

A Lesson in the Abuse of Information Technology

The Menzingers

I supply my own divide morality
I dye everything shades of grey
And nothing stays gold and everywhere I turn
Another self gratifying glimpse of a lonely road
Self deception learn the lesson hedon, you've got a reason to lie
And every where I turn there are portraits
Of the things we'll never know
Our bodies across the ocean
Lay your hands down be a crutch
Where'd you go?
Well I don't know
We'll burn this city to the
Scream, our throats are bleeding
Wear our scars with pride