

# The Battle of Hampton Roads

## Titus Andronicus

Tonight two great ships will pull back to their ports  
Depleted of everything that shoots flames and reports  
And in the morning the shells will wash up on the shore  
And the mighty of Earth will have no other recourse  
But to shiver and shake and make shit in their shorts  
Because we have been told that if you've been assured  
There's a way to live the values your forefathers gave you  
Prepare to be told "That shit's gay, dude" Well, I guess that what they say is true  
That there is no race more human  
No one throws it away like they do The things I used to love, I have come to reject  
The things I used to hate, I have learned to accept  
And the worst of the three, you now have to expect  
Satan ain't hard to see without craning your neck He'll be seventy-some inches tall  
He'll be chugging a beer and he'll be grabbing his balls  
He's a remote explosive waiting for someone to call  
He's just eighteen for now but he's going to murder us all Solidarity's going to give a lot less than it'll take  
Is there a girl at this college who hasn't been raped?  
Is there a boy in this town that's not exploding with hate?  
Is there a human alive that can look themselves in the face Without winking?  
Or say what they mean without drinking?  
Or believe in something without thinking, "What if somebody doesn't approve?"  
Is there a soul on this Earth that isn't too frightened to move? I think the wrong people got a hold of your brain  
When it was nothing but a piece of putty  
So now try as you may  
But you will always be a tourist, little buddy And half the time I open my mouth to speak  
It's to repeat something that I heard on TV  
And I've destroyed everything that wouldn't make me more like Bruce Springsteen  
So I'm going back to New Jersey, I do believe they've had enough of me So when I leave Boston, my tail is  
between my legs  
After deep cups of patience have been drunk to the dregs  
And now I'm heading west on 84 again  
And I'm as much of an asshole as I've ever been And there is still nothing about myself I respect  
Still haven't done anything I did not later regret  
I've a hand and a napkin when I'm looking for sex  
And that's no one to talk to when feeling depressed And so now when I drink, I'm going to drink to excess  
And when I smoke, I will smoke gaping holes in my chest  
And when I scream, I will scream until I'm gasping for breath  
And when I get sick, I will stay sick for the rest Of my days peddling hate out the back of a Chevy Express  
Each one a fart in the face of your idea of success  
And if this be thy will, then fucking pass me the cup

And I'm sorry, Dad, no, I'm not making this up But my enemy, it's your name on my lips as I go to sleep

And I know what little I've known of peace

Yes, I've done to you what you've done to me

And I'd be nothing without you, my darling, please don't ever leave Please don't ever leave

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