

Dope Cloud

Protomartyr

Agent intellect knocks and says
"Again, again, again" The saltmine racist gang
The spoils of the pizza king
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man The oligarch lenders' guile
The largesse of the Lombard Bank
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man The halls of gold are theirs
You're only renting space
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man
But what will?
What what will? The dope cloud
That's descending
On this town
Is blowing gold dust
Into the pockets
Of the undeserving And I'm wrung out
I'm wrung out The dope cloud
That's descending
All over this town
Is blowing gold dust
Into the pockets
Of the undeserving
And I'm wrung out
I'm wrung out This ancient microphone
And the lungs behind that creak
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man You dedicated your life to prayer
You suffered in silence, there
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man Your passive mind that thinks
"Perhaps my ship's come in"
That's not gonna save you, man
That's not gonna save you, man Agent intellect knocks and says
"Again, again, again"
That's not gonna save you, man
It's not gonna save you, man

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

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