

Voodoo Blue

"The Band Geek Mafia"

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The band with glasses and hard looks
Has got you down in their black book
Computerized, the crust elite
Don't need the smell of mission street
Have your cake and eat it too
With fellow scum that worship you
When you choke on our black smoke
No one will be there for your rescue
Your fake representation
Shows right through your rotting skin
The only ones you're fooling
Are the imbeciles ones you're fooling
Are the imbeciles who think like you
You probe us with your jealousy
Your anger gives us the defeat
We'll keep walking separate ways
Until someday, again we meet
The band geek mafia all unite
As we watch you fade away
And on your gravestone we will write
A naked cult of hypocrites

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