

Oh, Manhattan

"The Anti-Davinci"

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Step back, take a glance at what you've created
These visions set forth are all fabricated
My spirit is willing but my flesh is weak
Nature is broken, the rapture approaches

Blackout the canvas, paint a masterpiece that's
insincere
Well, off to work, shake off the dirt, the end is near
We're all along for the ride, but no one's behind the
wheel

I survived the actions of a world that stands for one
desire
To cut the throats of whores and liars
I abide - so tell me what I'm worth inside your eyes;
they must be blind

Melt down your knives for bullets, these plagues were
made by human hand
Guerrilla spiritual warfare... judged be the ones of
mercy
[x2]

We're serving bits and pieces
Of your subconscious up on silver platters, so take a
number
Take a look in the mirror, tell me if who you are still
comes in clear
Cause my reflection disappears

Melt down your knives for bullets, these plagues were
made by human hand
Guerrilla spiritual warfare... judged be the ones of
mercy
[x2]

Is this insanity, or is it just genius?
Survival of the fittest, it's every man for himself and we
created this
Melt down your knives for bullets

Melt down your knives for bullets, these plagues were
made by human hand
[x2]

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