

## Urbandub

### "Systems"

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There's a war, there's a clash of sorts  
Dead ahead  
It's foreign but it's real  
Knock, knock, knock  
There it sits taxing every move  
Your world son  
So either get your gun or clean theirs  
With the neck of your ego on the chopping block  
Sugar memories bring you back to a time when  
Your loudest care was a high chair  
Not a number or a name for you to make  
This is it 'cause luck moved out last week  
No more camp  
So shine your saber well  
Before you kill a panzer tank with it  
Like you told everyone you would  
Good bye  
Bend and spread or be dead with no history  
So live for the luxuries  
Cause you can't be a person with your head iced off.

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