

## Little Brother

Dead to Me

Four words painted on my wall  
Telling me that fear created this all  
From the police to the priests and the project yards

They're calling out asking me to change  
They're telling me to be so afraid  
My little brother is getting into trouble  
He's so overwhelmed by the world sometimes

Cathode rays to entertain the good wage slaves  
Salvation in the checkout lines  
It feeds us to our own demise  
We are the ordinary aimless and awful  
Or predatory shameless but thoughtful  
With so much air in the war we breathe  
We're addicted to the violence that we pass to our seeds

There I go fighting the wrong wars  
They're showing me how deserts can storm  
So many sand dusted letters that they send back home  
You can carry things or push them away  
You feel so light, but you still got the weight  
My little brother is still getting into trouble  
He's still overwhelmed by the world sometimes

Cathode rays to entertain the good wage slaves  
Salvation in the checkout lines  
It feeds us to our own demise  
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There's only one rule:  
That there are no rules  
Cathode rays to entertain the good wage slaves  
Salvation in the checkout lines  
It feeds us to our own demise  
We are the ordinary aimless and awful  
Or predatory shameless but thoughtful  
With so much air in the war we breathe  
What's with this air in the war we breathe?