

John Norum**"C.Y.R"**

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Now that you're considering your rights
Ones we've paid government to steal
Would suffocate your breathing
If you realized the facts
You don't even know half of the deal
Now that you have spoken up
Think you've gotten through?
How all the hearts are drowned
By the many modes of materialistic nature
Who can see the truth?
Why can you force now
To the surface brings a war
May God be on your side
He'll stop the wheels and cars
Maybe save the next world
From the unwritten law
The violence in America
Now that you have woken up
Do you know who you are
You could be digging yourself from a hole in the
ground

And never face it
Come up for air and go back down too far
Time is an end
Taking all demand
May God be on your side
Do what they tell you all
No longer in the safety zone
From the unwritten law
Smile for the camera
Here, you took around before
Flies are coming
Out of the seedy street corners of
what used to be a free land
Gratification sensory overland
Chained to a source of misery That always eludes you
Take these guns
Obey the law
Going for the ride
Just do what they tell you all
Going for the ride
Take these guns, obey the law
Take these guns, obey the law
Going for the ride
Going, time to wake up, wake up

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