

Say Anything, In Defense Of The Genre

Can't you see, my dear, what you create is greater than great
It's beautiful and valid
Go tell the false friend, who doubts your art:
"Hey, toss my caustic salad!"
Their noise pollution is a one-night stand
A closet corporate ballad
Compose the theme, compose the theme
That seems to haunt the sultan's dreams

Yes their truth is a lie, a sickly, sober sky
Don't you dare lie down your sword and die, oh small fry
Crime of the century, know what it meant to me
They'll label us what they can never be

Hate me but I am in your heart pulling it apart
Burning up a black hole

All those magazines and stifled teens
Whose trite teething is outdated
Have miniscule minds of clay in need of chiseling away
This war's been reinstated
So spit a wad in the face of their fucking flawless race
And all they've consecrated
I won't believe the twisted web they weave

They can stitch you silent now, or bitch the violence out
I'm disavowed, I'm proud to shun their know-how
The wolf begat the lamb, now it's in his hands
I'm reeling from a feeling that they've banned

Our last stand goes: Hallelujah, love lost

I've got an empty wallet and a record cover
The stage, hot and worn like an aging lover
So I spew a comet of verbal vomit
Sacreligious, of Christ or Islamic
It's full of piss and they'll never stop
Come on and kill the kindly ones
The ever blinding ones
We stand and face you now, we will not run
Just you wait and see where your lemming line leads