

A Wilhelm Scream "These Dead Streets"

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we went away to the mountains
to corporate restaurants,
corporate food
mama and papa got liquor
and gun stores
torching this city down
i had a thought and i lost it
it was a monument, decent and pure
took out a razor and made my own picasso
hold me when i'm ready now

i made it far,
to the bleeding of your hearts remains:
to the point i care about your lies
when the mayor owns a pizza chain
and we're sick of moving, we decide...
i'm gonna wreck this
and like a snake sticks to its hole,
he won't come out
'til the sun soaks up
these dead streets

on the way back from the mountains,
stopped by the cemetery, drank to our youth
thought of our ages and stopped it
we blame our diets on changes in mood

we made it far,
to the bleeding of your hearts remains:
to the point i care about your lies
when the mayor owns a pizza chain
and we're sick of moving, we decide...
i'm gonna wreck this
and like a snake sticks to its hole,
i won't come out
'til the sun heats up these dead streets
and i know
we're gonna make it
because your hearts in your intentions
you and me,
we will resurrect these dead streets
you and me,

we will resurrect these dead streets

we went away to the mountains
we only stayed for a night

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