

Benefit

"Call Of Revolt"

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[John F. Kennedy speaking]

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs
of that first Revolution.

[Benefit]

Critical, outlook on life seems miserable
Criminals running one nation indivisible
Reality is struck, morality is fucked
You try to get a job but you're probably out of luck
So you systemize, eating lies politicians sell
"Vote for me" reality is "Follow me to hell"
Mutated chicken cells 10 on the Richter scales
Alcohol on the rise with increased liquor sales
Inevitable downfall is evident
Spend every cent on your chemical, but can't pay the
rent
What's that all about? Nation under God falling out
Free will first amendment rights freedom calling out
Prisons are allowing homosexual housing
Where faggots fuck in cells and guards find it arousing
A prostitute spreads her pussy lips for a target
She's garbage witness primitive animal carnage
She's getting fucked bloody laid out on the carpet
So she can buy coke that the government put on the
market
In lust we trust sniffing dust in the condom I bust
Uncle Sam don't give a fuck about us
It's all monetary get our oils and the military
And it very well may be we need revolutionaries
If you want to get fisted enlist in the system
And get fucked by officials who call themselves
Christians
I pledge allegiance to the flag
Social security number's my tag
Phony-ass politicians with fake charm
Catch a bullet in the head I got the right to bear arms
Understand that powerful planning is mandatory
Often in this category death can be the story
Trust no one, be a vigilante, pack a gun
Think the cops give a fuck if you run? Come on, son
You'll catch a bullet to the leg, or the back, or the head
Hot lead penetrate soft flesh, now you're dead

Game's over, you lose, ran out of continues
This is the real life drama, it's the Ill Street Blues
Our country leads the world in political scandals
While graffiti artists are labeled criminal vandals
Expert military networks
Performing underground radiation so your head hurts
Classify everything, tyranny with no king
Inaugural poetry, the caged bird sings:

[Singer singing Star Spangled Banner]
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave

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