

# These Dead Streets

A Wilhelm Scream

We went away to the mountains  
To corporate restaurants, corporate food  
Mama and Papa got liquor and gun stores  
Torching this city down

I had a thought and I lost it  
It was a monument, decent and pure  
Took out a razor and made my own Picasso  
Hold me when I'm ready now

I made it far, to the bleeding of your heart's remains  
To the point I care about your lies  
When the mayor owns a pizza chain  
And we're sick of moving, we decide

I'm gonna wreck this and like a snake sticks to its hole  
He won't come out 'till the sun soaks up these dead streets

On the way back from the mountains  
Stopped by the cemetery, drank to our youth  
Thought of our ages and stopped it  
We blame our diets on changes in mood

We made it far, to the bleeding of your heart's remains  
To the point I care about your lies  
When the mayor owns a pizza chain  
And we're sick of moving, we decide

I'm gonna wreck this and like a snake sticks to its hole  
He won't come out 'till the sun soaks up these dead streets  
And I know we're gonna make it 'cause your heart's in your intentions  
You and me, we will resurrect these dead streets

You and me, we will resurrect these dead streets

We went away to the mountains  
We only stayed for a night