

The Brilliant Green

"They Will Kill Us All"

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What's left of california what's left of los angeles
sidewalks cry cause they're not as high shooting old
dope rich kid skies are a good disguise lining our veins
with hope what did you get for free and where you
gonna sell it why should i give a shit cover up your
facelift what's left of my broken heart what's left of los
angeles we got a new designe excess redefined so you
can dream it we rewrote the standards covered up the
old scars so you believe it scrape black tar from a
guilty lung throw a needle in your arm cough up
wrongs of the city stars they didn't mean no harm what
were you supposed to be and what did you turn into we
don't even need you here but where you gonna run to
good drugs bad streets arms tied my world capsized
with style i got a new plan get me outta here pretend
sincere stumble on words desperation the warmth of a
gun last hundred years remember twenty four

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