

## Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Smoke & Mirrors"

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The wolves wear the wool  
Of the sheep the have fooled  
And preach their code of conduct:  
"You've gotta push that, push that product"  
We'll live in fear, for coats they may shear  
The fleecing of a fleeting flock  
You may have my wool,  
You may have my locks  
But my voice you have not  
My voice you have not

We're sitting ducks, with feathers plucked

You hide your fangs so cleverly dear  
You sing your songs so prettily

I'll never fall for the hook, line and sinker, your smoke  
and mirrors  
I won't ever take the bait, I'll never fall for those formats  
and figures.  
Your greedy fingers won't ever get their hands on me

Hey boy, you best look out  
"Ooh, we'll have you."  
Pay mind to those greedy people climbers  
They're licking their lips at you  
They'll crush and they'll claw  
Their way to the top  
Your legs are just ladders to them  
Your head's just another step man  
On you like a rash  
On you like a rash

Even though you hide your fangs so cleverly dear  
You sing you songs so prettily dear  
Your most gentle call  
Your most soothing song won't lead this sheep astray

All these suits with big black lives  
Can't put me on the company's dime  
I won't be bought

No I won't be sold

All these greasy palms and greedy hands  
All my supply all your demand  
I'm not you whore  
And I won't be your Babylon

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