

## Grüvis Malt

### "Filling In A City"

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Filling in a city  
The cash machines, they look so proud  
The thieves are so happy  
And everyone still talks to themselves  
The air, it smells like fear  
And tonight my nose is open  
Filling in a city  
That never  
That never will be anything but empty  
They say it's good for everyone  
But I can't think when you're around

Circled by bicycles  
Shot down in front of the salon  
Just trying to beautify  
The shell that holds your credit cards  
Where did all of the money go?  
This is the last still life,  
a degree with a bowl of fruit  
They don't feel different  
Give them all that money back  
So they can fill in another city  
That's dense but it's hollow

A cultured cockroach will live forever  
Filling a city in, don't forget to wear your uniform  
To shop and attack only a cultured cockroach will live  
forever

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