

Mouth Of The Architect "Hate And Heartache"

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I don't have to tell you things are bad.
Everybody knows things are bad.
It's a depression.
Everybody's out of work or scared of losing their job.
The dollar buys a nickel's work, banks are going bust,
shopkeepers keep a gun under the counter.

Punks are running wild in the street and there's nobody
anywhere who seems to know what to do, and there's
no end to it.

We know the air is unfit to breathe and our food is unfit
to eat, and we sit watching our TV's while some local
newscaster tells us that today we had fifteen
homicides and sixty-three violent crimes, as if that's
the way it's supposed to be.

We know things are bad - worse than bad. They're
crazy.

It's like everything everywhere is going crazy, so we
don't go out anymore.
We sit in the house, and slowly the world we are living
in is getting smaller, and all we say is,
'Please, at least leave us alone in our living rooms. Let
me have my toaster and my TV and my steel-belted
radials and I won't say anything. Just leave us alone.'

Well, I'm not gonna leave you alone.
I want you to get mad!

We all lie
To ourselves
It never changes a thing

We all lie to ourselves
Never changing
Never changing
A thing

Red wine and worry
The demons are watching us, washing lips

I feel sober [?]
Goddamn me and everything
The trials of hate and heartache
Are the martyr of my best days

I will destroy it all

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