

# Mad At Gravity, Run For Cover

Yesterday's  
Cathedrals  
Bleed to the malls of today  
Each prick with  
A needle  
Carries the sacred away  
The structure  
That feeds us  
Now comes with a concession tray

Time spent spending for the times leaves you worthless  
Cry for reason over rhyme and you run for cover

Creation  
Consumption  
Replacement's American eyes  
The burden  
Of function  
Is soothed by the greatest of buys  
The hidden  
Assumption  
Is plain when the battery dies

Time spent spending for the times leaves you worthless  
Cry for reason over rhyme and you run for cover

I've got no class  
But I've got cash  
I've got no class  
But I've got cash  
I can't afford  
To be so bored

I've got no class  
But I've got cash  
I can't afford  
The boredom

Time spent spending for the times leaves you worthless  
Cry for reason over rhyme and you run for cover  
Run for cover