

Pseudo

Cephalic Carnage

All our lives growing up, we are taught to respect the laws of life:
Honor they mother and father.
Listen politely when others talk.
Be prompt.
Never disrespect your elders.
Never lie.
Put forth your best effort.
Don't smoke or take drugs.
Sex at an early age is wrong as well.

The moral values sound correct, kind of like our president,
Lying to protect us
Conceals the truth, we are fragile creatures, living in a sheltered womb.

As I walk amongst genocide, liberty's burning bright
Another way to survive, missiles decorate the sky
Long gone are the days when we used our hands to fight,
Fists were our weapon of choice.
Now we're putting guns into the hands of little boys
Suicidal bombers killing for a cause, nationally exposed internal flaws
Officials above the law, they get away with murder.

All while making their business rich
Someday expect a top grossing movie about it
Martyrs they become
The victims are forgot about!

9/11 was a tragedy, the sight of it still burns inside me
Two days before that my sister came to pass
No country is impervious, from a terrorist attack
Still grieving I had to witness that
Pseudo-patriotism is back
Looking beyond the gloom, or the hate we groom.

We destroy all we create
We'd rather send death and debt to our future
Than love and technology.

We live in a society with a fever for physical death or it don't exist.

Than the possibility of eternal life
Something that can be seen now.

The strange things that haunt our skies
Moving fast U.F.O.'s fly
With pseudo friends, we always pretend.

The thing about it all, is
"I'll be deemed a terrorist for smoking weed"
Pseudo nugs infest my lungs
Psychic wars will consume us all
Road rage will be the downfall of man
So drink super coffee
And get caught in a traffic jam.