

The Battle of Hampton Roads

Titus Andronicus

Tonight two great ships will pull back to their ports
Depleted of everything that shoots flames and reports
And in the morning the shells will wash up on the shore
And the mighty of Earth will have no other recourse
But to shiver and shake and make shit in their shorts
Because we have been told that if you've been assured
There's a way to live the values your forefathers gave you
Prepare to be told "That shit's gay, dude"
Well, I guess that what they say is true
That there is no race more human
No one throws it away like they do
The things I used to love, I have come to reject
The things I used to hate, I have learned to accept
And the worst of the three, you now have to expect
Satan ain't hard to see without craning your neck
He'll be seventy-some inches tall
He'll be chugging a beer and he'll be grabbing his balls
He's a remote explosive waiting for someone to call
He's just eighteen for now but he's going to murder us all
Solidarity's going to give a lot less than it'll take
Is there a girl at this college who hasn't been raped?
Is there a boy in this town that's not exploding with hate?
Is there a human alive that can look themselves in the face
Without winking?
Or say what they mean without drinking?
Or believe in something without thinking, "What if somebody doesn't approve?"
Is there a soul on this Earth that isn't too frightened to move?
I think the wrong people got a hold of your brain
When it was nothing but a piece of putty
So now try as you may
But you will always be a tourist, little buddy
And half the time I open my mouth to speak
It's to repeat something that I heard on TV
And I've destroyed everything that wouldn't make me more like Bruce Springsteen
So I'm going back to New Jersey, I do believe they've had enough of me
So when I leave Boston, my tail is
between my legs
After deep cups of patience have been drunk to the dregs
And now I'm heading west on 84 again
And I'm as much of an asshole as I've ever been
And there is still nothing about myself I respect
Still haven't done anything I did not later regret
I've a hand and a napkin when I'm looking for sex
And that's no one to talk to when feeling depressed
And so now when I drink, I'm going to drink to excess
And when I smoke, I will smoke gaping holes in my chest
And when I scream, I will scream until I'm gasping for breath
And when I get sick, I will stay sick for the rest
Of my days peddling hate out the back of a Chevy Express
Each one a fart in the face of your idea of success
And if this be thy will, then fucking pass me the cup

And I'm sorry, Dad, no, I'm not making this up But my enemy, it's your name on my lips as I go to sleep

And I know what little I've known of peace

Yes, I've done to you what you've done to me

And I'd be nothing without you, my darling, please don't ever leave Please don't ever leave

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