

Illuminatus "White Lies"

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A million middle fingers
Poison the veins of an empire
So deep in denial
So feeble on a leash

And pint-sized philosophers
Are debating the size of the tits on the Sun

Why?
White lies are printed on body bags
Next to the price of a barrel of oil
Profit and warfare on instant replay
We are voiceless

The middle class resistance
Swallow rhetorical theories over cocktails and golf
Revolution is futile

While fat men in pinstripe suits
Are debating the size of the tits on the Sun

Why?
White lies are printed on body bags
Next to the price of a barrel of oil
Profit and warfare on instant replay
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