

Chris Connelly

"Trash (Live - Spoken Word)"

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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 each other?
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 it's 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

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