

The Walls

Rare Americans

Sit down, and shut up, slams down his coffee cup
Spills it all over his desk, three skids under arrest
"You think you're gonna act out around here
And make me look like a fool?
You think you're smart, you little pricks?
Like you're above the good lord's rule?"

Not my house, not my house
Not my house, you little mouse
Not my house, not my house
Not my house, you little mouse

The walls, the walls, the walls
They are closing in, closing
Brace yourself for the unknown
The walls, the walls, the walls
They are closing in, closing in
Am I better off
On my own, on my own
I might get lonesome with you
But never when I'm
On my own

Pal, you think I'd give a fuck if you suspend me?
Go ahead, play god, pretend
You're not a moral deplorable running
From a horror story back in South Bend

Thou shalt this, thou shalt that
Thou shalt not tell where the body's at
Thou shalt this, thou shalt that
Thou shalt not tell where the body's at

The walls, the walls, the walls
They are closing in, closing
Brace yourself for the unknown
The walls, the walls, the walls
They are closing in, closing in
Am I better off
On my own, on my own
I might get lonesome with you
But never when I'm
On my own, on my own
I might get lonesome with you
But never when I'm
On my own

I don't feel you
I don't fear you
I don't feel you
I don't fear you

I don't feel you
I don't fear you
I don't feel you, feel you, feel you
I don't fear you

I don't feel you, feel you, feel you
I don't fear you, fear you, fear you
I don't feel you, feel you, feel you
I don't fear you