

Deodorant Can't Fix Ugly

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For the record I must say
It's sad to see you all pray
All pray your lives away
When in reality
Why should we believe in something we can't see?
A mockery, Orchestrating hypocrisy
Oh the irony
Open up your eyes and
There you go pointing your fingers at me
you burn it in and out of humanity
Now you see those clergy eat better than you and me
They tour amongst the shores with stouthearted feet
Trade stigma, ad harlots
Golden letters, leather-bound looks
Fight with fire and throwing stones our world sheds
When our rivers run red
We'll never know where we'll go
'Til there's a crutch to call home
We'll never know...