

The Paint Thins

Harem Scarem

Rage, your involuntary martyr
Caged by the conscience and the throne
Gotta fight for what you need
But be careful what you breathe
Staged by the puppets and the trolls
Fame for the power hungry mongers
Enslaved by the towers made of stone
Will the Virgin Mary grieve
For the parting of the sleaze
Insane in every sense of the word
A pending haze on this trite sinned world
Wait til we lay still
Dare we stray to this right wing world
We gave in - the paint thins
Claims to a sacreligious other
They dangle the carrot in front of me
And the acid burns the keys
To the doors that house the weak
Only saved by exile to kingdom come