




# BRAVE NEW WORLD

## ft. Chaos Chaos

Music by Kush Mody  
Lyrics by George Watsky

**INTRO**

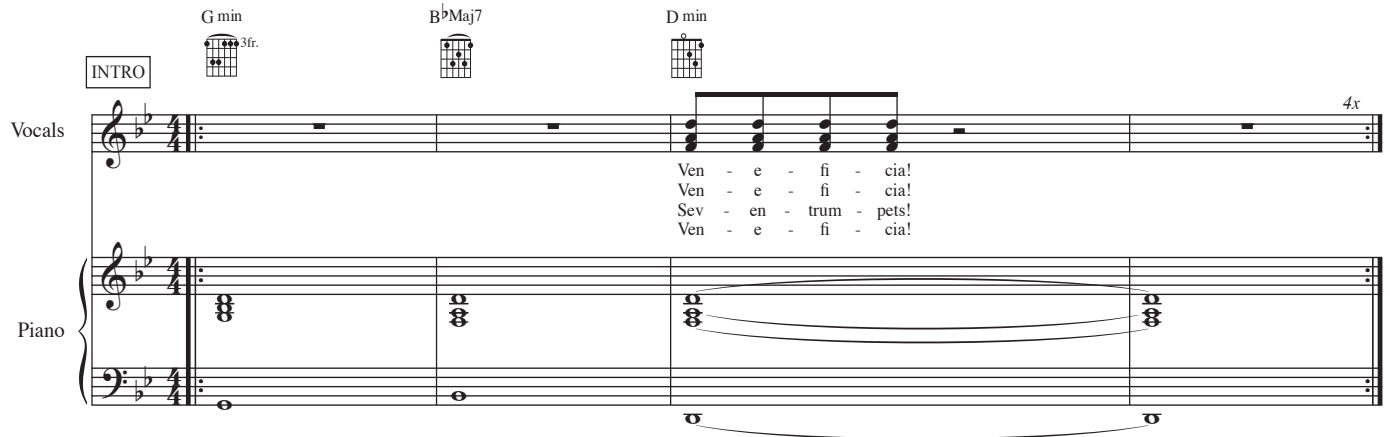
G min  3fr.    B<sup>b</sup>Maj7     D min 

Vocals





Ven - e - fi - cia!  
Ven - e - fi - cia!  
Sev - en - trum - pets!  
Ven - e - fi - cia!

Piano

4x

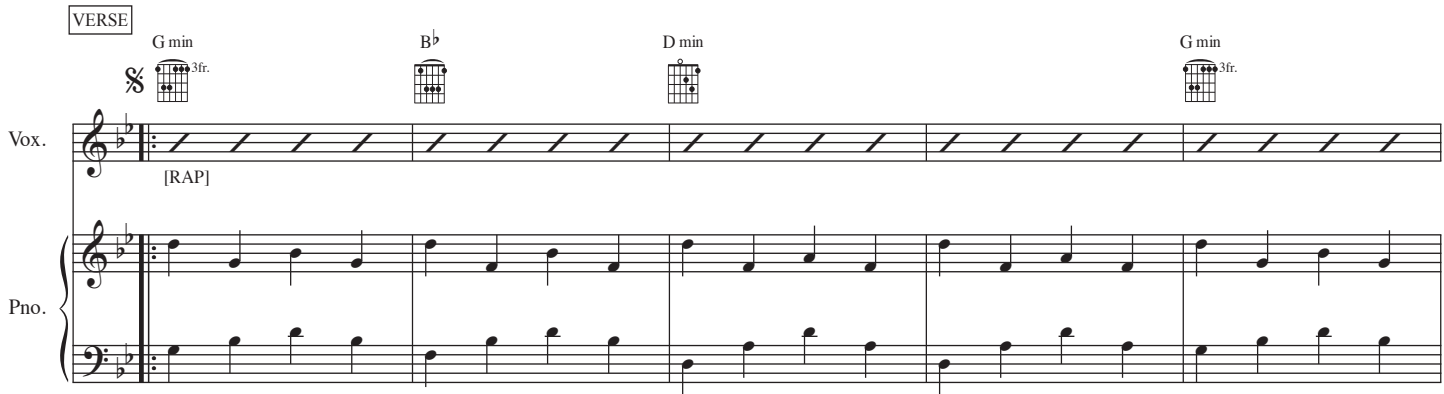







**VERSE**

G min  3fr.    B<sup>b</sup>     D min     G min  3fr.

Vox. [RAP]

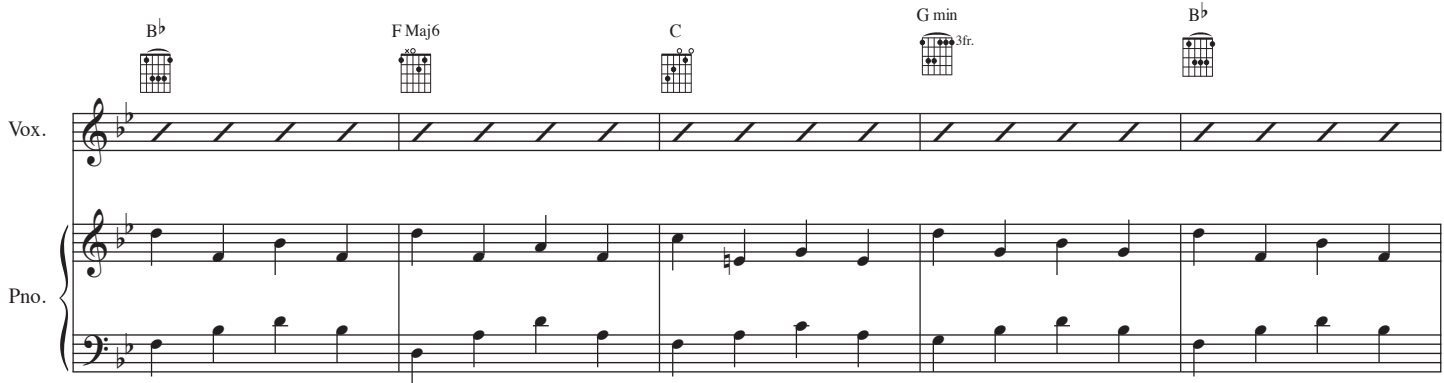
Pno.









