The District Attorneys Are Selling Your Blood

War from a Harlots Mouth

The irony of process You just sit there, Watching yourself from nothingness Thinking of nothing specific

It is hard
To imagine a philosophy
By someone
Who might not even be able to think

Entertainment from the Slaughterhouse We are the architects of daily Madness We chew up meat with our teeth And destroy things that are better Than us

While seeing your world grow He remains a child And now he sees what you are doing And can't undestand

But you actually really don't know What Charlie thinks
Because he didn't say anything about Himself

We chew up meat with our teeth And destroy things that are better Than us