

DOUBLE DAGGER RAGGED RUBBLE

THE PSYCHIC

I don't know what I want
But I'll know it when I see it
I'm giving you nothing, wanting everything
Oh wait I can see it now
I'm having a vision
I think I can see it now
I'm having a vision
You should have hired a psychic

You don't know what I want
Well, honestly, I don't either
But you're a real smart guy
I know that you're a mind reader

It's a little like this, it's a little like that
But then again it's like neither at all
It's a little like this, it's a little like that
Just pull it out of your magic hat
It's a little like this, it's a little like that
I'm sure you know what I mean

Oh wait I can see it now
I'm having a vision
I think I can see it now
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You should have hired a psychic

EMPTY DICTIONARY

Sexy, Natural, Extreme
I don't know what you mean

Diet, Quality, Bipartisan
Your broken lexicon

Freedom, Unique, Luxury
Emptied out dictionary

Exclusive, Guaranteed, Limited
All your language is dead.

LUXURY CONDOS FOR THE POOR

Brick by brick you're building 'em up
And block by block you're shutting 'em down
You say you want them to BELIEVE in this
Then give them a place where they can live

A fresh coat of paint won't cover up these stains
Yeah that's what I call progress:
Just build a wall around the mess

You're building a ghost town
Been flipped so much that up looks down
You're building a ghost town

Build some luxury condos for the poor

A fresh coat of paint won't make it go away
That's what I call progress:
Just build a wall around the mess

You're building a ghosttown
If you lived here your whole life, it's time to get out
We're building waterfront gravesites 30 stories high
Where dreams of fictional people live
While the city around you dies.

FORM + FUNCTION

Don't tell me that you did it just because you could
Don't tell me that you did it just because it looked good
Do you think before you open your mouth?
You better measure that bird before you build its house
But this is my style it's what I do
Well what you're making is not for you
There's some called context
and without it you're just making a mess

Tell me why you used this for that
Or is it all just happenstance?
Form and function are one and the same
Give me something with some fucking brains
You can't have one without the other
If you do, why even bother?
Otherwise you're just polishing turds
And you can't stink with your fancy words

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Don't waste my time if there's no reason to your shitty rhyme
Don't waste my time 'cause this is on my dime

STRIPES

Worn out and worn down ever since that day
Watching our foundations being stripped away
And everything I read about you makes me physically sick
No red and white, just Blues all over
Coz spelled out in black and white its red all over
Their bodies, our hands, but you don't give a shit
Scratch that - you do 'cause you planned it

Families torn apart in the middle of the night
They try to find their fathers, they try to find their brothers
You say "Let's take off the gloves, coz they don't have any rights"

Where I come from those are fighting words
Those are fighting words - scratch that - these are fighting words

I'm sick of being sick
I can't say it more direct than this
Without my name ending up on a list
Headed off to a place called [Redacted]

We need something more than a sticker with his face
and "asshole" written under it.

We need something more than just an angry song
To wake people up about the Right being wrong

The Left can't inspire people to do what's right
If we keep thinking it's an armchair fight
It's sad our tactics are so tired and trite
When it's our fucking lives on the line

Down in the dumps since fall naught naught
Watching everything my country stands for rot
And everything I read about you makes me physically sick

ITCFGDIY

You can't see us, because we're beautiful
No we're not hiding, we're right in front of you
We don't do it for glory, we do it because we're a family
We do it because it's what we were made for
We do it because nothing else feels as right as this

You call it ugly and flawed
I call it human and beautiful
Designed in 1904, improved in the 70's
Defined by the way that we live everyday and every night

ARMY VS. NAVY

Is that a quarterback
or a reporter in the field?
Did our team just hit a homerun
or did we just hit someone's home?
Is this the Superbowl
or a Holy War?
Did we cross over the foul line
while winning those hearts and minds?
Is that a two-point conversion
or regime change for the region?
Can I get more heartstrings in that string section?

Outline the plan of attack:
We're gonna blend the fiction
We're gonna blend the facts
We're gonna paint it red, white, blue and black
We're gonna blend the fiction
We're gonna blend the facts

Can I just stop watching this shit?
You can't change the channel on a national program

PISSING CONTEST

You think you're the only one
I can see you pissing real far

Let's fight about some unimportant shit
Well my scissors are the ones with the orange handles
Mine are the one with blue
So that means:
I'm gonna make up some stupid shit about you
And that means: Fuck You Fuck You
No - Fuck You Fuck You
No - Fuck you both

You think you're the only one
I can see you pissing real far
Oh yeah you can piss so far

Do you bite the Apple or do you just think it bites?
Personally I don't give a fuck, this is such a stupid fight
I don't care what tools you use
I just wanna know what you can do

You think you're the only one
You're not the only one

DOUBLE DAGGER RAGGED RUBBLE

CAMERA CHIMERA

A wise man once said to me "Son, she's got a TV eye on me"
Well, mister, these days it seems that there's a TV eye on everything
I can't step out in public without somebody zooming in on it
No dating, no perpetrating allowed unless someone's videotaping
I just can't explain why we're drawn like a moth to the static flame
We all just want our 15 minutes of fame
Reality without the blame

Come on, come on, come on, chimera
Camera, camera, chimera
Camera, camera, come on, chimera
Camera, chimera

Everybody's taking pictures, everybody's taking pictures
Everybody's taking pictures, every body is a taken picture

PLAGIARISM

I am in search of the simple, elegant, seductive, maybe even obvious Idea
With this in my pocket I cannot fail

I'm not sure

Most media, architecture, art and design exists for the sole purpose of creating wealth
But I'm not pessimistic
Eventually you'll forget all this and there'll be plenty of new ideas to choose from
And I'm sure that they'll be better

This must be true because I'm writing it in the middle of the night.

A good artist borrows, a great artist steals
The moment you lie for the sake of beauty you know you're the one
But you're not the one who wrote this song

REARRANGING DIGITAL DECK CHAIRS

You talk about solving problems
The problem is that you don't know what means
You're just getting paid to improve their business
Getting paid to make someone else's dirt look clean
You talk about First Things First
And some kinda social responsibility
But all your articles amount to posturing
When you focus on the unnecessary

I gotta pay my bills
And the plague of social ills
And the weight of the world
Gets outweighed by the girl
I wanna expose the lies
But I also have to survive
I wanna do what's right
But I just don't have the time

You say I'm not solving problems
You need a bigger idea of what that means
Doing good isn't a good business
When you've got a houseful of mouths to feed
I know what I want to come first
But I have my own responsibilities
And you lose focus on doing what's right
When you stop to talk shit on me

It's always a problem

Lyrics by Nolen Strals and Bruce Willen.

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