

Burns Out Bright

"180 Proof"

Visit "[180 Proof](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Bullshit knocks you over the head
Like a ton of bricks
CNN kills brain cells like alcohol
PR feeds the rage
But the clear answers never come.
It's like an open bar to misplace our trust.

Call into your talk show hatred
To express all that we don't know.

The sun will not rest
On backs of evil.
The sun will not set
When we think like this.

Wake up. We will. Destroy. Ourselves.

This rage is really against yourself.
You're slamming the shots of fear itself.
They'll have to pry that remote from your dead
Cold hands.
Our grip on truth rests
On the lies we've been told.
And this whole thing..
Smells like
Bullshit.
It smells like more bullshit to me.

It's the same scenario all across the land
TV radiating, remote in hand.
Advertising, propagating-entertaining.

We're escaping. We're escaping from ourselves.

Pull up a stool...
Truth. Lies. It's all the same.
Fact. Fiction. It's all a game.
Failure- to think for ourselves.
Success- to live up to a lie.

