

# My Name Is Ozymandias

## Gatsbys 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

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