

Albert Camus

Titus Andronicus

Running around
This run-down, one-horse town
One of these days
They're gonna crucify me
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
It is to be young, dumb, and have lots of money
We will sit upon this grassy knoll
Holding hands and stroking handguns
With pristine souls
And even my own mother will tell you
I am an asshole, but underneath it all
There is an apathetic heart of gold
So who will be saved,
From the least to the greatest men?
Because even Honest Abe
Sold poison milk to schoolchildren
The blood drive came to Glen Rock High
In a white bus with red letters on the side
And a long shiny needle
They brought to suck me dry
Like missionary mosquitoes in the sky
Now you're doing time for stealing candy
From a babe
Because all the kids in Ridgewood have got cell phones these days
And if you wear a mask
They can still read your license plate
And a wireless line
Is a terrible thing to waste
Because the more we think
The less it all makes sense
Tonight we will drink
To our general indifference
Lamb of God
We think nothing of ourselves at all
So, Death, be not proud
Because we don't give a fuck about nothing
And we only want what we are not allowed

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