

Sacramento Is Dead

Trash Talk

I am not the working son of a working son.
The sun? it never shined on me.
I am everything you hate.
I am every thing you can never be.
These city streets were paved for me
And I will use them well.
Until my dying day I'm burning in hell.
As for faith, it's just too fucking much to bare.
I know the world could never care.
I'll find my worth in this world of wealth.
Amidst the struggle, the sun is burning my fucking flesh.
When this city's dead we'll all go underground to rest in miser
y.
The sun will never shine on me again.
The world could never fucking care and when it's all over
We will arise from the ashes of your worthless fucking pity.
We'll make a name for ourselves, by ourselves,
We'll watch the stars come down to leave this city.
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