

Shhhhhh I'm Listening To Reason

Gatsby's American Dream

Break out the blindfolds
There's teens cloaked in sheepskin
And we are the wolves at bay Put her to bed with the big ones and well charge them at the door
The devil soon was a vagabond and we dressed him for the prom
And now the chorus sings filth hymns
As the next horseman will transform Show me a swollen-headed hotshot son of a bitch
Who licks his lips caked with glory
And ghosts in fine suits will go dancing with contracts in their hands
Alright Ill say 'Goddamn' The smoke and cameras will clear and then
We cant surely lead them to their dooms
Yeah, of course we can, yeah, of course we can
Feed them shit till theyre full in their bellies Theyll love the taste even more than the feeling
And if they build that tower it will fall down
Just like the last time It's not the same, it's not the same Look at them starving while indulging in nothing
And now laying in rubble Swallow us all up, we are surely not worthy
And there is nothing left to believe so theyll believe what they see
Swallow us all up, we are surely not worthy
And there is nothing left to believe so theyll believe what they see The ballroom is alive with torn bodies under
stone
The ballroom is alive with torn bodies under stone

Songwriters

Rudy Gajadhar; Robert Darling; Kirk Huffman; Nicholas Newsham Published by
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