Feeding the five thousand was not done with prayers alone It takes blood and guts and it takes devotion So tired of standing up and so tired of drawing breath It's your turn to take the map and it's your turn to drop the soap

Pretty pretty boys sucking on a cola
Money to burn, money to burn, money to burn
We got rules to protect us
Isaac and Ishmael
The magazine says it's okay
Life as a billboard

If you are the answer We are going straight to hell

Grown in a parental fugue Weight loss in self respect Bomb, bomb, bomb us back together A new way into a lost answer