

## Big Strum

The Flatliners

Come clean, cataclysmic truth  
Brace yourself, no one's gonna do it for you  
Grab hold the concept of control  
And dig it into the side of your skull  
Wring out all that you've said before  
Those empty words scraped from charity's shores  
And just plant your feet in a new daydream  
Where you're the one with the boot to your teeth  
Now peel them back, generations of vile  
Privilege in the shape of a smile  
I'll be incinerating your blissful ignorance  
So you can feel how scorched the earth really is

Unravel loud in disgrace  
Just keep digging your own grave

Fear now, for all those in cahoots  
Will be burned straight down to their roots  
And the stronghold of their era of gold  
Will be dismantled down to dust from its bones  
Shine a light on the vermin who hide  
At the family reunion in plain sight  
Smashing fascists as quick as you can move  
Your thumb back and forth as you scroll to your doom

Unravel loud in disgrace  
Just keep digging your own grave  
As your empire burns it seems  
That our sound reverberates

A cold sweat around your remote control  
Drains you down to the dire and the dull  
I can't believe that the god you seek  
Is but a translation for your hate speech  
Recognize all the evil that lies  
Awake at night with a secret to hide  
Your salvation is sinking you see  
Into the hands of the bored and blood thirsty