

Brett Fuentes

"Mecca Propaganda"

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I am a whirl wind riding up into town
Like a star that's falling from the sky
As the ground breaks beneath your feet
Makes you look up and say my my my

Well don't be late, you see times a waistin'
Live for today we may die tomorrow

Shock the system, see what happens
Maximum leverage no matter how it falls
I will fight for the right to be right
I will die for the fight of the right to speak my mind

Don't be late, you see times a waistin'
Live for today we may die tomorrow

Stop messin' round with my world
Don't you be calling me tomorrow
You will be sorry man next time you cross that line

Whips, crosses, impaled, torture racks, pendulums,
suicide, angry mobs, cut your hand for stealing that
bread my friend

Stop messin' round with my world
Don't you be calling me tomorrow
You will be sorry man next time you cross that line

Mecca propaganda all around me.

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