Hunters with their dogs and deer rifles Thousands of them line the pavement Like patient pupae waiting to become worms

The people are dead, but the money keeps talking keep-keeps-keep-keeps talking
The people are dead, but the monkey keeps talking, keep
keeps-keep-keeps talking

(Another dark night) Teething I'm marking a beast sheep Like I walk in front of 39 thieves in a beat Smores over warm helvetica brown proper For the odd God or monster, proper to teleprompter Wild blue yonder, blue in the face, angel Blew into the bugles in lieu of the euthanasia Usually the shooter community chew the corpse But I see the wolves have already gotten to you and yours Day of the dead, play the ledge closely Train a barrel of monkeys to aim at the lowest bogey Dope the gonzo of what we sold choked socially Stole the golden fleece with the culture of total nobodies Earth rised, the divide up of fighting tribes All we do is watch 'em waddle back and forth lighting fires {Money money} Detonator, wire cutter, pliers Two cities and the one is broken up in tiny towns And I won't pose, I'm in the heart of the lion's throat For a photographic token of my primordial growth You parade around and kill, so damn proud Like a flatline fetish, had it's feathers fanned out War tore the symmetry, skipped into it gingerly Silk worms ping-pong ministry to ministry Hell's bells every which way the the wind blows So I bang my head against any wall you can build, go

Another dark night, another not-all-right
Another bad ritual, more botched surgery
Better follow the bread crumbs back in fact, urgently
Or waddle through this section where the natives feel "murdery"
Vicinity wander, claim no soul
Never let an anchor drop
Never had a home, never talk to strangers
Never trust a friend
This is the life and the life will not end

Next time think

39 thieves are quicker than 40 winks...

Raise your drinks

39 thieves are quicker than 40 winks

We're not concerned with the community aloofness

Duke, we're animals, we just go where the most food is

Lower the toast, most formal etiquette is useless

Truth is you're equally expendable if spoon fed

{Money money}

Money is cool and I'm only human

But they use it as a tool to make the workers feel excluded

Like the shinier the jewel the more exclusive the troop is

Bullets don't take bribes stupid, they shoot shit

(Another dark night) Calicos tread around the rabbit hole Weapons to the heavens and arsenic where the carrots grows Piss warmed sugar water wore the summer canteen Plus burned rubber like "green is the new green" Rubber necks froze, slows by the multiplex Rodeo commotion, I'm open to see what culminates Bougie on the right, left rep rebel force Both say the feudal group the parking lot was never yours Black top pebble wars Soldiers mold it where the Jones is every grown up Want the code again to get to grow in No motive, it showed up in dose quotas Hog barn burner come see if your homes hold us Eighty-five rattle-trap parked through fancy Which swayed with stepping out of Comanche, antsy Let us in the jetty when they jettison the medicine And paranormal hatchet and cadets to break the levees in {Money money} Both know the totem camaraderie Token of equality, they post it horizontally Chronicle the loading dock, they crawl to lodge the colony Half-massed flags, half caps stole the properly And sleep the sleep of the just ready on the left Where the witchcraft spun out of a neighboring sect With the usual undesirables and the big brother cutters On the day your name became "This Motherfucker?"

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This-is-the-life The people are dead, but the money keeps talking This-is-the-life Talking This-is-the-life Money money This-is-the-life