

Shadow of the Colossus

Gatsbys American Dream

We're not what you think we are
We make product and place it in stores
But we're just selling our songs
See you in hell!

We'll pick you up by your ankles
and shake you down for a record or two
'Til all the money is spilling out of your pockets
And any beauty we create, we will sell it
We've got your contrast, we've got your art
And you can strum as fast as you like
Can you feel it?
The hint of rot right beneath the music?
We never believed

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