

# Whiskey Is Alright In Its Place, But Its Place Is In Hell

Fear Before The March Of Flames

I am the street peddlers miracle juice  
Do I hear? Do I hear?  
(Numbers) Buyer in the balcony section  
Sold to the vampire and his lovely establishment  
If integrity were a wooden spike we'd all be fucked  
Push the corpse into the gutter  
We'd say to one another  
These smart-ass children had it coming  
These clones drone along to their power chord medleys  
This is our lives watched by the auctioneer  
If we're going out to dance they're pissing on our disco halls  
You're up for sale. The plan of action is upsell