

# March of the Sycophants

Exodus

Do as they say, not as they do  
March to the tune of the Christian right  
Hypocrites, their rules they don't apply to you  
Parading in the name of Christ  
Former leader in a hotel room  
Smoking crank and sucking cock  
Guilty as sin yet innocence presumed  
Still they talk the talk

Christian soldiers  
Trudging off to war  
Behind the cross of Jesus  
And still they...

March!  
March!  
It's the march of the sycophants, they  
March!  
March!  
March in time to the rhythm of the right, they  
March!  
March!  
Here come the sheep, all promenade, they  
March!  
March!  
Everybody loves a parade

Masters of hyperbole  
They claim to know what's wrong or right  
The mob led to believe so easily  
Like a moth to a light  
Pro-life, anti-life and so sincere  
Battalions of the dull of mind  
Obeying all they read, see or hear  
The ignorant leading the blind

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Brain dead plebeians  
Rally 'round the Bible and the flag  
Their prophets are a plumber

And a small minded rifle packing hag  
One nation under God  
And one under the thumb  
Marching to the beat of a different kind of drum  
It's the march of the sycophants!

Town hall rabble  
Cry liberty and justice for the few  
It's the end of they world as they know it  
That's what they'll say to you  
Conspiracy theories eaten raw like meat  
Fed by the mother of lies  
They suck straight from the teat  
It's the march of the sycophants!