fifty-four
Trips to shit out just a few teaspoons
Of our delicious excrement

So sing along to our queens five year epilogue
For the end of her breeding days
Regurgitate
All the shit that we ate
'Cause if it tastes like honey then it must be sweet

Don't you mind the fact you're not breathing?
Just keep feeding the ones we'll be needing

Don't you mind the fact you're not breathing?
Just keep feeding the ones we'll be needing

We keep flying off
But we crawl right back
Yeah we crawl right back back
We crawl right back
We keep flying off
But we crawl right back

'Cause when you're this small! (anything can crush you)
'Cause when you're this bored! (anything can crush you)
'Cause when you're this small! (anything can crush you)

Heres a glass for a colony greater than death
My blistered hands my blistered hands they soak
Heres a glass for a colony greater than death
My blistered hands my blistered hands

We're working hard one hundred and fifty-four
Trips to shit out just a few teaspoons
We're working hard one hundred and fifty-four
Trips to shit out just a few teaspoons