

Prong, Cut-Rate

You try to take all the challenge
Out of all of our lives
You make it all too predictable
With your white wash lives you see

You got to show me the torment
And all the despair
All those bloodless bullet holes
Are more than we can bear

Clean sweep
Clean sweep
Clean sweep

With the plastic coverings
And the cut-rate display
No renewal of the pleasurable
With no image of decay

You go, you go for the stability
And what do you get
Some real vivid misfortune
A cause now an effect

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