

The American Tragedy "Year Of The Comet"

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She's staring at the comet painted on the wall
She says don't be afraid if you think it's gonna fall
When nobody's looking we can pretend to be
Kings of this castle we're not living in

And if we despise the things we can't change
Then I'll be around to make the exchange
So bring out the guard dogs, get a bow tie
We'll have to be on the move

And this, the year of the comet
And this, the age of the bomb threat
Be afraid
We want you to burn

Venus is the angel that stumbles in my room
At five in the morning, complains about the moon
She says when nobody's looking they can pretend to be
Kings of this loneliness we're not living in

And if they despise the things the can't change
Then the should retire from being estranged
So bring out the faces, we've all got a few
We'll have to be in disguise

And this, the year of the comet
And this, the age of the bomb threat
Be afraid
We want you to burn

And I read it on a billboard sign
You were born original
So try not to die
In someone else's clone

Picture us driving along the countryside
Like we're in a movie that filmed overseas
All speaking German except the director
Who's smoking cigars and enjoying his tea
We'd all be laughing, our hair in our faces
Our teeth pearly white and our minds put to ease
Out of the atmosphere comes such a sound to hear

Here comes the comet so get on your knees

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