

Public Serpents "Suburban Dreams"

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If you need some time to think
Then you probably want that time, to cultivate, all your
entropy
If you really fucking cared, you'd speak it from your
heart
Not sit around and plan attacks, rehearsing all your
parts
But you need some time to spread all your misery

Look me in the eye, and try to give it straight
The hounds of hell are soon upon, the pathos that we
take
To persecute our dignity and throw it in our face
All is lost, it's cut and run, it's time to leave this rotten
place

If you need, an alibi for all your twisted lives
Then you probably never had the chance, to peer
inside
An empty shell of hope, this stagnant pool of man
Decapitate, resuscitate, all done by the same hand
But you need time to perpetuate the hate and all the
sadist ties

I can't believe this wack ass game you played on me
Grade school tricks, of bait and switch, did this when I
was three
It doesn't take an eagles eye to measure up your
deeds
Just an ounce of pride, and a breath of life, to make
your plans recede

A pinch of hate, demonstrates, the logic and the traits
Of new world ordered, medicate, the future of
restraints
It's in your food, on the tube and products that you use
And that fluoride in your toothpaste is mind control in a
tube, now your screwed...

Your a picture perfect example, of the things I said
today
Just take a look around you and your ways

Suburban youth, there's no hope for you to ever find
the truth

If you need, someone to tell you how to live your
fucking life
Well I think your home, you won the game, grand prize
is a trophy wife.

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