

Sik**"Trigger Complex"**Visit "[Trigger Complex](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This is my rifle
There are many like it, but this one is mine
My rifle is my best friend
It is my life
I must ask for it, as I must ask for my life
Without me, my rifle is useless
Without my rifle, I am useless
I must fire my rifle good
I must shoot straighter than my enemies trying to kill
me
I must shoot him before he shoots me
I will, before God, swear to
My rifle and myself are defenders of my country
(The skies are falling)
We are the masters of our enemy
We are the saviors of my life
So be it, until there is no end

The skies are falling
The skies are falling
Trigger complex and American lies
Trigger complex eleven thousand have died
Trigger complex we have the right to bare arms
But hate breeds hate so be on alarm
For those who seek the truth are
My friends and my family
Who live their lives in fear of the machine called man
His only moment of peace is the time that he takes to
wash their blood from his hands
Every days the same
All their ways the same
From their top-secret meetings to their shadow games
And it's a Damn shame they won't be punished for their
sins
The taxpayers money buys their freedom again
And can't you see
All our days are withering

The skies are falling
The skies are falling
You're all SiK

You're all SiK
You're all SiK
You're all SiK...

How many times have you looked at this?
How many times have you accepted this Fucked up
world?
And thought the end is near
It's all too Fuckin' clear the end is near
But I don't care
I won't be here when the Shit goes down
When the government and the flag hit the ground
When the news and the media monger war
And spread fear and violence through out the nation
But what about your children?
And your children's children
If you had one chance to change things would you
stand up?
Get the Fuck up!

The skies are falling
The skies are falling
Year of the gun your in the corporate crosshair
Year of the gun
You are the gun
Year of the gun your in the corporate crosshair
Year of the gun

For those who seek the truth
Stand up and be counted we won't sit idol any longer
For those who seek the truth
Get up, Stand up, don't cry
Show 'em why we came here

Two days after September 11th a scared senate
passed the Patriot Act
This act permit's the government to label you a terrorist
To access your library records
To access your medical records
They can, legally, break into your home
Go through your personal files and photos
They can break into your home!
It's just not right
It's just not right
It's not right
It's not Right!

No more black bag jobs I won't sit here and take your
Shit
Now tell me who's the patriot now?
No more black bag jobs I won't sit here and take your

Shit
Now tell me who's the patriot
If you feel your freedom's at risk
Let me see you pump your fists and tell me
Who's the Fuckin' patriot now?
If you feel your freedoms at risk
Let me here you raise your voices and say
Who is the patriot now?

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