

Angleton

Biting Elbows

I do believe that, when I got betrayed.
It was part of the trade.
It was a little too much.

When my story got going.
I was breathing in the breeze.
Keeping the commies down in Italy with ease.
Some men never have a doubt.
About what their side on.
And how much they would sacrifice.
When the guns are drawn.

I'm talking about me.
Talking about me.
Talking about me.

Angleton!

They said, you're gonna work in intelligence.
They said, you're gonna make it big.
They said a lot of things.
So I'll co-found the CIA.
My decisions can't be swayed.
I'm the smartest motherfucker in the room.

But the room was empty.
Always so empty.
In it were only.
My Rolodex and me.
And I set up a network all over the globe.
My biggest enemies.
You'd think that I would know.

Fire.
Your head's on fire
My piano wire.
Is wrapping round your neck.

Philby, your nerve has killed me
and I got a steady dream of you.
In cement.

Philby was my good friend but.
Then again, he was one of them.
I realized that he was red.
Half a moment before he fled.
I still stand to defend my camp.
I see Philby's face on a postage stamp.
Can't plant a bomb in his car.
His new home is the USSR.

Failed to see the mole was close.
Right under y nose.
I was outsmarted by Brit.
Who took my life and spoiled it.
And oh undeniably so.
It's not easy to convey, but it's possible.

Fire.
Your head's on fire.
My piano wire.
Is wrapping round your neck.
Philby, your nerve has killed me.
And I got a steady dream of you.
In cement.

Blown up on an intellectual claymore.
Since that day.
I believe I've made way more.
I've kept my job but not my form, my form is full of.

Fire.
My head's on fire.
No piano wire.
Will ever touch his neck.
Philby, I wish you killed me.
Instead of what you did.
It's far worse than cement.

Fire.
My head's on fire.
No piano wire.
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Philby, I wish you killed me
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It's far worse than cement.