

The Evens

"On The Face Of It"

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On the face of it On the face of it
There is nothing to confront
Just apocracy an inconsistency
While we pretend that we are alone with a standards
bed
And no profits shared
We should count our days numbered
Get busy
On the face of it on the face of it
There is nothing to conceal just conspiracy
Atrocities while we contend with kin
All alone with a hardier and our bridges burned
We can count our days number
That's a tragedy of a strategy
Of looking out for number one

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