

Boy, You Better Save Face

A Girl A Gun A Ghost

Baby Boy's got a bad attitude
and he'd like to tell you where you've fallen short.
Elite or insecure... you tell me.

Rome is gonna burn
With the fury of a God.
This six string dynamite will ignite
A revolution.
These notes are not frequencies
These words are not poetry...
Listen up Boy
We've got the new noise.
We'll share it with you,
But you make the choice...

Elite or insecure?
How can we know for sure?
We'll throw him overboard...
Just let him drown.

Baby Boy's got a bad attitude
And he'd like to tell you where you've fallen short.
Elite or insecure... you tell me.

Open your eyes; Why cant you see
What it is that inspires me?
Shed the burden of this visage;
Take off the mask, ignore the mirage...
Do not listen, you are your own.
Follow your own path, reap what you sow.

Nero's fingertips, like a noose around the neck,
nimble dancing until rubble is all that's left.
Thumbs down for you, gladiator, your black gown flooding Hades.
Marching down, step by step, a faux facade parade.
Baby boy, you've got to go...

(Elite or insecure)
Baby boy, you know there's nothing to see
So listen up, hear me out, and face the reality
That you don't know me;
You think that you own me;
I don't care about a single thing
That you show me.
Everyone knows
They should be watching their toes
When the names start droppin'
And your ego show shows
So give up now, before it's too late;
Just turn and leave, while you can still save face