

Brave Saint Saturn "Mercenary"

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I was the future,
In nineteen-ninety-five
I watched the flashbulbs burst,
Whenever I'd arrive
I'd tape my knuckles up
Cinched and tight; for the ring
Just beneath the gloves
Clenching white for the swing
I was a sellout
Before a sellout crowd,
I threw the fight in my head
Before the fat lady bowed
You want a tip-off
Some good advice for the brawl?
Just wear mouth-guard
To keep your teeth when you fall
And when you quit,
Make sure that you can
Wash you hands of it

Armed to the teeth
Score one for treachery
I am a mercenary
There's more lies here
Than we can all bury
I am a mercenary
I've seen the headlines
Swarming thick with flies
I've seen the Billboard Charts
I've heard them spitting lies
Here's to your lame award
Your phony Nobel Prize
Here's to the suckers lining up
To see us compromise
Let's light a campfire
We'll have a sing along
I'll burn some bridges.
You'll bring the crappy songs
And when you quit
Make sure that you can wash your hands of it

There's a part of me I've compromised

Buried somewhere under ghosts of lies
Make it quick, make it sick
Turn the crank and just play the greatest hits... sigh.
There's a part of me that I despise
Pull the curtain back and see what dies
Emerald spires of the near profound
Let's burn this lousy city down

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