

War From A Harlots Mouth "C.G.B. Spender"

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If people were to know the things I know It would all fall apart They will never know the truth

They are coming for us The course of human history Will be set by an unknown man

Men can never be free Because they're corrupt Worthless and weak

They believe in authority If the project's to go forward They must never believe any differently

We must never believe any differently

I am the orphan Yes, I am the one I am the black-lunged son

I'm the arch enemy Black-lunged! Who killed JFK? Black-lunged!

Anyone who can appease a man's conscience Can take his freedom away Reduce religion to science Make no greater explanation exist for him

You will believe in authority No miracle or mystery

How often did I change history? No monument will bear my name Nothing vanishes without a trace

And here you are with a gun to my head

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