

Overkill, Gasoline Dream

Wishful thinking, eyes are blinking,
In the sun the garbage stinking.
To ignore the rancid, won't make it go away.
Untruth spoke through blistered lip,
Unclean thoughts that take the step,
Down upon the roaches,
Won't go away.

Born! to follow!
To be the first to swallow,
Garbage from the plate.
Now! to borrow!
A match, ignite the gasoline,
To burn away.

Surviving through a gasoline dream,
In the month the razor blade gleam,
Slashing up the tongue, won't make it go away.
On a binge of self destruction,
Children of the reconstruction,
Suck the tit of discontent,
Go away.

Slam! slam down!
Respond in kind malcontent,
Don't go away.
Burn! burn down!
Temple of the conscience,
Don't go away.

I was soaked in gasoline,
Playin' with a match.
I was everything I seemed,
They stood and watched.
Ate from your table!
Ate from your hand!
Eight days of waiting!
Buried in the sand!

Burn in a gasoline dream, burn away my love.
Burn away the conscience, burn away, my love.
Take away my dignity, take away my pain,
Take just for taking, we are one in the same...

Burn... Burn...
Burn in a gasoline dream, burn away my love.
Burn away the conscience, burn away, my love.