

## **A Wilhelm Scream**

### **"Pardon Me, Thanks A Lot"**

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blood pressure is headed south  
servant becomes the master now  
the greediest sons of a bitch alive  
they came to bleed our city dry  
your ashes are dust to us  
born to money and fucked it up  
the greediest sons of a bitch alive  
won't buy us all

backpedaling and preaching  
like you're putting out a fire  
you practice your pleasantries  
while you're draped over the wire:  
pardon me, well thanks a lot

we were coming back to life  
but brutus couldn't resist the knife  
the greediest sons of a bitch alive  
shame on us all

but soon we will expose you  
for your ignorance and lust  
we'll keep our talking dirty  
while we drag you through the mud  
we'll vilify your slanderings  
while you're under the gun

a most hideous thing, denial  
pardon me, thanks a lot  
thanks a lot

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