

Brides Of Destruction

"White-Collar Crime Scene"

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So where the fuck is our pride tonight?
Are we just blank slates born at the end of an arms
race?
We're the heirs to the chokeholds, chokeholds put on
other necks.

So listen as we pluck the strings to a flagpole, a
flagpole
The flagpole to this sleeper cell we've inherited.
The flagpole to this sleeper cell.

We sing these songs on stolen ground and ride up
north on the highway
That Robert Moses pushed through the Bronx in the
nineteen fifties.
A casino or new tenement house, so we don't ever have
to think about
How we never seem to be the ones caught in the
crosshairs.

We let out a sigh of relief as the gas prices go down,
And turn our headphones up to ignore the wrecking
ball sound.
You got damn damn good at sleeping with the lights
on,
And we got damn damn good at reaping the benefits.
We ignore the unjust overtures that chime.

We sing these songs on stolen ground and ride up
north on the highway
That Robert Moses pushed through the Bronx in the
nineteen fifties.
A casino or new tenement house, so we don't ever have
to think about
How we never seem to be the ones caught in the
crosshairs.
Caught in the crosshairs.
Caught in the crosshairs.

Grease or wrench, subversion or acquiescence,
Are we just blank slates born at the end of an arms

race?

So where the fuck is our pride tonight?

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