

# Speaker for the Dead

## Gatsbys American Dream

Beaches make the sand white  
Make the sand all romantic and shit  
Palm trees, branches, imagine them  
Green, naive and shining with pride  
Oh, arrogant island being buried in humility  
Like the beaches were buried in ash Who will remember you now?  
Billows and billows see the smoke rise  
Smoke stack for every sin but did they believe that  
At the center of the island was a volcano, oh no  
Oh no, who will remember you now? You're dead and gone  
We came here on a plane  
Just a couple of scientists  
Among the ruins and remains  
This island could have been saved  
But some people just choose death  
And can't see a way out  
Till their bones are all that's left  
Their chests were hollowed out

Lyrics provided by

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