

Skepticism

"The Threat"

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I've been convicted with and
without reason
Tarred and feathered like a piper on
a killing spree
And felt the anger of generations
And been the target of the cheap shots
of authority

So you think you cut me down to size
Well there's something you
should realize
It's gonna take more than a break
in the law
To make me smile pretty for the
wreckin' ball

Won't beg, won't bleed
The end of sacrifice is a threat
to society
Hard line, you'll see
Once you've made a mark, you've
made a threat to society

I wasn't put here to be treated
Like some disease you hoped would go
away if left alone
You can sweep me under the carpet
But, I'll still infect your need to use me
as a steppin' stone

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