

Hawksley Workman, Maniacs

dinosaur-us
dead kites in farmer's fields
the jailed dreamers are growing gills
so eat it up you maniacs
eat the whole thing
you maniacs
fat-so-saur-us
the possibilities of open skies
and the worms rule as silent kings
so eat it up
you fatso's
gobble the whole thing
you fatso's
baby be absolutely quiet
as we untie the boat
and push ourselves from shore
We'll remember you
you poor souls
you poor slaves
they're building the city
on your broken backs
and what of your own fires?
what of your own fires?
we're leaving you now
when your cinders are so cold