

President

IAMX

They pull our strings
The animals
They blind, they breed the hate
Under their wing
We're scientists
We swallow what they fake

For all you lonely boys
I will be president
In all you sons of men
I can be accident

Most fall in line
They do the dance
And salute the safest thing
Bought with their lives
Cry and socialize
And throw all the beauty away

For all you lonely boys
I will be president
In all you sons of men
I can be accident