

Balkanized

Pyrrhon

RIFF-it good.

I'm standing on the platform
And there's a pile of trash bags
Swollen with former objects of desire
Stripped of office, like corrupted priests
In black plastic vestments And cast out to vagrancy
So now they wait with me
Twitching with the palsy
Of the rats in their guts
That shriek as the train approaches
To take me home
There's a negative copy of me
In a bus station on a dusty plain
A thousand miles away And one day we'll meet
Swept up by different flags
We'll lock eyes through gunsights
And I wonder which one of us
Will die beneath the other's knives
And I hope it will be him It's not personal
But I'll rip your throat out if I have to
I'll tear your guts out if I'm asked to
You'll rip my throat out if you have to
You'll tear my guts out if you're asked to
It's nothing personal
Because we're both the same
Lemmings rushing away from a mirror
And towards a cliff

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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