

And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead "Mark David Chapman"

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We pierced the side of the idol With the sharpened
neck of an electric guitar Bottled the water from the
wound Holy relic- the essence of star But what does
she care, it's just another blank stare Where the
orphans ask the widows the meaning of 'fair' So let this
be a drink to quench this uncontrollable thirst To a
world that loves and hates you on a dare And when this
once at least gilded cage has been Tie the belt a notch
tighter around anxious hearts set to burst What have
you done, Mark David Chapman? Stripped bare of flesh
cold and numb Lead you to some meaning of truth The
emotions were shrink wrapped, sold as scraps Let all
the desperate hours of boredom Bumps and bruises
and notebooks for heaven's jury as proof Choose any
scene from the vending machine Somewhere lost in
the night, a satellite transmitted dream So let this be a
drink to calm the shaking hands that you've found If we
wear out each other it's o.k., just go buy another
Industrial revolutions of the soul interchangeable
hearts it's manufacturing Let this be release, forever
unwound.

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