

Humble Gods

"Bang"

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Here's your news report
I'm your straight face for today
Sorry if it's short
But I have to get away
And be sick
First the powers that be
Line their pockets with your bread
And it's not too hard to see
That you're worth more to them dead
Don't you know the taxman
Mourns you to the nearest bank
You're news report
You're news report
And it's short, short, short
I want to know why people die
Because they've been forgotten
It's you callin' fallin'
And if you're young, son, you're the one
To lead us into Hades
And if you're shot dead, then you're called brave
As they shove you down your grave
And nothing is saved
While you're growing fat
Wiping gravy off your sleeve
There's a child who like a rat
Would cry and beg for what you leave
Oh but you won't be deceived by what you fear
And you can't be diseased by what you fear
You're news report
You're news report
And it's short, short, short

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