

## Vacation

The Orwells

The failed promises that took you far  
Now you got, awaiting enemies in your backyard  
Stepping from face to face to make your mark, runnin' up  
A human staircase to a guy in the star

Turn off your television  
Your permission kills civilians  
No one can feel your vision  
They're on vacation, masturbating

Could be a better a way to right these wrongs  
Than drinking heavily and writing songs  
These possibilities that plague your mind  
Some better kept, some better left behind

Turn off your television  
Your permission kills civilians  
No one can feel your vision  
They're on vacation, masturbating

Call off your reservations  
Sell your soul for useless children  
Arrange the information  
Decimate the population