I see The Sword of Damocles is right above your head They're trying a new treatment to get you out of bed But radiation kills both bad and good it can not differentiate So to cure you they must kill you the Sword of Damocles hangs a bove your head

Now I have seen lots of people die from car crashes or drugs Last night on 33rd st. I saw a kid get hit by a bus But this drawn out torture over which part of you lives is very hard to take

To cure you they must kill you the Sword of Damocles above your head

That mix of morphine and dexedrine we use it on the street It kills the pain and keeps you up your very soul to keep But this guessing game has its own rules the good don't always win

And might makes right the Sword of Damocles is hanging above your head

It seems everything's done that must be done from over here tho ugh things don't seem fair

But there are things that we can't know maybe there's something over there

Some other world that we don't know about I know you hate that mystic shit

It's just another way of seeing the Sword of Damocles above you r head