

# GARBAGE

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Beauty in garbage  
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Take what it gives you this time  
Every collision  
Civilization collapses  
And what do you find?

Wake up the neighbors and stop the policeman  
From committing murderous crimes  
The grass combusted, the water is fishless  
The earthquakes are hour-long strikes

Violence ablazing  
Gunshots replacing  
The sound of the church bells and hymns  
White Jesus, save me  
You'll scream like a baby  
Your water is cheap bottled wine

Wake up the children, devices are filled with  
The blood of their addicted hands  
No service is left but the service you give  
To your fellow American man

Militant freaks hovering over the sky  
So you better run for the forest  
And we're all under their cold watchful eye  
So you better hide what you're growin'  
Lookin' out for yourself won't get you far  
Better make peace with your people  
There can be beauty among trying times  
We can push through all the evil

Beauty in garbage  
Beauty in garbage  
Without it, we wouldn't hold hands  
Take what it gives you, look from a new view  
And build something better this time