

# We Can Remember It For You Wholesale

Gatsby's American Dream

As we creep along  
The beat from our wings keeps us humming  
To the buzz of our hives requiem  
This comb will rot away  
Our queen is filled with eggs  
And that's just the worker instinctively feeding me

So if these beasts want something sweet some may go down after the s  
ting  
We've raped the nectar from patches deep  
'Cause if it tastes like honey then it must be sweet

We're working hard one hundred and fifty-four  
Trips to shit out just a few teaspoons  
Of our delicious excrement

So sing along to our queens five year epilogue  
For the end of her breeding days  
Regurgitate  
All the shit that we ate  
'Cause if it tastes like honey then it must be sweet

Don't you mind the fact you're not breathing?  
Just keep feeding the ones we'll be needing

Don't you mind the fact you're not breathing?  
Just keep feeding the ones we'll be needing

We keep flying off  
But we crawl right back  
Yeah we crawl right back back  
We crawl right back  
We keep flying off  
But we crawl right back

'Cause when you're this small! (anything can crush you)  
'Cause when you're this bored! (anything can crush you)  
'Cause when you're this small! (anything can crush you)

Here's a glass for a colony greater than death  
My blistered hands my blistered hands they soak  
Here's a glass for a colony greater than death  
My blistered hands my blistered hands

We're working hard one hundred and fifty-four  
Trips to shit out just a few teaspoons  
We're working hard one hundred and fifty-four  
Trips to shit out just a few teaspoons