

An address to the golden door
I was strumming on a stone again
Pulling teeth from the pimps of gore when hatched
A tragic opera in my mind...
And it told of a new design
In which every soul is duty bound
To uphold all the statues of boredom therein lies
The fatal flaw of the red age

Because it was nothing like we'd ever dremt
Our lust for life had gone away with the rent we hated
And because it made no money nobody saved no one's life.

So we burned all our uniforms
And let nature take its course again
And the big ones just eat all the little ones
That sent us back to the drawing board.

In our darkest hours
We have all asked for some
Angel to come
Sprinkle his dust all around
But all our crying voices they can't turn it around
And you've had some crazy conversations of your own.

We've got rules and maps and guns in our backs
But we still can't just behave ourselves
Even if to save our own lives so, says I, WE ARE A BRUTAL KIND.

Cuz this is nothing like we'd ever dremt
Tell Sir Thomas More we've got another failed attempt
Cuz if it makes them money they might just give you life this time.