

P.O.D. (Payable On Death) "Masterpiece Conspiracy"

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Evil eyes behind their smiles
You swallow it up when sincerity lies
Lock me up, label me "dangerous" files
Fear of the unknown, so scared of my style
Alert the press and address the states of emergency
We the crew you love to hate
First mistake, you were never ready
Dance with the dead, better be ten times more deadly
This is me, I'm always the same
Virus in the system, crash the mainframe
Uprise, now fall in line
Roll with the pack or get left behind

chorus:

"It's a Masterpiece Conspiracy"
I'd rather hear it from you than be lied to
Call it what it is like the heathens do
Red lights of betrayal, deceived again
Exposed by the light, true colors ascend
Take down the regime, break the trend
Bumrushed by your peers and your so-called friends
Keep your people tight, watch your enemies close
Trust what you know, soon enough they'll choke
Where were you when we started this thing?
You weren't around, this ain't yours to claim
You'll never take what's been given to us
Wipe that smile off your face and that look of disgust
Uprise, now fall in line
Roll with the pack, or get left behind

chorus

bridge:

Liar, deceiver, betrayer, back stabber

chorus

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