

Fascist

Minutemen

Don't preach their structure, their society
Perverted ideas of reality
And words like freedom, they come an' call
And words like hate, and war, and all that's lost
I can't follow a man on a white horse
Who's in control, they all look to course
Tyranny is the real word
Voices and opinions are never heard
They all work, they're the working mass
They all work for the ruling class
The State relies on the working man
They praise the party and the fatherland
They all reel to the party elite
All enslaved to the Fascists