

# Kind Of Like Spitting, All Hail

This impulse, so lazy  
Fifteen days without a set change,  
Forward yes kid counter-clock cross clutches  
Three billion people  
One fucking name.  
Raise the flag of resolution  
Live out your cycle,  
Out here there's a new constitution every couple hundred miles.  
Turn the bed back into a couch  
A mattress tongue in a seventies mouth  
Not a home, just some fucked-up home to spend time in,

I know I'm gonna pass and how these history books burn fast  
All hail the myth of great control.

All hail the holes we shine in for three bucks at the door

And all along the way you sang hallelujah, save these souls  
And the more and more you gave, the less you seemed to have your own  
These labels, these long names,  
Another construct  
Hold up the mainframe,  
Take the piss out  
No eye contact for the haters  
In the weather we're all wet the same.  
I see the flags  
I hear the standards,  
Keep every frame on file  
Self-installed, self-improvement stalls  
Oh how through ourselves at style.

Turn the bed back into a couch,  
Put thank-you notes on the fridge  
Heads out,  
flames rise, try not to feed them  
Oh how we know when we're beaten.

I know I'm gonna pass and how these history books burn fast,  
All hail the joke we're getting away with,  
I've got the check but I'll have to post-date it

All along the way you sang hallelujah save these souls  
And the more and more we gave the less we seemed to have  
our own.  
So we burn in whatever we have to learn  
We burn in whatever we have to learn