

All Conflict, All the Time

The Taxpayers

What am I to do with you when broken down at six years old?
With hammers at my throat and visits to the hospital?
Where to go from this?
With trash can fires and swollen upper lips, and only mental institutions and certain poverty to miss?

Abandon town
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Abandon town

All conflict, all the time
And it feels like battle zones tucked into every corner of space
And if this place begins to resemble Ohio, we'll move on again

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