

## **Brides Of Destruction**

### **"Call To The Comptroller's Office"**

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A verse from that old crooner's song played,  
Said that "Every street's a boulevard in Ole' New York."  
Well if that's the case, then this is the biggest fucking  
pothole I have ever seen.  
We're all so stubborn, anxious, and detached.  
And that's just the way they'd have it,  
Too embarrassed to say that we could build something  
better.

"I don't give a fuck," can't get you off the line every  
time.  
The core of the apple is rotten, but somehow the skin  
still shines.  
So what's the commonality?  
The smell of the river or these boxes that we rent?  
The nightlife is the despot to the fucking desperate.

Don't ever let these bright lights or bustling feet make  
us feel small again.  
Just hold on to me.

Hold on to me, if you need it.  
I'm awake with yesterday's coffee resting in the pot.  
So hold on to me, if you need it.  
I know you're tired.  
These days it seems like all of us are.

So hold on to me, if you need it.  
I'm awake with yesterday's coffee resting in the pot.  
So hold on to me, if you need it.

We struggle against the contradictions of rush hour  
and dinner time.  
The core of the apple is rotten, but somehow the skin  
still shines.  
We can build something greater than the tallest  
building in the city.

