

Modern Vanity

The Armed

Ohhh, it's a heart attack
No catch, I'm on fire, live to work, born to die
Ohhh, I'm the king of rats
So flush, Niacin, delusion, I can fly

I'm not lost
I'm just stuck
No pain
No plan
No blood
I'm not lost
I just want

Ohhh, day is done again
No catch, no progress, live to work, born to die

I'm not lost
I'm just stuck
No pain
No plan
No blood

All those drugs -
I want, oh, so much
Such fame
Such love
All those drugs are the same

Fair fights are lies
Fair fights are lies

Pharisees wage coldest wars
So sell your cloak and buy that sword
It's a Ferris wheel that catches fire
And yeah, it's all they ever wanted
Peace, love, no war - just kill the poor!

Pretend kings with plastic lives
In big clone houses hang their signs:
"If you take yours, I best take mine."

Is this all that we wanted?