

Death By Stereo

"Porno, Sex, Drugs, Lies, Money, and Your Local Government"

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What the fuck?
What the fuck were you thinking?

Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
With your false truths and your blatant lies
See complacent stares through controlling eyes
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes

Enforcing all your rules
Through policemen and TV
You are the world's greatest artist
Schoolbooks, are you tapestry?

Woven, intertwining hate
Controlled by your ministry
I hold the scissors in my hand
Cut the fabric, make you bleed

Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
We are the ones that make you weak
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
Your sick infection a disease

Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
I want to see you on your knees
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
False idols, cheap thrills, fucking sleaze

Paint a pretty picture
You control the weak
You sell your lies, your drugs, your hate
You sell us our own agony

Put yourself in another man's shoes
Remember what it's like to be
The one who hates you
The one who wants to see you bleed

See you bleed, see you bleed
See you bleed, see you bleed

Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
We are the ones who make you weak
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
I will not let you poison me

Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
No sex, no drugs, no sir, not me
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
Priests, politicians and cops
Like to fuck just as much as you and me

You've got a price out on your head
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead
You've got a price out on your head
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead

You've got a price out on your head
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead
You've got a price out on your head
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead
You're fucking dead, fucking dead

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