

# Mercenary

## Brave Saint Saturn

I was the future,  
In nineteen-ninety-five  
I watched the flashbulbs burst,  
Whenever I'd arrive  
I'd tape my knuckles up  
Cinched and tight; for the ring  
Just beneath the gloves  
Clenching white for the swing  
I was a sellout  
Before a sellout crowd,  
I threw the fight in my head  
Before the fat lady bowed  
You want a tip-off  
Some good advice for the brawl?  
Just wear mouth-guard  
To keep your teeth when you fall  
And when you quit,  
Make sure that you can  
Wash you hands of it  
Armed to the teeth  
Score one for treachery  
I am a mercenary  
There's more lies here  
Than we can all bury  
I am a mercenary  
I've seen the headlines  
Swarming thick with flies  
I've seen the Billboard Charts  
I've heard them spitting lies  
Here's to your lame award  
Your phony Nobel Prize  
Here's to the suckers lining up  
To see us compromise  
Let's light a campfire  
We'll have a sing along  
I'll burn some bridges.  
You'll bring the crappy songs  
And when you quit  
Make sure that you can wash your hands of it  
There's a part of me I've compromised  
Buried somewhere under ghosts of lies  
Make it quick, make it sick

Turn the crank and just play the greatest hits... sigh.

There's a part of me that I despise  
Pull the curtain back and see what dies  
Emerald spires of the near profound  
Let's burn this lousy city down

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