

Quantity Is Their Quality

Memphis May Fire

I do not know the American Gentleman.
God forgive me for putting two such words together
Undone you're no different than all of the rest, a life full of greed with no heart in your chest.
Full to your throats.
You cry out starvation!
Oh what a joke and waste of creation.
You are the only one to blame for all the choices you made.
I'll lower your body down into an open grave and let the vultures have their way with you.
We'll take you by surprise and spill your blood like wine.
Scarlet stains upon your flesh will end the night.
Rest your head and soon you will find, beauty is young and will die in time.
When I look out my window I see a nation filled with disgrace, all the thieves and the liars, and you're there
with a smirk on your face.
Everything you say rings hallow, but you will tell your stories again and again.
Sell your half truths with a smile.
Take and inject it, inject it!
You think that we don't know a thing. But I can see straight through you.
You think that we believe everything that you say.
My God, things aren't looking good.
Now the tables have turned and you see this for what it really is.
It all seems so out of place.
We think that we're safe right here and let you manage it all.
For once now I see it so clear.
Don't even try to run cause you will find we are not blind and were not amused.
You say that this is just the way that it goes but everyone knows.
(Looks like you got it all figured out, brave from a distance for everyone to marvel and applaud at the sound.
These lines were drawn for your days on end, so get out of focus and blend in. Failure is what you've become.
You're a failure, failure!)

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