

# 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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