

# House Of Cards

Informatik

There's a big man in charge who's running the show  
He's a son with a gun and he wants you to know  
He's got plans for this world way beyond your control  
So you better shut your mouth and do what you're told

His family and friends aren't content with their own  
They won't feel secure until they've stole all the gold  
And hidden their treasure in their large off-shore homes  
While he turns a blind eye from his ill-gotten throne

Like storm clouds in the sky  
Our force is on the rise  
A flood to quench the fire  
And wash away your crimes

He thinks he's king of the world, but he's really a pawn  
Of the corporate elite who make big money from war  
They print the magazines and write the news reports  
That keep us entertained and distract us with sports

We're coming

Like storm clouds in the sky  
Our force is on the rise  
A flood to quench the fire  
And wash away your crimes

There is blood on our hands; there is mud on our souls  
I've had all that I can; I cannot take it no more  
Lies built upon lies as wide as it's tall  
This old house of cards is just ready to fall

We're coming

Like storm clouds in the sky  
Our force is on the rise  
A flood to quench the fire  
And wash away your crimes