

United Suicide Legion

Acid Drinkers

Their thoughts are the same
Is their poverty just a game
They hardly eat and hardly sleep
They don't listen, they don't speak
When I see them out on the street
They're never moving up on their feet
They don't all fit in this scene
Which goes on like a bad nights dream
They hardly eat and hardly sleep
They don't listen, they don't speak
United Suicide Legion
There thoughts are the same
In their hunger they all complain
Soldiers and Civilians
Men who make millions
The scene played on as I walked by
They made a rope, on which to die
The final card has been laid
The natural selection has been made
When I see them out on the street
They are never moving up on their feet
They don't all fit in this scene
Which goes on like a bad nights dream
Bad nights dream
Bad nights dream
Suicide dream
Bad nights dream
United Suicide Legion