

Hear the rattling of the carriages again  
While the wizards all wave their wands  
Their golden cufflinks buying up the city now  
They're gonna send a wrecking ball, wrecking  
Cultures lying in pieces  
As the leaves all start to fall  
They got their diggers out  
Bet all get used to the sound  
They're gonna send a wrecking ball wrecking

The age of mercenaries  
They sapped out energy  
Insipid minds have won  
Rapacious destruction

Endless digits so they can take control  
Over tin pan alleys row  
All those memories crashing into rubble now  
They went and sent a wrecking ball wrecking  
You say it's a city of the future  
But a future in whose eyes?  
So should I assume yet another bland street bloom  
Guess it's what happens when business means business

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Always somewhere falls  
Underneath the hands of the money men  
Always somewhere falls  
Into the hands of the banal

Yea the scene shone  
Then it fell below  
Just like creation  
Golden eras come and go  
And the scene shone  
Then it fell below  
Just like creation  
Golden eras come and go

What are you hoping for?  
I guess it's what you see, not what you want to be  
What are you hoping for?  
You will never even know who you really are  
What were you hoping for?  
I guess it's what you see, not what you want to be  
What are you hoping for?

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