

## What Happens In The District... (Paper Agents)

War from a Harlots Mouth

The new economy curs  
They are barking again  
Their chants are ringing out  
Above the city's rooves

As they cross my way  
Looking for a vent  
I will bring them down  
With my bare hands

This is the oldest brood  
Clawing its way through  
Armed with brief-cases  
Dressed in tuxedo suits

Welcome to the jungle  
This is what I've become  
Note down my words:  
I don't owe shit to anyone!

This is the oldest brood  
Clawing its way through  
Armed with brief-cases  
Dressed in tuxedo suits