

...With Regards, T.H.

Project 86

Out of the playground's ashes
Come little men with little games
They're playing war
They're planning new crusades like new arcades
The reason for the season is to flood the media
With suicidal mania
And paint this landscape with this human waste

So lets all sing a song of love
Lets sing sing sing sing
Sing until our throats bleed

And if this child could sing he would say
I don't need anybody
I don't need anyone
I don't need your guidance home
Watch as I build my empire
Watch as I rise and fall
Watch as I fight all alone

History's a stage for re-runs
For 3 A.M. insomniacs who quote the episodes
If tricycles came with guns we'd all be safe
Little green men didn't come from outer space
With coupons in the Sunday Paper
They came from corporate brains

So until we all confess
And admit we stole the candy
These little men are playing games
From here to eternity
But I'll be sitting by myself here
Waiting oh so patiently
Waiting for the sky to fall
And purge frail humanity