

# Under The Rabbit

The Bronx

Consider yourself warned  
The last one born is the first one torn  
And there's a fluid exchange between the sick and the strange  
And there's a space in the wall for the rats to crawl

There's a conflict in the concrete  
I fear the war, not my fate  
And there's a rumor of bodies buried under the floor  
And paranoia's a revolving door

Stab slowly and let it die,  
This is the best life my money can buy  
Under the fault line, under the rabbit  
Beginner's luck became a creature of habit

Blind hands are impulsive so consider yourself lucky to live  
Considering that you've got nothing to give  
There's a theory of death between the man and the stars  
And there's a circle of debt around the proud and the poor  
But everybody wants more

We were taught to make them wait  
To let them deliberate,  
Study and destroy

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