

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!

On a long hike through blue ridge mountains
I can feel the earth overtake my skin (Yeah)
And I realize none of this matters
'Cuz I will return to dust and matter

Cheers to the patriarchs
And the marble arch
Playin' their part
The gatekeeper's march

Desperate for passing grades
The virility fades
You've got the wrong guy
You wanna slip right in
Amp up the masculine
You've got the wrong idea, son
Dear son
We pick our own prisons, oh ah

To stake dominion over all that one surveys
Is the virile, viral way

Here's to the boys
And the noise
Playin' the part

The gatekeeper's march

Desperate for passing grades
The virility fades
You've got the wrong guy
You wanna fit right in
Amp up the masculine
You've got the wrong "I"
Too much is not enough
Too much is not enough
You've got the wrong idea, son
Dear son
You pick your own prison

You want dominion to make minions of the stars
Made up of what you are
Are, are, are, are, are
You are, are, are, are, are, hey
Oh! Hey!

Desperate for passing grades
The virility fades
You've got the wrong guy
You wanna fit right in
Amp up the masculine
You've got the wrong idea, son