

Sex Gang Children

"Propaganda"

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In the Fatherland! In Disneyland! Or all England?
They say religion, the wounded pigeon, is back in
fashion
I said you're joking, you must be smoking 'some kind
of thing'
Take Las Vegas in a cab take a stab all or nothing
With ice cold hands your solitude stays with me
Give me concrete and steel, wake up and make believe
Mickey Mouse on the bed, all in my head
Give me Jesus in the arena going down nice and dirty
Where Man is mortal, God is always clean. I fell from
the sky
I was born in a bed, is it right to ask why, all in my
head?
Honesty and poverty are strangers to me
Humanity is what I used to be
The mediocre have taken over
Propaganda!
I am a cow, I am a horse, where truth is a stranger
Where neighbours on the payroll shoot me down nice
and dirty
Infra red on the wall which one of us will fall?
So free me from the Preachies, save me from myself
Eat a Fuck-Mac stew my brain, Soy lent Green once
again!
Mea culpa! Mea ultima culpa!
Psycho siege urban whine, at the end of the line
Do you hate or do you feel?
Feed your head. Strangelove in Jakarta, or is it the
Metric Martyr?
Praise the women who kill, feed your head
I kiss the Saints that are dead,
I kiss the Witches in their bed
Taste the blood if it's real, feed your head
Bless the bed I lay upon, bless the Angels around my
head
Shudder me if I'm wrong, but hear my breath

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