

**Connelly Chris****"Trash"**

Visit "[Trash](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

We start from within the confines of a room and it's raining.

the walls are warping, the electric shorting.

Is it raining in compassion or despair?

Where do we go to for shelter?

And should we use eachother?

The people are coming down fast in extremes.

They're cursing out loud in the streets

Men, Women, Children, and Shattered-faced Creeps.

Where do we go to for truth?

And, like the walls, the truth begins to warp.

What vision is left?

Who cares? We'll be gone this time tomorrow.

Gone? Gone where? I thought we all decided to stick around

and become martyrs.

Martyrs? Martyrs for what? Diseases don't discriminate,

they have no feelings. Diseases don't write history books,

and if they could, who'd read them anyway?

If you want to become a martyr, just bury yourself in the soil

to your neck and if the poison doesn't take you first,

either

me or the worms will.

You can build or burn as many effigies as you want to,  
but it won't stop your cities from falling down around  
you.

This was never a cold war to begin with.

This isn't nature, this is beyond nature, the violation,  
and ultimately, the murder of nature.

To make room for something greater.

Nature has outlived its usefulness here.

Let's just call it fair exchange, the old for the new,  
destroying to rebuild.

In an uncontrolled self-perpetuating experiment, your  
blood

will be replaced with toxins, corpuscle for corpuscle.

We wanted something new and more satisfying to  
persecute,

We got so tired of the Jews, the Blacks, the Gays, and  
the

Christians.

Locate, Subvert, and Terminate, with extreme  
prejudice,

The only scientifically pertinent exclamation mark in  
history.

Decay is a beautiful thing, because it is the antithesis  
of nature.

We'll tear down your rainforests and build ghettos and  
crack

projects and you can't say a damn thing about it,

Fuck you, you started it.

Decay is a beautiful thing, because it is so contagious  
and

incurable. The unholy stench of infinite and unmarked  
graves,

breeding, spitting at each other, and breeding again.

Fuck you, you started it.

Throughout history, a vendetta cannot go on  
indefinitely.

A) either a line is drawn B) or it burns itself out into  
nothing.

It's not even a gamble or a risk, it has been embraced  
with open

arms, embraced with your own moronic gap-toothed  
grins,

forget you ever tried to do right, it's just fuck up after  
fuck up after fuck up.

The Bible was a good scapegoat, an excellent  
diversion, but

a sugar-coated bullet none the less.

Diseases don't believe in God.

Fuck you, you started it

-Chris Connelly

Visit [Connelly Chris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.