

Stealing Light

Lagwagon

What's another word for fuck?
Sound to incite, tone to give up
Everything we are in tenor drift
No more than air and spit
Machines that move in entitlement

Isn't it rich?
Isn't it queer?
Maybe next year

Can you cite which one's abused?
Those without choice, those in costume
Identity of the afflicted mind
They want their name on that sign
Longing to be oppressed
Stealing light

Isn't it sick?
Isn't it lit?
Unlike the opportunist

Victim aligned
Finally verified
We're still alive

Oh, to stamp out the meek
Our common enemy

Off with their heads
Off with their heads
Off with their heads
Our words are all the evidence we need

Off with their heads
Off with their heads
Off with their heads
With chosen marks we deviate, transformed

Off with their heads
Off with their heads
Off with their heads
As if these marks resemble those inborn