

My Name Is Ozymandias

Gatsby's American Dream

With a wink and a nod look, we're all giving favors
There's four pale pinked boys in an accountants hand
Examples must be made, discipline must be maintained
We're all a little mad here what a joy it is to kill
Kill all my hunger in three minutes and thirty seconds
'Cause at the top of the world, we're all just the bottom line
Someone's been shook red-handed
Dead stage center at the shit-grin parade
Beware, beware, beware of an aging pack of men
Who think like cats, wow
And it ain't be part of the future
A pox on your phony kings
And all night while you slumber
You'll dream of electric sheep
Kill all my hunger in three minutes and thirty seconds
Kill all my hunger in three minutes and thirty seconds
'Cause at the top of the world, we're all just the bottom line
For we may perish at the hands we must shake
Our bodies longing for the aches to escape
In the filth they'll accept is the filth
I'm dragging my belly through
For we may perish at the hands we must shake
Our bodies longing for the aches to escape
In the filth they'll accept is the filth
I'm dragging my belly through
'Cause we're being drowned out in our own fucking sound
Now the teenage brigade has opinions
And I can't get respect 'cause I'm not at the bar
And the teenage brigade has opinions
When I'm weak it is bleak and they're all capping me
With their cold metal clutch on us tightly
And I can't get respect 'cause I'm not at the bar
And the teenage brigade has opinions
So get hip to recouping with youth
At the bottom of a rabbit's hole
Do we all sound like this
Do we all sound like this

Songwriters

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