

The Division

Dan Bull

It takes five days for society to break
Starvation, hunger, violence and rape
The United States of America's dead of her epidemic yet again
The violin should play
When you orchestrate and prepare an awful state of affairs is it fair
To say that you paid to rob your own grave?
With nature defaced, the decay is ingrained
You can't take the truth 'til its straight in your face
And it's too late to change it or take it away
Fate is a strange thing, we predicted the happenings
Straight after late capitalism
But we didn't prepare
For the winter despair
There was frost on the glass
We were lacking the vision
But for what little is left we need a tactical vision
And for that, we can thank The Division

[Chorus:]
New York City
Could it be more gritty?
Money is the root of all evil
So when we fall farther it seems more fitting
New York City
Could it be more gritty?
Money is the root of all evil
Would our dear forefathers weep or pity?

Rewind
Flash back for a minute as we shoot back five days
To black Friday
New York, feel the boom bap vibrate
Street map is a true rat like maze
Open jail, flip the gulag sideways
Too late to glue cracks, view that crime rate
Whole city's in a 2Pac mindstate
Thugging at eachother to get food and hydrate
Better get moving to that highway
Come on, if you really wanna do that, why wait?
Pack your bags, grab your shoes and migrate
Cause a dead president's a dude that's irate
For a land built on dirty money
It's absurdly funny
That it's turning ugly
But you know humans, we just keep running
And we will, it is our will, and this is a free country

[Chorus]
The president says to do whatever it takes
To tether the threads and weather the state
Defend it against any tremors and quakes
Hell or heaven could make
My vector can spray
Like a rector can pray
So I'll rectify lies, correct your mistakes
You're treading a fine line with steps that you take

So you might find my footprint etched in your face
Yes siree, we do what's necessary
Every discretionary decision is left up to me
Definitely
Stepping the street
With weapon ready
To step in and cease
The spread of the epidemic dead on its feet
Second guessing whoever we meet
We're a second from our severed head and spines lying separately
So I'm speaking to my team with techy telepathy
If I protect them
They protect me

[Chorus]