

Hear this: a name. "Sell",  
Be the tolling of the iron bell  
That will render me  
All the prize it will cut these doubts right down to size  
And without this thing  
Without the drive just to make you see how  
I am striving to make a fist  
A voice if could just make you hear  
Make this all right

And I'm  
Still  
Still calling  
Still...  
Still...  
Still calling

Severed tongues and glowing eyes  
In a threat that comes as no surprise  
An expose of pearly lies for our paper hero  
Open wide

Soon to be rendered obsolete  
All you have belongs to me

Glamour pigs  
Media whores  
Let blood run like a waterfall

Toothy grins and limp handshakes  
And pray to god your soul they take

Now we're done cheering your name  
I'll sell you out