

33rd Parallel

In my head, there is a place
a zenith I can fly to - hide my face
when it's time for a new perspective.
Eyes are exposed
blinking, but the picture isn't changing from the last tableau
but I won't look down.
Walk through the city in the night; people stare.
Keep both hands in your pockets now; they won't care.
When you're wasted and alone; time is there.
The dinosaurs provide resources
I thank God they died, yeah.
We can fear our own evolution if we're satisfied.
So, come check out my gravel pit
you'd really adore it
when your blood disappears on a dollar bill.
Working on a Sunday, killing in the name of...
I feel so alive when I realize
we were born to live a lie.
People love to people-watch,
why don't they look inside
where black seeps through the epidermis
and fats leak from the fries?
Feathers fall, but the Desert Eagle knows where I hide.

All around me, nothing grows but genocide.

Blades cut, now there's a rip in time

our luck runs out the window blindly.

Oh, hallelujah!

Spend it all on a vow, we are just a chattel now...

Dimethyltryptamine has told me in a dream

we were born to dig and die for gold.

Who pays who?

Who pays you?

Make it sacrificial now

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blaming conspiracy,

as if we all don't see those lights...

in the sky.