

## Arkaea

### "Williamsburg"

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Hold your own jacket please  
I'm not in the mood  
Millions of trains under the ground  
This city was the blueprint for hell

Passed out, sleeping at your party  
Dream of leaving in the morning  
You will all die in Williamsburg  
Too hip to even clean your nose out  
Your grave is pulling at your pants now  
You will all die in Williamsburg

Bored again  
Watching the rats  
Eat all your food  
At least you'll be used to  
The place you'll be soon  
This city was the blueprint for hell

Passed out, sleeping at your party  
Dream of leaving in the morning  
You will all die in Williamsburg  
Too hip to even clean your nose out  
Your grave is pulling at your pants now  
You will all die in Williamsburg

Do you know how obvious you are?  
You were born in New Hampshire but you say you're  
from the O.C.  
Brooklyn's a death bed  
For clones of the same kid  
Stuck in the party  
That was lame to begin with

At least you'll be used to  
The place you'll be soon  
This city was the blueprint for hell

Passed out, sleeping at your party  
Dream of leaving in the morning  
You will all die in Williamsburg

Too hip to even clean your nose out  
Your grave is pulling at your pants now  
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You will all die

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