

These Dead Streets

A Wilhelm Scream

We went away to the mountains
To corporate restaurants, corporate food
Mama and Papa got liquor and gun stores
Torching this city down

I had a thought and I lost it
It was a monument, decent and pure
Took out a razor and made my own Picasso
Hold me when I'm ready now

I made it far, to the bleeding of your heart's remains
To the point I care about your lies
When the mayor owns a pizza chain
And we're sick of moving, we decide

I'm gonna wreck this and like a snake sticks to its hole
He won't come out 'till the sun soaks up these dead streets

On the way back from the mountains
Stopped by the cemetery, drank to our youth
Thought of our ages and stopped it
We blame our diets on changes in mood

We made it far, to the bleeding of your heart's remains
To the point I care about your lies
When the mayor owns a pizza chain
And we're sick of moving, we decide

I'm gonna wreck this and like a snake sticks to its hole
He won't come out 'till the sun soaks up these dead streets
And I know we're gonna make it 'cause your heart's in your intentions
You and me, we will resurrect these dead streets

You and me, we will resurrect these dead streets

We went away to the mountains
We only stayed for a night