

Dope Fiend Massacre

Biting Elbows

I know that Mr. Brown
has got a lot of what it
takes
I've got a big brown bag full of cocaine

And
I cannot be friends with Mr. Brown
I'd like to put
that fucker underground
Down, where he can't
systematically destroy
Any chance of a hope for
A better
future for me and my kind yeah
The ugly little Caesar gets
his knife

I'm a dog at a pound
Whose heart
ain't coping
At the speed of sound
Decay is closing
all around
I would run, twist that lock open
The trouble
is, I've got no
Opposable thumbs

I had a vision
I
saw Mr. Brown on the television
He was talking crap as he
always does
I had to reign him in
Why? Because...
I
don't like who is
and I don't like what I am
I
don't like what he does
And he makes me a man
On the
verge of his mind a spectacular view
Mr. Brown, I've
got an issue and it's got to do with you.

I'm a
dog at a pound
Whose heart ain't coping
At the speed
of sound
Decay is closing all around
I would run, twist
that lock open
The trouble is, I've got no
Opposable
thumbs

I think I ought to
Watch my back mack
I just
might be a rat
And if I go, I'm gonna have to
Go
along with me

Take on the truth
There is no quiet
reason for what I'm gonna do
You're getting colder

In a house full of clues