

Gazpacho, Put It On The Air

Can we train our mice to spin the big wheels
Polish swords and beat their wives
Scare them to death on their ship of fools
Every day of their lives

Be the sum of all their fears
In this ever changing maze
Let them count teeth through
Our electric cage

Can we train our dogs to bite reality
Eat the world when they smell its fear
Create a dimension of make believe
And put it on the air

Can we kill their tired years
Keep them staring at this flame
To feed our jukebox God
When we're out of change

Suspended in emergency silence
Her heart pounding not to give up on his life
Waiting in Trauma for her baby brother
A random pattern
Buzzards circling a lie
Are you afraid to live it all again?

Can we train our minds to spin their big wheels
Polish swords and beat our wives
Be angry and cold can we do it at all
Every day of our lives

When this lap dance comes too near
With its dirty little game
Now we've seen her tears
Can we buy her shame?

Suspected he's in fingerprint silence
The man at the door said he put up a fight
This key is electric and the cage is murder
You know we've been through this a million times
And go on believing everything is all right

Survival in this grief stricken violence
Where hatred is a sanctuary and love is a cause
Wailing your innocence as the guilty cry louder
You're turning a blind eye though you know it's not right

It's not right

Can we place the guilt of our disasters
On cosmic signs in suns and moons?
When the dots are connected will it ease their minds
Our horoscopes don't lose