

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

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