

## **Youngblood Brass Band**

### **"Culture:envy:war"**

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Culture envy culture war  
Culture envy culture war  
Culture envy culture war  
Count your dead  
Kill your poor

What are you looking to find here?

Absolution, attainment  
Atonement, justification

All priced to move you  
(Standing like it's action)  
Bide time with brought rhymes  
High five to nine for naught  
Joke with misdirected lies

Who the fuck aren't you kidding

I knew you back in school when there  
Were less actores to look up to  
Studying simplicity  
We still meant the laughter

If you could love yourself  
The way you do them  
There'd be life after  
The playwrights lowered their guns  
There's peace pieces to up again  
You used to build  
Mind your pen  
Remind your pen

I'm sick of the video you've  
Rewound us in  
The headaches:  
Still shots taken in sequence  
Hung over old dreams to dry and  
Develop moldy cultures  
Still;  
All this sun and you're sleeping

In the dark room  
Waiting on a film caked thick within  
Cleaning stained windowsills  
Instead of taking panes  
Out of eyes  
(I'm out of rhymes)

Colourless you hid behind heavy lids  
Eating surface shit  
Somewhere deep you swear  
Respect exists  
(Exits upstage right)

Tragedy:  
Indefinitely more down than a kiss

The assumed and the actual  
Are both a sad performane  
An audience will answer  
If you question them correct  
You don't see the bloody entertainers  
You're trying to resurrect  
Not knowing you're looking  
Is atonement cash or check?  
Absolved and justified  
Create an ego to protect

Center level center roar  
Center level center roar  
Center level center roar  
Is an army is a form

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Culture envy world over  
Respect drunk war sober  
I'll fight for no flag  
And battle all devices  
Old men divide soil spoils  
For us to toil indecisive  
Over whose music's origins  
Are righteous or damned  
Or if one is the same can both be  
Wrought with your hands

We've wrong out all lands and brought  
Bought life

Back to life  
Only this time we'll go ahead and say the  
Origins were white  
Heads in the sand that kept us warm from  
The rhythms of the night

You'd think history  
Would give fair warning

But it doesn't make for good  
Sales or stories  
And don't think we're done  
Stealing the past  
Or telling it to you second-hand  
While tipping the hour glass  
And tilting our hats  
One-third  
Cock  
Eyed  
Now dance.

I remember when the beat moved itself  
Through sacred trees and ceremonies  
A hapless hieroglyph soul-branded on the  
Open spaces of consciousness  
And we are all con-script scrawled across  
The middle canvas

Draw fast - answer nothing

There's no question they've been here  
Glyph lock pick pockets  
Patrolling the selling block  
For cheap/easy targets  
The dueling heretics of a new religion  
Doodling death wish on a  
Fluttery paper soul  
Draw fast

Black canvas impervious  
To shades' shame  
Paint the world lovely  
With indecipherable song  
Plant the flag of the insane  
In land unsold  
Forego the envious and warring  
To play the unknown  
What is culture but the gift of dream  
What is life but to sing  
Sleep unseen

Center level center roar  
Center level center roar  
Center level center roar  
In an end many more

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By now you should've died twice  
We're not communicating  
One line at a time or  
A version of a dying woman  
On my doorstep  
Fading fast the second time around

What's inside these sounds you mouth  
Did you hear the call  
From across the ages

The sea takes us back too quickly  
And I'm far from grounded

Now's the time to sail  
Before the last tree falls

I'm seeing my mentors sage-less  
Casting outside their realm  
Ex-spelling p.g. concepts  
To conjure self

I'm seeing priests  
Prostrate to prophecy  
Praying in the wrong room  
Count your blessings  
And sell the difference

I'm seeing indifferent sould  
In different cells  
Spilling blood like wine  
Just to know they've been here

Hold your pitcher  
Kill your pour

Try to clip these wings  
Still we soar

Frantically flapping the faces

Of (not) our kids  
Heading south to sea too soon to say  
'Stay - I've seen'

Nothing but envy for the green  
War for the greed  
Innumerable dead blessings  
And your poor peaceful resting

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