

A Wilhelm Scream "We Built This City! (On Debts And Booze)"

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seeking out an honest living soul
checking every body for a pulse
lifting every eyelid for
a glimmer of evil left to give
meaning to meaningless
that much i'd die for
searching through this
body stack for hours,
from the bottom
pride is gone the night
we sink to the bottom
we'll never be one of them

awake. arise.
eat. work. shit. sleep.
awake. arise
awake. arise.
eat. work. shit. sleep.
awake. arise

listen as the chorus marching
union roars like a lion
this old man with hat in hand
just said it:
we built this city on debts and booze

twelve years of debt and i'll be paying it off
with blood and sweat, but it means nothing at all
i'll pay the price
'til i die
and every jaded hero clings to his worth,
in it for paychecks, moving units and merch
but i decline
to ever be one of them

awake. arise.
eat. work. shit. sleep.
awake. arise

listen as the chorus
marching union roars like a lion
this old man with hat in hand

just said it:
we built this city on debts and booze

legs on the ottoman and head in the mosh
sharp like an astronaut but dull as a rock
an angel's sigh:
damn right ; we got a problem now
i'm mimicking the drum fills with my head on the wall
the voice of god comes through the morning alarm
awake. arise. awake. arise.

wake up

i've laughed before but not so heavy as
a fire and brimstone hilarity mass
that said we'll be there for the end of it all
by cutting of the strings we used to pull
and reaching deep for thoughts and ways
to bring us back to better days

'til king and queen pass out drunk off their power,
we'll stand in light of evil eyes forever

we'll be there for the end of it all
awake. arise.
eat. work. shit. sleep.
awake. arise
we'll be there for the end of it all

to stand in light of evil eyes, forever
strangers, at the bottom

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