

Frankenbok

"Hypocrisy Democracy"

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A perfect storm in a shot glass
And finally you can get a job
In your esteemed leader's entourage
He's not a black lung after all
We're one nation, skewered
On a godless prong
Obsessed with beauties rich and rare
We understand no more

Insurgents grinding axes
With infidels
Demons blow out holy candles
We scream blasphemy
A hornet's nest we can never tame
War that cannot be sustained
Diplomacy or surrender
Here's your next dictator

With hand on your heart
And tears in your eyes
You'll defend this sunburnt country
Until someone else dies
No place, sacred, is a terrorist magnet
'Til a willing coalition blazes trails in from the sea

The west gettin' high
On the Middle Eastern dime
Has the audacity to deny
A refugee's plight
From places razed
By an axis of evil
We antagonised
And then failed to destroy

With hand on your heart
And tears in your eyes
You'll defend this sunburnt country
Until someone else dies
No place, sacred, is a terrorist magnet
'Til a willing coalition blazes trails in from the sea

Invaded, divided and conquered
Never allowed to leave it
A war lord's cartel forever laying' claim
To lawless profiteering of the opium trade

Topple the statue
Tear down the flag
Usher in a new muppet
With finger prints up his ass

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