

Ivy Operation

"Big City"

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concrete and chaos rise up
spiderweb across the land
like a giant rash
forests lie down below
foundations of buildings in a bed of ash
some people here got it real good
cuz the glass towers bring prosperity
other people starve in the street
because concrete knows no sympathy
big city its a wishing well,
big city its a living hell
this town its fucking insane
how one will starve and another will gain
like a giant mechanical brain
and the people are cells and the streets are veins
it thinks only of itself
a thousand limbs crawling as it expands and grows
and still the concrete sits there
sits there stark grey and cold
and I think I wanna be a brick layer
so I can put another brick in the wall

its sanitary rational happy and sane

growing like a flower to surround us all

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