

Bullchina

"This City"

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This city that I'm living in is a heads down oblivion
Where stronger souls than mine have fucking given in
Their trial is truth on tracks waiting for trains
The jury says you're guilty but they don't run today

So they collect themselves and their arms and limbs
And return to their cellars with their psalms and hymns
And the possible pavement they chose not to walk
Is nearly entirely white from the outlines of chalk

This city that I'm living in is a sky scraping synonym
For watching it fall then getting ripped limb from limb
Are you a fool to the liar or just fuel to the fire?
Or is this puzzled piece just a tool like your pliers

Back in the shadow of pack a day smoke stacks
I open up my lungs to find that they're both black
As it moves to my tongue i have to try to choke back
Every urge to follow along that black crow's path

Cause oh city life each breath of you
Leaves my lungs feeling destitute
But i know that when they're empty that I'll rest in mute
But I'll exhale the words: 'I'll be the death of you'

This city never sleeps it's just dreaming of rest
With a pillow and a sedative clenched to it's chest
But my destiny won't get the best of me
Because eventually i will rest in peace of mind

Rewind the fine lines on father time's wrinkled face
I'll turn your briefcase into a burial place
And your marital state into a charitable case
And your wild horses into a chariot race

What a terrible waste but I'm burying the case
With new evidence to taste and a paper to chase
I need life jacket in this sea of ritalin
That floods the sewer system of this city that I'm living
in

Teach these city planners some goddamn manners
In a city full of nails shouting braille at blind hammers
Beaten down to the sound of the gravity of this town
As skyscrapers rise, so must they fall to the ground

Cause oh city life each breath of you
Leaves my lungs feeling destitute
But i know that when they're empty that I'll rest in mute
But I'll exhale the words: 'I'll be the death of you'

Unsolved cases just a cloud of shrouded faces
Packed in like sardines with a fear of crowded spaces
And burn the cables on your turntables
And send this one horse town right back into it's stable

It's an equation that will fall like a house of cards
Fifty two skeletons of luxury cars
As long as I've been here this city's never been free
Now this city I've been living in lives inside me

Cause oh city life each breath of you
Leaves my lungs feeling destitute
But i know that when they're empty that I'll rest in mute
But I'll exhale the words: 'I'll be the death of you'

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