

Hear the rattling of the carriages again
While the wizards all wave their wands
Their golden cufflinks buying up the city now
They're gonna send a wrecking ball, wrecking
Cultures lying in pieces
As the leaves all start to fall
They got their diggers out
Bet all get used to the sound
They're gonna send a wrecking ball wrecking

The age of mercenaries
They sapped out energy
Insipid minds have won
Rapacious destruction

Endless digits so they can take control
Over tin pan alleys row
All those memories crashing into rubble now
They went and sent a wrecking ball wrecking
You say it's a city of the future
But a future in whose eyes?
So should I assume yet another bland street bloom
Guess it's what happens when business means business

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Always somewhere falls
Underneath the hands of the money men
Always somewhere falls
Into the hands of the banal

Yea the scene shone
Then it fell below
Just like creation
Golden eras come and go
And the scene shone
Then it fell below
Just like creation
Golden eras come and go

What are you hoping for?
I guess it's what you see, not what you want to be
What are you hoping for?
You will never even know who you really are
What were you hoping for?
I guess it's what you see, not what you want to be
What are you hoping for?

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