

In Defense Of The Genre

Say Anything

Can't you see, my dear?
What you create is greater than great
It's beautiful and valid
Go tell the false friend who doubts your
Hey, toss my caustic salad Their noise pollution is a one night stand
A closet corporate ballad
Compose the theme, compose the theme
That seems to haunt the sultan's dreams Yes their truth is a lie, a sickly sober sky
Don't you dare lay down your spear and die
Oh small fry, small fry
Crime of the century, know what it meant to me
They'll label us what they can never be So hate me, but I am in your heart
I am in your heart, pulling it apart All those magazines and stifled teens
Whose trite teething is outdated
Have minuscule minds of clay
In need of chiseling away
This war's been reinstated So spit a wad in the face of their fucking flawless race
And all they've consecrated
I won't believe, believe, believe, believe, believe
The twisted web they weave They can't stitch you silent now
Or bitch the violence out
I'm disavowed, disavowed
I'm proud to shun their know how The wolf begat the lamb
And now it's in his hands
I'm reeling from a feeling that they banned
Our last stand goes I am in your heart
(Burning up a black hole)
I am in your heart
(Burning up a black hole)
Pulling it apart Hallelujah, love lost
Hallelujah, love lost
Hallelujah, love lost I've got an empty wallet and a record cover
The stage hot and worn like an aging lover
So I spew a comet of verbal vomit
Sacrilegious of Christ or Islamic
It's full of piss and they'll never stop it
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on And kill the kindly ones
The ever blinded ones
We stand and face you now

We will not run Crime of the century, know what it meant to me

Just you wait and just you wait and see

Where your lemming life leads I am in your heart

(Burning up a black hole)

I am in your heart

(Burning up a black hole)

Pulling it apart

(Burning up a black hole)

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