

73%

Algiers

The eyes in this town follow me around like I'm the one that stole their name
What the f*** you think you're looking at now?
I'm not the one to blame

It was your mans
Who sold your soul
Sold your country
Sold your company
For seventy-three cents

We paid the price
You laid the dime
He did the crime
Now we got millions incapacitated

He ain't been seen in public since

Walking around
Find yourself in the Bowery
You don't know where you're going
Don't know what to do

The smell of piss is the same
But s**t is different
There's no more Country
Bluegrass
No more Blues
And nothing left to lose
But don't look back
Get ready for that ill attack now

They die off and then come back to life
Count their numbers then they multiply

Up in smoke
Just like a ghost
Out in these gold-plated streets
Don't see no prophets here
But just like Jeremiah
We'll disappear
Yeah we'll all vanish completely
Don't get it twisted now
Most folk outside the city want you gone too
Shhh...
And they comin' soon

Strewn along, broken signs along the interstate
(You all hail 'cause it's getting closer)
Calling for repentance or hell with no redemption at all
Throw the new American flag over the old one
(You all hail 'cause it's getting closer)
'Cause something tells me it's not the first thing that you hanged in your yard

Hail hail the Dredge of the angels
(You all hail 'cause it's getting closer)

Hail hail the prize of the swine
You're waiting to get got 'cause they got you fat and laid out
(You all hail 'cause it's getting closer)
Spinning on a spit with the fruit of knowledge gagging your mouth

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