

## Propaganda

### "Gamble"

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Your hips are swaying and your eyes are saying that  
you need two gamblers for this game you're playing,  
and i might want you, but i don't need you and you  
won't sleep in my bed anymore. it seemed like a dead-  
end. seven years after seven to sing for this country  
instead of raven or venom, 'cause your god was dead  
then and he's never been back again, and i don't think  
about it anymore, yeah, it's a gamble when your  
fingers burn from the last time that you flew and bled  
and the shadows that you walk around will still be there  
when the sun goes down. venus fly trap, 20 years now.  
and the chance is just as fat as a union bureaucrat that  
the life you wanna live ain't the one you're looking at.  
there's more risk in a brain cell than any vegas hotel  
and you can't find the pit-boss anywhere.

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