B<sup>b</sup>     F Maj6     C     G min  3fr.    B<sup>b</sup> 

Vox.

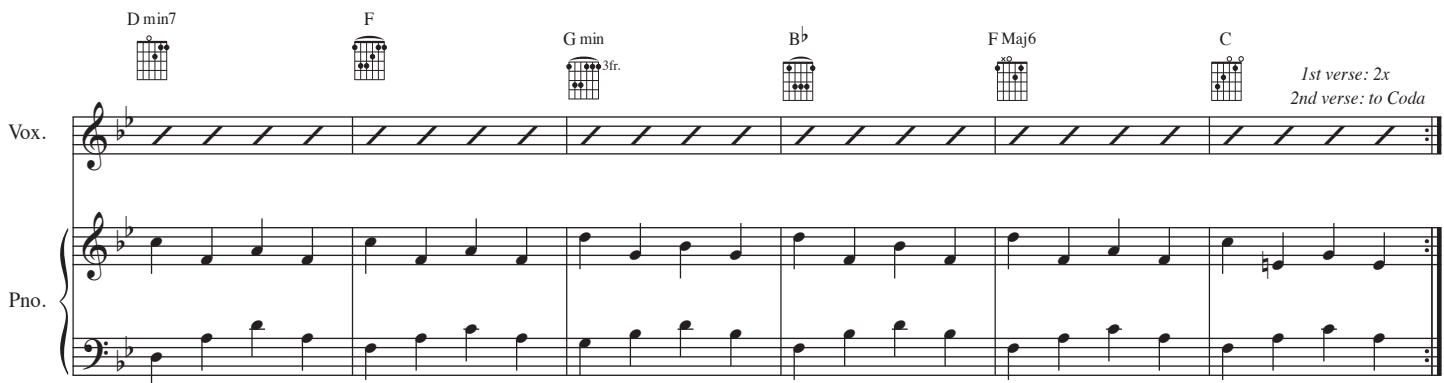
Pno.



D min7     F     G min  3fr.    B<sup>b</sup>     F Maj6     C 

Vox. *1st verse: 2x*  
*2nd verse: to Coda*

Pno.



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## Intro

Veneficia! Veneficia! Seven trumpets! Veneficia!

## Verse 1

Easy, with a ballot, we can put a reality TV personality in DC

Speak free if you can see how this delicate fucking matter developed but man it beats me  
(Oh my goooooood!)

two fleets keep peace on the mean streets  
one treats brown people like they're beastly  
nothing like the force that police me  
(that's so odd!)

what's the fate of the species?

get a metal plate and then mate with the PCs  
or retreat back to a monkey chucking feces?  
(What's the deal?)

wanna ease this pain

different than the BC years

now we Bcc Jesus on the email chain

Way too many threats to flee

way too many heads to feed

Not too many beds to sleep

chief said that it was best you leave

F-U please to the refugees

And it's seeming like it's every other day that I been tugging at my collar thinking "damn it's toasty"

where did all the people at the supermarket go that used to scan my groceries?

Vanished mostly

And wassup with all the homies in the camo and the ammo with the rifles on their shoulder walking through the city thinking that they're Annie Oakley?

That's quite enough

but this shit is fucking unbelievable

I swear you couldn't write this this stuff

## Chorus

Everywhere that I stare

(Veneficia!)

You couldn't write this shit, no

Every minute, deeper in it

(Veneficia!)

Another fantasy is brought to life

Everywhere that I stare

(Science Fiction!)

You couldn't write this shit, no

Every minute, deeper in it

(Veneficia!)

And now I never get surprised

## Verse 2

Young George Jetson stepping up in this motherfucker gripping a butcher knife hoping I can cut the chord  
Where the horde is plugged to the motherboard  
That is not a legitimate hoverboard  
(shit's got wheels!)

I look at the sky saying "my god run!"

Life's heavier than an ipod one

My twitter ain't gonna matter when the tripods come  
(Let's get real!)

From the hieroglyphs to the crowded malls

Never mind if, but the how it falls

I'm vibing out watching Ow! My Balls

(Oh yeaaaaa)

core defects tend to wreck my sleep

the quest to be more perfect than Ford Prefect

while I'm dreaming of Electric Sheep

Cause Soylent Green is people

resistance is just futile

Pop a red pill and a blue pill and I dilate my pupils

Moving light speed

we all got vile needs

living is a violent deed

spread my soul like Wild Seed

Why would it be any wonder I act weird?

I'm trying to find out who the fuck I am while looking in a cracked Black Mirror

You got a finish that you thought about?

How this is gotta bottom out?

You wanna flee the reaper but they're bombing the city  
and the single haven to creep in is the slaughterhouse

## X Infinity

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