

Brave New World (feat. Chaos Chaos)

Watsky

Veneficia

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Seven trumpets

Veneficia Easy, with a ballot, we can put a reality TV personality in DC

Speak free if you can see how this delicate fucking matter developed but

Man it beats me

(Oh my good)

Two fleets keep peace on the mean streets

One treats brown people like they're beastly

Nothing like the force that police me

(that's so odd)

What's the fate of the species?

Get a metal plate and then mate with the PCs

Or retreat back to a monkey chucking feces?

(What's the deal?)

Wanna ease this pain

Different than the BC years

Now we Bcc Jesus on the email chain

Way too many threats to flee

Way too many heads to feed

Not too many beds to sleep

Chief said that it was best you leave

F-U please to the refugees

And it's seeming like it's every other day that I been tugging at my collar

Thinking "damn it's toasty"

Where did all the people at the supermarket go that used to scan my groceries?

Vanished mostly

And wassup with all the homies in the camo and the ammo with the rifles on

Their shoulder walking through the city thinking that they're Annie Oakley?

That's quite enough

But this shit is fucking unbelievable

I swear you couldn't write this this stuff Everywhere that I stare

(Veneficia)

You couldn't write this shit, no

Every minute, deeper in it

(Veneficia)

Another fantasy is brought to life

Everywhere that I stare

(Science Fiction)

You couldn't write this shit, no
Every minute, deeper in it
(Veneficia)
And now I never get surprised
Young George Jetson stepping up in this motherfucker gripping a butcher
Knife hoping I can cut the chord
Where the horde is plugged to the motherboard
That is not a legitimate hoverboard
(shit's got wheels)
I look at the sky saying "my god run "
Life's heavier than an ipod one
My twitter ain't gonna matter when the tripods come
(Let's get real)
From the hieroglyphs to the crowded malls
Never mind if, but the how it falls
I'm vibing out watching Ow My Balls
(Oh yeaaaaa)
Core defects tend to wreck my sleep
The quest to be more perfect than Ford Prefect
While I'm dreaming of Electric Sheep
Cause Soylent Green is people
Resistance is just futile
Pop a red pill and a blue pill and I dilate my pupils
Moving light speed
We all got vile needs
Living is a violent deed
Spread my soul like Wild Seed
Why would it be any wonder I act weird?
I'm trying to find out who the fuck I am while looking in a cracked Black Mirror
You got a finish that you thought about?
How this is gotta bottom out?
You wanna flee the reaper but they're bombing the city and the single haven
To creep in is the slaughterhouse

Songwriters

GEORGE WATSKY Published by

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