Lockdown

Fugazi

Blood on the pedals, blood on the grips
Steel leveled, chest level smear
My lips let them slip into a
Smile because now after
awhile it's all we're seen to do.
'Cause the business is as business does
Trash is trash until it's sealed from above
and left on to the corner of your mind to disappear.
Lockdown the remains.
Machine works best when the machine's not shy,
Trash is trash but trash from cash must divide.
Body bent body doubled, dismissed by time
A 5 to 9 will serve the 9 to 5.
Lockdown the remains.

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