Leftover Crack
"...And Out Comes The N-Bomb!"

Bombs and Bullets Have No Heart
They Only Tear Your Flesh Apart
To live Inside A Battle Zone
The Sins Of Man Can Find A Home
And Home Is Where The Hate Begins
It Doesn't Count Unless It Wins
The Corporate Pigs Keep Getting Fat
And Number One Is Where It's At
There Is No Room For Number Two
Just Stare Into Your T.V. Set
The Cogs Of Industry Grind On
The Lie, The Snitch, the Teacher's Pet
The Cop-Callers Make Up The Glue
And Soon They'll Set There Sights On You
Without The Fear In Which We Drown
Injustice Might Not Keep Us Down

If Your Neighbors Keep You Up At Night
Then Talk To 'Em, Don't Start A Fight
Don't Be So Quick To Call Police
For It's Just The Fascist Cogs You Grease
Why Can't We Try To Make The Best?
The Rest Can Go and Die, We Don't
Want Lies To Educate The Hate
The Rest Can Choke On Fate and Apple Pie

So With The Choice you Make
Your Wal-Mart Life Becomes A Fake
The Plastic Crasstic Sick Facade
Becomes Your Ever-Loving God
Diversion Fuels This Sterile Vision
With War and Lies On Television
And We Become A Mindless Ghost
Richest, Fattest, Deadest, Most
And All These Unjust Laws and Codes
When Freedom Rots, The Soul Erods
And A Microscopic Brain Incision
Hooks You To Your Television
A Branded Car, A Branded Wife
A Branded Home and A Branded Life
To Wash and Clean A Spotless Day
And Pills To Clean Your Thoughts Away

A Sterile, Gated Hateful Place
Where Cleanest, Whitest Wins The Race
And All Those Who Don't Fit The Mold
Can Starve and Die Out In The Cold
Diversion Feeds This Sterile Vision
With War and Lies On Television
And We Become A Mindless Ghost
Richest, Fattest, Deadest, Most
Diversion Feeds This Sterile Vision
With War and Lies On Television [3x]
And We Become A Shattered Ghost
Richest, Fattest, Deadest, Swollen, Most!

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