

SFV

Gentlemen Prefer Blood

you tell me that you hate thie place.
u wish u had a rag to wipe it all away
the mountains that surround us, the smog that hangs like mucus
a network of streets and freeways, we are animals encaged.

you tell me that you hate this place,
yet your actions bind you to it
like a rat in a maze.
the circles that you run in, bags of drugs, cans of beer
that job that keeps you chasing that 20 grand a year.

from the house into the car into the desk (repeat)
from the school to the job til your dead.

Lyrics submitted by J.

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