

Gatsbys American Dream "Shhhhhh! I'm Listening To Reason"

Visit "[Shhhhhh! I'm Listening To Reason](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Break out the blindfolds
There's teens cloaked in sheepskin
And we are the wolves at bay

Put her to bed with the big ones and we'll charge them
at the door
The devil soon was a vagabond and we dressed him
for the prom
And now the chorus sings filth hymns
As the next horseman will transform

Show me a swollen-headed hotshot son of a bitch
Who licks his lips caked with glory
And ghosts in fine suits will go dancing with contracts
in their hands
Alright I'll say 'Goddamn'

The smoke and cameras will clear and then
We can't surely lead them to their dooms
Yeah, of course we can, yeah, of course we can

Feed them shit till they're full in their bellies

They'll love the taste even more than the feeling
And if they build that tower it will fall down
Just like the last time

It's not the same, it's not the same

Look at them starving while indulging in nothing
And now laying in rubble

Swallow us all up, we are surely not worthy
And there is nothing left to believe so they'll believe
what they see
Swallow us all up, we are surely not worthy
And there is nothing left to believe so they'll believe
what they see

The ballroom is alive with torn bodies under stone
The ballroom is alive with torn bodies under stone

Visit [Gatsbys American Dream](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.