

## Albert Camus

### Titus Andronicus

Running around  
This run-down, one-horse town  
One of these days  
They're gonna crucify me  
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable  
It is to be young, dumb, and have lots of money  
We will sit upon this grassy knoll  
Holding hands and stroking handguns  
With pristine souls  
And even my own mother will tell you  
I am an asshole, but underneath it all  
There is an apathetic heart of gold

So who will be saved,  
From the least to the greatest men?  
Because even Honest Abe  
Sold poison milk to schoolchildren

The blood drive came to Glen Rock High  
In a white bus with red letters on the side  
And a long shiny needle  
They brought to suck me dry  
Like missionary mosquitoes in the sky  
Now you're doing time for stealing candy  
From a babe  
Because all the kids in Ridgewood have got cell phones these days  
And if you wear a mask  
They can still read your license plate  
And a wireless line  
Is a terrible thing to waste  
Because the more we think  
The less it all makes sense  
Tonight we will drink  
To our general indifference  
Lamb of God  
We think nothing of ourselves at all  
So, Death, be not proud  
Because we don't give a fuck about nothing  
And we only want what we are not allowed