

## The Karkadens "Chattle"

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The more you show, the less I want to know  
Teaching all the kids to sell their little souls  
Spoiled and rotten, and frying their brains  
One piece of candy and they'll do what you say  
Everyone grows, and plays, and fights  
Believing all their parents' little white lies  
Santa's coming so you better be good  
Not for the sake of good

Give me a break cause that's all I want  
I'm so sick of the way we're being taught  
Call it obedience; yeah we're like dogs  
Throw me a treat now here's what you want

Sit still son, let me give you a shot  
It's all done, now here's a lollipop  
I know it won't make the pain go away  
But I'm doing my job, so we'll call it a trade  
Sure you wouldn't have made the deal on your own  
But you haven't a choice, that's how you're grown  
Like cows on a farm, you get your grass  
Fatten up cow, you're gonna get milked

Give me a break cause that's all I want  
I'm so sick of the way we're being taught  
Call it obedience; yeah we're like dogs  
Throw me a treat now here's what you want  
No longer children, I'll call them chattle  
Let them graze on the field with all the other cattle  
Eat fatty fatty, now give me your teat  
Next time I'll be coming back for meat

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