

You're A Bullshit Salesman With A Mouthful Of Samples

Death By Stereo

This is a place that has no soul
No will to live no where to go
This is a time of much despair

In a world where gold rules all
The fools are quickly first to fall
They think a God will save them all

No, they cannot see the prisons that surround them
No, the problems multiplying and compounding
No, I will not let chains of excess pull me
No, into a pit of fools gold that will hold me

The time to find, we gotta find
The time to find, the state of mind

This is a place that has no soul
No will to live no where to go
This is a time of much despair

I will not get down on my knees
It's the American disease
It's just the way they hold us down

No, they cannot see the prisons that surround them
No, the problems multiplying and compounding
No, I will not let chains of excess pull me
No, into a pit of fools gold that will hold me

The time to find, we gotta find
The time to find, the state of mind
It's inside of me

And all the lies that you sold us
Will never hold us, now we're just fed up
And all the fences built around us
Will never hold up, now we're just fed up

When we met you we were hungry
Yeah, we were starving
Now we're just fed up, we were hungry
Now we're just fed up