All Hail

Kind of Like Spitting

This impulse, so lazy
Fifteen days without a set change,
Forward yes kid counter-clock cross clutches
Three billion people
One fucking name.
Raise the flag of resolution
Live out your cycle,
Out here there's a new constitution every couple hundred miles.
Turn the bed back into a couch
A mattress tongue in a seventies mouth
Not a home, just some fucked-up home to spend time in,I know I'm gonna pass and how these history books burn fast
All hail the myth of great control.All hail the holes we shine in for three bucks at the doorAnd all along the way you sang hallelujah, save these souls
And the more and more you gave, the less you seemed to have your own
These labels, these long names,
Another construct
Hold up the mainframe,
Take the piss out
No eye contact for the haters
In the weather we're all wet the same.
I see the flags
I hear the standards,
Keep every frame on file
Self-installed, self-improvement stalls
Oh how through ourselves at style.Turn the bed back into a couch,
Put thank-you notes on the fridge
Heads out,
flames rise, try not to feed them
Oh how we know when we're beaten.I know I'm gonna pass and how these history books burn fast,
All hail the joke we're getting away with,
I've got the check but I'll have to post-date itAll along the way you sang hallelujah save these souls
And the more and more we gave the less we seemed to have
our own.
So we burn in whatever we have to learn
We burn in whatever we have to learn

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