

Little Piranhas

The Burning of Rome

I swear if they see us
They're going to kill us
Surely they'll feed us
To little piranhas

O but God, don't you drink that wine
It tastes of blood fermented in barrels of pine
O know the want for these chemicals is high
But we must not inject them until they are ripe

You gave them hope
You gave them the best years of your life

They're pulling the levers
The gears are in reverse
Come down my sister
And head to the river

O hear the dams break and watch the waters rise
They're infested with piranha fry
O don't pretend this is the end of our lives
Believe it or not these things happen all the time

They've taken hope
They've taken the best years of your life

Is this the best sex you've ever had?
Is this the best book you've ever read?
Is this the loud silence?
Is this the next best thing to death?

Lyrics submitted by Riley Rowe.

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