

## Weeping Willows

### "Conspiracy Theories Without Mel Gibson"

Visit "[Conspiracy Theories Without Mel Gibson](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm just a ghost of my former self  
Formin' a non-formidable more bionicle toxin of mental  
health  
Was never born into wealth  
I jumped out of my mother with two horns stickin' outta  
myself  
God is in the details  
Relay my message now from what planet he hails  
It pales in comparison to mix with the fuckin' beat  
Like Wookies and Harrison did it  
Rooky be handlin' his business  
Rottin' your fuckin' brain like the box that you're starin'  
in  
The unescapable, unexplainable, band-unbreakable,  
unmistakable  
Scent of hatred stuffed up in my nasal  
Breathe it in and leave it in, let it soak in these  
heathens  
And these demons could really use a good ass reamin'  
So I give it to 'em, spit it to 'em  
Apocalyptic visions of cities in ruin  
I'm doin' whatever it takes for the sake of argument  
Show you that the target's us  
While you lay on your back beggin' to fuck

Now ha ha ha ha  
Laugh if you want to  
Just when you think you're safe  
Uh-Oh, they got you  
All the other sheep are dead  
Who you gonna flock to?  
Get in line motherfucker before they pop you

\*The CIA plants the chip inside your body  
From a needle that they stuck you with at a crowded  
party  
How would you know it, there were so many people  
around  
I know it sounds crazy, trust me, believe it\*

I been all over this Earth to search for somethin'

And since birth I been cursed to dispurse the substance  
And accusations, relations and it cause hesitations  
My blood pressure rise like the state of inflation  
I'm pacin' two steps, turn around fast  
But I'm one step to late, sand in the hour glass  
I'm standin' here like an asshole and wastin' my chance  
While I live here in this black hole, see it at a glance  
You'll miss it, gauranteed, you'll never get it  
Let it eat away at your skin, ooh God bless it  
My vision stays hidden like telephone women  
I give it everything I got and I'm so tired of livin'  
Get 'em wild and I feel it's my duty to tell the truth  
And I'm sorry that all I got is warnings and no proof  
And I know that none of you beleive my conspiracy  
theories  
I say 'em loud but nobody hears me

Ha ha ha ha  
Laugh if you want to  
Just when you think you're safe  
Uh-Oh, they got you  
All the other sheep are dead  
Who you gonna flock to?  
Get in line motherfucker before they pop you

\*The FBI'll make certain to know your whereabouts  
And all your contacts ???  
Barely scattered high-rolling gangsters  
You're sadly mistaken, it's all of us, believe me\*

It's like the Brains in DC, man of police  
Somebody stuck HR, now the man is crazy  
Maybe it just helps to have an explanation for myself  
I shake in public on me the eyes I felt 'em  
On my back like Eastpacks watchin' over my actions  
I can live with that  
But the inside of my brain, fuck I can't have that  
They couldn't possibly understand the thoughts of a  
simple man  
Who's a simpleton, got a simple plan from a simple fan  
Well damn, this is higher-ups  
Don't touch what doesn't belong to 'em  
I'm on to 'em  
Paranoid? Yes  
Anxious, always  
The moment is upon us 'cause they slippin' in they old  
age  
No matter who run up on us we run it right back at them  
We attack 'em with the cyber fiber-optics sarcotic  
Chronic induced spasms  
Yeah I have 'em, I punch and I jab and I grab at 'em

Now ha ha ha ha  
Laugh if you want to  
Just when you think you're safe  
Uh-Oh, they got you  
All the other sheep are dead  
Who you gonna flock to?  
Get in line motherfucker before they pop you

Conspiracy theories without Mel Gibson  
Conspiracy theories without Mel Gibson

Visit [Weeping Willows](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.