

We Can Remember It For You Wholesale

Gatsbys 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 wants 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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