

Veils, The "Vicious Traditions"

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I'd pull my weight if it made any difference
he gave his life for the nine million others
but on his grave's written here lies Joseph
his country's gun and innocent soldier

fight your way out of this one
fight your way out of this one
fight your way out of this one
fight your way out of this one

he grew a blood red vision for all their good intentions
he made an easy million from a foreign investment
he danced with the devils in beautiful buildings
affirmative action for a useful reunion

he'd change his name if it made any difference
now he's waiting in line for the lasting confession
but on his grave's written here lies our son Joseph
his country's gun and innocent soldier

well fight your way out of this one
fight your way out of this one
fight your way out of this one
fight your way out of this one
fight your way out of this one
fight your way out of this one
fight your way out of this one
fight your way out of this one

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