

Street Rat's Eyes

A Girl A Gun A Ghost

Our fathers can hardly understand us anymore.
Abandon your straightened thoughts.
Forget the jewelers and their priceless songs.

Can't you hear yourselves disappearing into the arms of mother/
father?

Keep your immature pretensions, your love-
affair affections to yourselves.
Behind my back my elitist die has been cast down upon the unsus-
pecting masses.
Forgive them, lord, for they know what they do.

Are you going deaf?

I will bite off the hand that force-feeds me.
Free me... Feed me.

I walk silently past the ballroom the commotion.
I don't know these dances, I am an Old Romantic.
I sing the old songs, I bleed the old blood.
Would you want to waltz with me?

Can't you hear me screaming until my throat is raw?
Until Hell freezes
Over
My dead body will I let the Ravens reign down upon us,
Always blinding with their refuse and shame.

You'll have to pry their words from my cold dead lips.

There's a storm-a-brewin', the smell is intoxicating.
We're sick, so sick of this town.
Raze it to the heavens,
Burn it to the fucking ground.