

Whiskey Is Alright In Its Place, But Its Place Is In Hell

Fear Before The March Of Flames

I am the street peddlers miracle juice
Do I hear? Do I hear?
(Numbers) Buyer in the balcony section
Sold to the vampire and his lovely establishment
If integrity were a wooden spike we'd all be fucked
Push the corpse into the gutter
We'd say to one another
These smart-ass children had it coming
These clones drone along to their power chord medleys
This is our lives watched by the auctioneer
If we're going out to dance they're pissing on our disco halls
You're up for sale. The plan of action is upsell