

To Live and Die in New York City

Indecision

they measure success by what I possess
where once was a heart there's a hole in my chest
are you satisfied?
under filthy streets - subhuman screams
in desperate times we live by desperate means
are you satisfied?
I said what I meant and I meant just what I said
New York is in flames and the sidewalk cracks are shallow graves for this stolen city
it's burning down - then sink manhattan and let them drown
their hollow souls crumble against the best laid plans of rats and men
I DARE YOU TO BE REAL
to make your mark is to die face up on flaming asphalt
your corpse will speak for itself

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