

Statement of Intent

Bis

You gotta make a statement of intent

If we're your careless children
The monuments you're building
Are subject to reclaim, yeah, yeah
And are ours to disclaim, yeah, yeah

Making discos of your castles
We are tearing up your plans
We won't be xeroxed for the future
Filed by bureaucratic man, hot damn

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If we're your misplaced youth
And your lies are the truth
Then mistakes are illusions, yeah, yeah
A simple yes is confusion, yeah, yeah

We don't need a history lesson
Museums are made to lie
We won't be xeroxed for the future
Careless children never die, hot damn

Thinly veiled as national interest
With cold hearts paid to lie
Be made a happy xerox
Be a number four or five

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