

Backseat Goodbye

"Voorhees, Krueger, Myers, And Bush"

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This one's a ghost tale, so you can turn and tell him of your fight to death. And he'll grin, and he'll nod, and he'll say he understands. This fortunate son. You fortunate son. We should all be as lucky as to be patted on the ass every time we lie, cheat and steal from the pee-ons. Your silver spoon must have given you the idea of playing father figure / fucking Santa Clause. Because I remember the time you gave me and the rest of your nation's children hush money in the amount of three hundred bucks. We were supposed to call it even, shrug our shoulders and give up on anything better. I'm sure you want me to think of this everytime I see your spoiled, ugly face plastered on every propaganda machine you can bribe, and I do. I think of it every time I hear "another thousand dead". Another day like the rest. "Signing off, goodnight and god bless". "Another thousand dead, a thousand laid to rest". This bastard signed us off with goodnight and god bless. You fucking fortunate son. Is this what you wanted? There aren't enough holes in the ground to bury the lives that you've wrecked

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