

The Bronx

"Under The Rabbit"

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Consider yourself warned
The last one born is the first one torn
And there's a fluid exchange between the sick and the
strange
And there's a space in the wall for the rats to crawl

There's a conflict in the concrete
I fear the war, not my fate
And there's a rumor of bodies buried under the floor
And paranoia's a revolving door

Stab slowly and let it die,
This is the best life my money can buy
Under the fault line, under the rabbit
Beginner's luck became a creature of habit

Blind hands are impulsive so consider yourself lucky to
live
Considering that you've got nothing to give
There's a theory of death between the man and the
stars
And there's a circle of debt around the proud and the
poor
But everybody wants more

We were taught to make them wait
To let them deliberate,
Study and destroy

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