

Evil Doer

Mustasch

Multinational ruler
Got no class, got no style
Calling me Evil Doer
While committing the crime

Mind destroyed by TV-show suppliers
Runs on cyberboobs and self denial
Left the common sense for trust in science

The one that does not suit their plans: Remove her
Brainwashed by commercial mind controller
Wipe your nose, the winds of change blows colder

Left with two choices
It ain't silver or gold
Here's a dish of their droppings
Have it warm, have it cold

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