

The air is thick
The air is wasted
The lamb lies down for our entertainment
Some mother's son
Crashed at the pavement
His little eyes gone
We're one in the same man
Now you know you never waste it
Now you know you're wasted

I hear your voice, there's no emotion
Did something die?
You're not even responsive
When we were young we'd bottle water
Collect reptile bones, commence the slaughter
Now you know you never waste it
Now you know you're wasted

All your dreams thrown in the trash
You were born into war
You were taught not to ask
For every single possibility
Moving shadows in the dark
Deciding fates over cocktail lunch
Every single possibility

We better bust them out
You better bust them out
Heart attacks won't get us down
Our rifle butts pressed in the ground
Our brains are lost, our skulls are found
We're kicking up the dust above them