

Marathon

"Our Dictator Can Beat Up Your Dictator"

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Bloodlust out of control, he's like a demon busting out from some bottomless hole.

Try to grab a hold, yeah he's a slippery bastard, slick, saturated with oil.

A pulpit, a broadcast, these are weapons of mass distraction.

A nation scared shitless, seal up all your windows with plastic.

A mix-up? A question: how did all his oil get under their sand?

A bloody new mantra: kill them just in case they're trying to kill us.

We've caught you with your pants down, you're in bed with those corporate clowns and now you owe favors all over town.

We finance your rogue army but you're ignoring all our needs.

You're cheating on your sugar daddies. I don't think he hears us speak.

I think it's time to fucking scream so loud we shatter his ignorance.

And when he tries to make us fight we'll fill the jails with songs resounding, crumbling the concrete.

I'm not a terrorist, 'cause I don't start wars, I stop them. Jerkface, you've got a problem.

Open your windows hear the people chanting singing dancing.

Then turn your back and count your cash, denounce the people asking tough questions: un-American.

True patriots know when to shut up and wave flags, tri-colored gags.

These colors don't run the world, get used to that.

Dinosaurs like you become the fossil fuels you dearly love your bones will show up in a museum.

The plate explaining it will read, "Profit from warmongering and like him, you will find your kind extinct."

Your kind is going extinct. This war just fucking stinks.

Bombers coming in hordes, staining the desert red and black, with the blood of the poor.

Hear this: we will not fight your war.

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