

You Dirty Rat

Surrounded By Monsters

Starving art.

Our kings and queens are bloodless rats with crooked teeth.

"So, hold that pose, it's what the people want to see. Why stay hungry?"

Hey, throw us a fucking bone.

Yeah, they call it starving art but it's on the verge of malnutrition, malnutrition.

Watch them keep each other alive, the bloodless rats.

Watch them keep each other alive.

Starving art.

Bloodless rats.

Our kings and queens.

I could never swallow it, it's impossible for me to digest.

Starving art.

Starving art.

Over controlled by the bloodless rats with crooked teeth.

Oh, their eyes glow with a pale white light but their visions blind.

Their visions blind.

Their visions blind.

History proves that empires they rise and fall, I pray for the abasement.

They have made the act of going against the grain so much more abrasive.

Relinquish! Relinquish! Relinquish!

They dress themselves in uniform, they all march to the same beat.

They dress themselves in uniform, they all march to the same beat.

Entertain but remain starving inside.

Stay hungry don't let them see what's on the inside.

Entertain but remain starving inside.

Stay hungry don't let them see what's on the inside.

What's on the inside.

Lyrics submitted by Michael Lam.

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