

The Promiser

Conception

Voices from a TV screen
breathing down your neck
a man without a face
don't be surprised my friend
he knows how to talk
he knows how to collect
the voices he needs so bad

Hear him praising the lord
whom he's always renounced

Promise to walk along
hand in hand
with those who pay the price
promise you'll fight with us
last in line
beyond the barricades

Fatherly he grins to gain
the masses' good-will
we have seen it all before
hailed be his naive attempt
many trust his lies
but words are cold comfort
when election day is past

See the glint in his
eyes dreams of dollars
and dimes

Promise to walk along
hand in hand
with those who pay the price
promise you'll fight with us
last in line
beyond the barricades

I'm the kind
who will pledge
my words
born to be honest
and chaste

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