

Bear in Heaven

"I'm Not In Here With You"

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Seems the sickness within each year
Has got what it takes
To make the go-getters volunteer
Applauding their own cynical skills
Let's drop the bomb,
Their future's on
Let's drop the bomb
Because dusted off opinions
Are way around
Desperate for some moral ground
I detest everything they've blessed
I abhor everything they stand for

A few degrees of rottenness
Is what separates
Their lives from their deaths

To many free market conquerors
And inventors of government bluffs
Are looked up upon:
They know the job and get it done
With cheap convenience and racing airwaves
I overslept my going for vengeance
Rightful retaliation
I would like to enter their vicious circle
With the adrenaline rush of a great beserker
They seek profit, they think global
But see poverty as a personal failure and shame

A few degrees of rottenness
Is what separates
Their lives from their deaths

So call me killjoy
But there's a certain happiness and success
I'd like to destroy

A few degrees of rottenness
Is what separates
Their lives from their deaths
Maybe I'm only one of many

Who's started to reconsider murder
The harder it gets
The more they tend to look like
Moving targets

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