

Scapegoat "March On"

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The country is FUCKED! We've got a maniac running the lines, Writing the headlines, Keeping the fire burning Incessantly fanning the flames Flames of fear the end of the world is near Lets try and tax their tips The average waiter of \$2.13 Our supply has fallen short of demand And we need more bullets for M16's To shred through the dead weight Their lives expense, we could not anticipate And I hope this weighs on your shoulders, Cuz my back breaks with every innocent life they take What have we now but a 747 of loads And the president counting down as these nations explode 5,4,3,2,1 Standby for the war of our worlds has begun March, March on, Storm the gates of this abomiment, and free the liar of his cause March, what do we do? March on, to the sound of a drum Let freedom ring from desert to mountain top, And the sound of the ring I will degrade with every word that I sing I'll piss upon with every word that I sing Shredding through deadweight For in their sleep they cannot anticipate My words heavy as boulders? As they roll off my tongue to your ear, am I hurting your shoulders? 5,4, Enough with the numbers, fuck it I'm ready for war March, what do we do? March on, to the sound of a drum Storm the gates of this abomiment, and free the liar of his cause March, what do we do? March on, to the sound of a drum Let freedom ring from desert to mountain top, And the sound of the ring I will degrade with every word that I sing And 3 cheers for the cause Saddle up cuz I'm ready for war! Saddle up cuz I'm ready for war! Pray that the power of God eludes you, Or let the power consume you And burn with every last cent that You've earned, The money You've made off the lives that you put in the grave March On! We're all pawns in a game And the cavalry's ready

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