

To Live And Die In New York City

Indecision

They measure success by what I possess
Where once was a heart there's a hole in my chest
Are you satisfied?
Under filthy streets - subhuman screams
In desperate times we live by desperate means
Are you satisfied?
I said what I meant and I meant just what I said
New York is in flames and the sidewalk cracks are shallow grave
s for this stolen city
It's burning down - then sink manhattan and let them drown
Their hollow souls crumble against the best laid plans of rats
and men
I DARE YOU TO BE REAL
To make your mark is to die face up on flaming asphalt
Your corpse will speak for itself