Briggs, The "My Defense"

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but of course i'll say nothing of the sort don't let me have control of my art honesty and an empty bank account are my gun and hand full of rounds

but we've said it all along the president was wrong the only thing left is a hope that now is gone

and i want someone to say that they'd listened to me and if i learned one thing today is that you'd probably sue me for honesty

the floor is open we'll be taking questions now ask how to lose your mind i'll try to show you how you left me tattered up and torn you've been digging graves since the day that you were born

but we're frightened and alone a place that i call home the way to my heart is a knife through the bone

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