

Bubblemath "The Sensual Con"

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Music: Esbensen/Albinson/Smith/Swensen-Flagg

Lyrics: Esbensen

Hey there, my confident friend, isn't freedom funny?
We can't help but notice you spend all your time and
money
Passing your panicky laws, pulling people under
While happily snapping your jaws, and it makes us
wonder
Why you intrude on the lives of adults consenting
When all your intolerant drives are what need
preventing

Sell out, compromise, hacking each human right down
to size
Trespass, intervene, shut your eyes to what you've
never seen

You hold your head high as the grand standard
And judge their lives by how they've meandered
Laugh as you lunge down from your high morals
Wearing the proud crown of your cold laurels

Sticking your ignorant nose where it isn't wanted
Well, you and your need to impose carry on undaunted
Desperate to sever the stem of your irritation
Expend your breath to condemn an entire nation

Self help suicide, stuff that society never tried
Dictate what they do, soon it will all fall back onto you

Strike with the slick twist of a sly viper
Train down your long list like a mad sniper
But when you take aim through the long ages

You'll find your own name in the same pages

You rage to wage and win the war on
People on drugs
Stacking the decks
Behaving like a moron
Pulling their plugs

For having sex
And things they choose to do in private
Break down their doors
What will you find?
You never will survive it
Winning the wars
Losing your mind
Done dealing with the decks you're stacking
People will rise
Your life descends
And still you keep attacking
Still you despise
It never ends

Raging and waging your wars, acting like a moron
To bang up and break down the doors that you wage
your war on
Pulling the plugs on the things that they do in private
You savor the silence it brings, but you won't survive it
Dutifully dealing the blows from the decks you're
stacking
Creating your cages for those that you keep attacking

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