

Paint It Black

"Pink Slip"

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I've got war on my mind all the time.
A fuckin' a slave to the bottom line.
Do you recognize that sound?
That's your little white lie breaking down.
It's coming back around
Selling us shit, hand over fist, we're sitting ducks and
I'm sick of it.
Do you really think you know what's up?
I'll turn it upside down.
I'm a guillotine waiting for the head that wears the
crown. Just don't look down
It's coming back around.
Selling us shit, hand over fist, we're sitting ducks and
I'm sick of it.
Remain oblivious, and reset assured they'll take our
silence as permission.
Is it still called "control" when it's for our own
protection?
I've got war on my mind all the time, all the time, all
the time, all time.
I've got war on my mind all the time, all the time, all
the time, all time.

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