

Vacation

The Orwells

The failed promises that took you far
Now you got, awaiting enemies in your backyard
Stepping from face to face to make your mark, runnin' up
A human staircase to a guy in the star

Turn off your television
Your permission kills civilians
No one can feel your vision
They're on vacation, masturbating

Could be a better a way to right these wrongs
Than drinking heavily and writing songs
These possibilities that plague your mind
Some better kept, some better left behind

Turn off your television
Your permission kills civilians
No one can feel your vision
They're on vacation, masturbating

Call off your reservations
Sell your soul for useless children
Arrange the information
Decimate the population