

Battery

"March To Washington"

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What you think of... is in my head. If I'm dead by tomorrow it ain't so bad. Somebody dug out my insides... thanks for nothing. In this world we came, we hoped we wouldn't work for (you). We can't turn these words into explanations. Pain, wake up! We'll never even work for an understanding into explanations. Pay for you to wake up and watch what I do for you, so what are you going to do. Like ants we work for an addiction like this battery... What you think of... what you want. Thanks all of you... thanks a lot. Digs out your insides, fucks you up. Pain, eject with that, until it has turned all our words into explanations. Pain, wake up! Resolve, until they kill them all into an explanation... It turns our flags to white! Two white flags begin to slowly fall... blandishes, watch out where you step as you run and fall. White flag!

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