

The Propaganda

Limp Bizkit

Uh, yeah!
Tell 'em how to sell it
this propaganda

Don't tell me how to keep my composure
It ain't over 'till I get me some closure
Wanted dead or alive here's my profile
Hostile is the frame for my state of grace
Severly a mental disorder
where reality is highly distorted
Psychosis weaken the mind
inclined in small doses
as we approach this
a relentless quest for revenge
while those who expose and pretend this
life, is just a big ball of cherries
a bunch of fairies
screamin' to be scary

It's propaganda
Sell it to the innocent
oh yeah they're buyin' it
just show up to rebel again

I'm a maniac
hard one to handle
You'd better come packin more than a scandal
fucked over from the times I've been grateful
fucked over in the times i've been hateful
main attraction fuck you and your prissy [pussy??] mouth
come again flip, now we got some action
on and on is the name that they gave me
and your misery came here to save me

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Sell it to the innocent
fuck yeah they're buyin' it
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Mommy!
Fuck It!

who is phony
if fate would turn me
you don't know me
but I made you

who is phony
their fate is lonely
you don't know me
but I made you

who is phony
their fate is lonely
you don't know me
but I made you

who is phony
it faded slowly
you don't know me
but i made you

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who is phony
it faded slowly
you don't know me
but i made you

i made you
i made you
i made you
yeah i made you