

Stray From The Path

"Picture Perfect"

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I know this whore named democracy

She'll spread her legs for the highest bidder

She's about to be fucked to death

By a multinational demi-god

I know this this preacher named capitalism

He speaks off bliss through competition

He hides a boy, with secrets to tell

The boy's name, third world

I know the fucker named neo liberalist

Handcuffed and gagged the back of my caddie

There's a brick on the gas,

And about a mile off open road

About a mile of open road,

Before the ocean side cliff

That awaits his arrival

They!

Will!

All!

Meet!

Their!

Demise!

The smiles collapse when the camera's turn off!

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