

Caught in the act you fucking thief.
Give it back, it's not yours to keep.
I guess you're trying to prove that
Candy-coated bullshit still goes down smooth,
So we won't choke or gag,
Just wave the white flag.
You're intimidated so you stick with the sickness

And you use your favorite dirty tricks to inflict this.
I've always had my doubts but our vision's
So myopic we see no way out.
As long as hope exists,
It will be met with angry words and swinging fists.
But there's an itch that we've got to scratch.
So set the fuse and we'll strike the match.