

Gatsbys American Dream "My Name Is Ozymandias"

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With a wink and a nod look, we're all giving favors
There's four pale pinked boys in an accountants hand
Examples must be made, discipline must be
maintained
We're all a little mad here what a joy it is to kill

Kill all my hunger in three minutes and thirty seconds
Kill all my hunger in three minutes and thirty seconds
'Cause at the top of the world, we're all just the bottom
line

Someone's been shook red-handed
Dead stage center at the shit-grin parade
Beware, beware, beware of an aging pack of men
Who think like cats, wow

And it ain't be part of the future
A pox on your phony kings
And all night while you slumber
You'll dream of electric sheep

Kill all my hunger in three minutes and thirty seconds
Kill all my hunger in three minutes and thirty seconds

'Cause at the top of the world, we're all just the bottom
line

For we may perish at the hands we must shake
Our bodies longing for the aches to escape
In the filth they'll accept is the filth
I'm dragging my belly through

For we may perish at the hands we must shake
Our bodies longing for the aches to escape
In the filth they'll accept is the filth
I'm dragging my belly through

'Cause we're being drowned out in our own fucking
sound
Now the teenage brigade has opinions
And I can't get respect 'cause I'm not at the bar
And the teenage brigade has opinions

When I'm weak it is bleak and they're all capping me
With their cold metal clutch on us tightly
And I can't get respect 'cause I'm not at the bar
And the teenage brigade has opinions

So get hip to recouping with youth
At the bottom of a rabbit's hole

Do we all sound like this
Do we all sound like this

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