

Rock, Paper, Scissors

Donots

justify your game
we dont feel like playing anymore
who put you in your place?
who said you were the only one to score?
your strong arm tactics, they have lost there impact
and your supremacy, its no longer intact
(hey hey hey)
so what exactly enables you to kick our asses
ridiculous sanctions cannot soothe the masses
today weve torn the curtain down to take a look inside
youve tied yourself to dynamite
to dynamite
do you really believe
we are habituated and content ?
do you think
you are the only one to make demands
the progeny of your policy is not tranquility
but the will to break free
swallow your authority
give a bullet, drink some blood
take a bullet, spill some blood
cut the throat, feel the hate
break the rules, feel the blade
another brick, another head
another hit, another dead
push comes to shove
action for reaction
romanticize the situation
turn a pile of shit into a sensation
theres a million pieces of the truth today
but they dont fit together in your fool play
and from now we have got the rock to your scissors
we have got the scissors to your paper
the scissors to your paper