

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!

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