

Someone shoot the messenger

Dig me a grave

I can't take another minute of this poseurs charade

Give me radio revolution

Give me public execution

Burn the flag, join the looters, plug your ears

And stop the endless stream of lies

Chorus:

You're standing on the top, don't know how you got there

You think you're going out, never known, you never will

They're coming up to get you

They're coming up to get you

Knock you down

Momentary fashion, the passing of a phase

Calculated drivell from empty soul parade

Pabulum for the masses, you can't dig the grave

All you ever wanted was a little peace of fame

Oh your lies

Lies

(Chorus)