

My Chemical Romance "Art Is The Weapon"

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Look alive, sunshine. One o' nine in the sky but the pigs
won't quit.

You're here with me, Dr. Death Defying. I'll be your
surgeon, your proctor, your helicopter.

Pumpin' out the Slaughtermatic sounds to keep you
live.

System failure for the masses; anti-matter for the
master plan.

Louder than God's revolver and twice as shiny.

This one's for you rock'n'rollers. All you crash queens
and motor babies. Listen up! The future is bulletproof;
the aftermath secondary.

It's time to do it now and do it loud.

Killjoys make some noise!

From mall security,

To every enemy

We're on your property,

Standing in V formation

Drop like a bullet shell,

Dress like a sleeper cell.

I'd rather go to hell,

Than be in purgatory

Cut my hair,

Gag and bore me,

Pull this pin,

Let this world explode.

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