

The Pacific To Be Specific

Andrew Jackson Jihad

We are buying into something we say we don't want a part of
And we're all trying to put our fingers on emotions we can't place

And we're all dying from those things we put into our bodies
And we're all lying to ourselves when we say it's all coming together

So let's burn down those bridges and grow into our britches
And rip out painful stitches
And make beauty for the sake of sanity

And let's mark our territories and get good at telling stories
About our long-strived glories that aren't true
But sure as hell resemble the truth

And let's go to the art walk and bring our box cutters
And we'll cut those mother fuckers that wear the wrong gang colors
We'll go to The Loft at Fifth Roosevelt
And set it up like the carter projects
And show those fuckers hell
And we must wash the taste of cum out of our teeth