

## Million Dead "Bread And Circuses"

Visit "[Bread And Circuses](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

It's time to celebrate, to come out and play  
we've been counting down the days. This weekend  
we've got a band holiday! We're as sick with  
expectation as we are with what we're escaping. Lock  
up the house, load up the car, we've twenty-four hours  
to spend in a goddamn theme park. We are so grateful  
for our new state-funded stately pleasure dome. Shock  
and awe and an over-priced gift-shop you  
didn't have fun if you didn't buy the t-shirt. Paying  
through the nose so you can prick-tease your animal  
instincts. Art starts to imitate life in the factory; the  
factory's a prison, so art is seen to atrophy  
all our days off in front of the TV instead of a stock  
screen. We just commute from one end of the conveyor  
belt to the other. Oh, the kids who would've led the  
unions in the past now grow up staying silent in  
darkened cinemas. If every hour that I have spent stuck  
in a circus was spent learning a language, I'd have so  
much more to say. And if every penny that I have spent  
on processed bread was spent on growing my own  
food, my skin wouldn't look so grey. Work and rest and  
play safe in the knowledge that this is the only way. The  
hand that feeds chooses the menu, but I'm a fussy  
eater. Work rest and decay. One commodity a day will  
keep subversive daydreams away.

Visit [Million Dead](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.