

...And through all our failed attempts we still proclaim our opinions law,  
One small step into life and your taken,  
Taken by a storm of fear,  
You can't stop the fleeting of the years,  
I sing a song of myself through the gaze of Narcissus,  
A reflection of inert violence,  
As your average American crusading in the name of man,  
My reality is life in the backseat riding into foreign lands,  
In my million dollar box of regret,  
I'll spread disease to protect it,  
My reality is life in the backseat,  
Gorging on the blood of nations, gluttonous as I eat myself alive,  
Heed the call of the Suicide Shepard,  
When they jump I know I'll follow,  
Is that our echo screaming down from the tower, now the martyr is your pilot,  
The Captain is in his quarters, the Navigator's throat is slit,  
A 7.mile stare with your eyes on the deep, feeding from their trough full of sheep,  
Proclaiming your opinions law,  
As your average American, always doing all I can,  
My reality is life in the backseat, spiraling into the gyre,  
With me my brand old weapon- It's called my clenched fist.