

Fear

"Whiskey Is Alright In Its Place, But Its Place Is"

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I am the street peddlers miracle juice.
Do I hear? Do I hear?
(Numbers) Buyer in the balcony section
Sold to the vampire and his lovely
establishment.
If integrity were a wooden spike
we'd all be fucked.
Push the corpse into the gutter.
We'd say to one another.
These smart-ass children had it coming.
These clones drone along to their power
chord medleys.
This is our lives watched by the auctioneer.
If we're going out to dance they're pissing
on our disco halls.
You're up for sale.
The plan of action is upsell.

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