We've drained full confession booths Polluted drinking wells with our repentances And then stood grinning with our arm Around our shoulders of a rotting child

Hold that pose, provisional arrogant little pigs Who devour their siblings

Shoot that dog if we can't afford to feed Shoot that dog if we can't afford to feed Famine fathered a moth Famine fathered a moth that begot our fathers

Keep your voices down, I'm sneaking out Hey, what's the big idea? Keep your fucking hands off the insight

That rat has got it's mother's eyes
That rat has got it's mother's eyes
Breeding and nausea
They are pouring themselves into the sea

Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, stop thief Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief

Leave your drunken accident at the prom It'll grow to mend your broken heart

Don't sign the dotted line
Every house is a little bit of Hollywood
Don't sign the dotted line
Every house is a little bit of Hollywood

The world is too incredible To bring such ugliness into it

The artist is sneaking down the hall To impregnate the last of its kin Indiscernible mute in a swarm of derivatives

I deny any part, I deny any part

Deadbeat, godfather Deadbeat, godfather Deadbeat, godfather Deadbeat, godfather

Bite your tongue, who taught you those words? Blaspheme, when you are under my roof Don't ever say rock and roll Don't ever say rock and roll