

# Worlds Apart

## ...And You Will Know Us By the Trail of Dead

Random lost souls have asked me  
I say "I don't know does it matter?"  
"What's the future of rock'n'roll?"  
Neither much worse nor much better  
This and that scene,  
They sound all the same to me We're so fucked these days  
We don't know who to hate or who to praise  
When we're so privileged, a fact  
Yet we consider this our suffering and pain  
We all forget about as We go whinging all over the place.  
How we've laughed as they shoveled the ashes  
For this candy store of ours.  
Wrath hath soured  
Blood and death, we will pay back the debt  
Look at those cunts on MTV With their cars, and cribs, and rings and shit  
Look, boys and girls, here's BBC  
Is that what being a celebrity means?  
See corpses, rapes, and amputees  
What do you think now of the American dream?  
And our soccer moms and dads I know that they sleep at night  
Who raised us brats on these TV ads  
They've convinced themselves of that  
Their conscience is intact Giving money to Jesus Fucking H Christ  
Blood and death, we will pay back the debt  
How they laughed as we shoveled the ashes  
Of the twin towers  
For this candy store of ours.

Lyrics provided by

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