

Get Mad, You Son Of A Bitch!

A Wilhelm Scream

if i could saw my way through
this solid dead grass,
would the paradise i've found be worth my time
if i could somehow undo
or make your soul stop the grind...
can you count your loves in order of how they died?
well i could too

and now i feel like sinking in
to the wall i built with these mitts
i loved it in my way,
and now i pray for its decay
the more i make plans,
the more i get depressed
it's as useless as business:
the means to our end
when it kills to look your way;
the striped noose, the number 2 fade
the classic case

i took a piss on every ocean,
so fuck the world
i made a mess,
and when the son of god is coming,
drop the rake and stop running
get mad, you son of a bitch

every muscle
is gripping tight for life
as the worm turns, out the slug slips, past our eyes
if we turn our backs,
how can we stop the knife?

if the world turns back around,
will it notice us trying to burn down the
last tree on the lot
of the last drug mart?

make me honest give me solace
get me over the motions
inspire the next way to go
money plays us it recruits everybody

join them
join them
we'll beat them ourselves

in the end did it get to you?
in the end did it wear on your heart?
in the end did it get to you?

when the son of god is coming,
drop the rake and start running
get mad
stand defiant to the mission
and the way that it was given
get mad, you son of a bitch

tell me why you did it
tell me why you did it
tell me why you did it
tell me why you did it

in the end did it get to your heart?
i know how it feels when everything falls apart
in the end.

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