

Stuart McNair

"Trigger Complex"

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The skies are falling
The skies are falling
Trigger complex and American lies
Trigger complex eleven thousand have died
Trigger complex we have the right to bare arms
But hate breeds hate so be on alarm

For those who seek the truth are

My friends, my family
Who live their lives in fear of the machine called man
His only moment of peace is the time that he takes to
wash their blood from his hands
Every days the same
All their ways the same
From their top-secret meetings to their shadow games
And it's a damn shame they won't be punished for their
sins
As the taxpayers money buys their freedom again
And can't you see
All our days are withering

The skies are falling
The skies are falling
You're all sik

How many times have you looked at this?
How many times have you accepted this fuked up
world?
And thought the end is near
It's all too fukin clear the end is near
But I don't care
I won't be there when the shit goes down
When the government and the flag hit the ground
When the news and the media monger war
And spread fear and violence through out the nation
But what about your children?
And your children's children
If u had one chance to change things would u stand
up?
Motherfuckers get the fuck up

The skies are falling
The skies are falling
Year of the gun your in the corporate crosshair
Year of the gun
You are the gun
Year of the gun your in the corporate crosshair
Year of the gun

For those who seek the truth
Stand up and be counted we won't sit idol any longer
For those who seek the truth
Get up, Stand up, speak your mind
Lets see what's inside

Two days after September 11th a scared senate
passed the Patriot Act
This act permit's the government to label you a terrorist
Without ever defining the word "terrorist"
To access your library and medical records
To break into your home
And go through your personal files and photos
They can break into your home!
It's just not right

No more black bag jobs I won't sit hear and take your
shit
Now tell me who's the patriot now?
No more black bag jobs I won't sit hear and take your
shit
Now tell me who's the patriot
If you feel your freedom's at risk
Let me see you pump your fists and tell me
Who's the fuckin patriot now?
If u feel your freedoms at risk
Let me here you raise your voices and say
Who is the patriot now?

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