

Sick Of It All **"Goatless"**

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Before us is an empty slate
We can impress how we please
Bombard them with the usual schlock
Whatever we've got up our sleeve

Teach them that violence
Can solve all their problems
Teach them to act on a whim

The horror the one we present is
Just where the horror begins
Violent fantasy, comes reality
The effect will be quite a tragedy

We'll point the finger
We'll point the finger
We'll point the finger
We'll point the finger

Of blame, before us is a twisted world
No one can work out the knots we've got
An enemy here they could be blamed for a lot

We'll say they're the problem
We'll say they're the cause
They'll be the scapegoat now
Goat less we'd be on the spot

We can't let the truth come out if
The pressure cracks another
And they know who to come
After we'd be goat less

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