

# We Can Remember It For You Wholesale

## Gatsby's American Dream

As we creep along  
The beat from our wings keeps us humming  
To the buzz of our hives requiem  
This comb will rot away, our queen is filled with eggs  
And that's just the worker instinctively feeding me  
So if these beasts want something sweet  
Some may go down after the sting  
We've raped the nectar from patches deep  
'Cause if it tastes like honey then it must be sweet  
We're working hard one hundred and fifty-four  
Trips to shit out just a few teaspoons  
Of our delicious excrement  
So sing along to our queen's five year epilogue  
For the end of her breeding days  
Regurgitate all the shit that we ate  
'Cause if it tastes like honey then it must be sweet  
Don't you mind the fact you're not breathing?  
Just keep feeding the ones we'll be needing  
Don't you mind the fact you're not breathing?  
Just keep feeding the ones we'll be needing  
We keep flying off but we crawl right back  
Yeah, we crawl right back, back  
We crawl right back  
We keep flying off but we crawl right back  
'Cause when you're this small, small  
Anything can crush you  
'Cause when you're this bored, bored  
Anything can crush you  
'Cause when you're this small, small  
Anything can crush you  
Here's a glass for a colony greater than death  
My blistered hands, my blistered hands they soak  
Here's a glass for a colony greater than death  
My blistered hands, my blistered hands  
We're working hard one hundred and fifty-four  
Trips to shit out just a few teaspoons  
We're working hard one hundred and fifty-four  
Trips to shit out just a few teaspoons

Songwriters

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