

Lawrence Arms, The "The March Of The Elephants"

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This cistern burns
With the sisters who learn
That certainty burns with a fist
The cyst of this growth
The cyst of this growth
Is a hope against hope
That I loathe, and steel my self to resist

Hey, hey
I am an animal unprepared
A club in a drawer, full of silverware,
I'm under there and breathily holding
Her underwear is deserve a scolding

Disgrace is the color of red that you're looking for
I'll be wearing that working convenience store
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh

Fuck all the garbage in unforgiving piles
The landfills stretch out for ten thousand miles
The cities wear a badge that differentiates
It's the same exact shit that the dirt and sea hate

I am an animal unprepared
I am an animal unprepared
I am an animal unprepared
You're an animal

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