Dope Cloud

Protomartyr

Agent intellect knocks and says
"Again, again, again"

The saltmine racist gang
The spoils of the pizza king
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man

The oligarch lenders' guile
The largesse of the Lombard Bank
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man

The halls of gold are theirs
You're only renting space
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man

But what will?
What what will?

The dope cloud that's descending
On this town
Is blowing gold dust into the pockets
Of the undeserving

And I'm wrung out
I'm wrung out
And I'm wrung out
I'm wrung out

The dope cloud
That's descending
All over this town
Is blowing gold dust
Into the pockets
Of the undeserving

And I'm wrung out
I'm wrung out
I'm wrung out
I'm wrung out

This ancient microphone
And the lungs behind that creak
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man

You dedicated your life to prayer
You suffered in silence, there
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man

Your passive mind that thinks
"Perhaps my ship's come in"
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man

Agent intellect knocks and says
"Again, again, again"
That's not gonna save you, man
It's not gonna save you, man

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