Hiawatha Doomed

Everything Everything

And in the end, we bend, but easily break...

When the forest circuit shorts And the wolves surround your wired ports Oh Jupiter, your storm is naught! UV laser beams can dance all night

Just quarantine the chief and squaws And email every breath he draws To the ringtone maker in New York Bleating wilderness; so festive like

Awake, Hiawatha as the howling dies Helicopter purring like a mammoth child

I think we'll put Casinos here
Make the reservation disappear
Just swap your tomahawks for tablets dear
Wade the insect carpet I can make friends

Now tear gas billows as you crawl I see kevlar through the acrid wall It seems the rain-dance worked out after all! Bloodshot eagle spasm all the way down

So curb these addictions, Big-Sea-Water shine Information sickness of a worthless kind

Pale face and Pepsi wave – the gentle hum This is what will happen when the waters come $\frac{1}{2}$

And it's on with the contract You lose enough; all becomes abstract So why don't you do what they ask you? The sickness coming over again

And you can stop, son, find the spillage Drop that iPod, save the village Thrashing in a bowl of your germs

And in the end, we bend, but easily break

We're taking to the trees and holes And the orphan boy is coming home The stench of smoke signals and microphones Crown of feathers pressed against the warm glass

And yeah you got bubonic plague, plague But a purple heart is all the rage, rage Nobody likes an earthquake Craig, Craig It's just a vision that you'll have to trust

So pout, Hiawatha like you smell the trees $\ensuremath{\mathtt{We}}$ can get that Totem sponsored easily

Pale face and Pepsi wave - the gentle hum
This is what will happen when the waters come

And it's on with the contract You lose enough; all becomes abstract So why don't you do what they ask you? The sickness coming over again

And you can stop, son, find the spillage Drop that iPod, save the village Thrashing in a bowl of your germs

And we can stop this, thrashing in a bowl of your germs Don't need an atlas. Jesus, we knew just who we were

And in the end we bend, but easily break