

Death By Stereo

"You're A Bullshit Salesman With A Mouthful Of Samp"

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This is a place that has no soul
No will to live no where to go
This is a time of much despair

In a world where gold rules all
The fools are quickly first to fall
They think a god will save them all

No! They cannot see the prisons that surround them
No! The problems multiplying and compounding
No! I will not let chains of excess pull me
No! Into a pit of fool gold that will hold me

The time to find, we gotta find
The time to find, the state of mind

This is a place that has no soul
No will to live no where to go
This is a time of much despair

I will not get down on my knees
It's the American disease
It's just the way they hold us down

No! They cannot see the prisons that surround them
No! The problems multiplying and compounding
No! I will not let chains of excess pull me
No! Into a pit of fool gold that will hold me

The time to find, we gotta find
The time to find, the state of mind

It's inside of me

And all the lies that you sold us, will never hold us
Now we're just fed up
And all the fences built around us, will never hold up
Now we're just fed up
When we met you we were hungry,
yeah we were starving, now we're just fed up
We were hungry

NOW WE'RE JUST FED UP

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