

## Silvania

# "Trigger Complex"

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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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