

Liar, liar, with devils conspire.
You're tapping wires and setting fires.
Too tired to do what our conscience requires.
that's what you get when you preach to the choir.
When the smoke gets thick,
you're quick to rick your constituents.
It's like, "touch me, I'm sick"
it's just the carrot & the stick again.
Their cultural blight, just for spite, we left a stain
on.
The uphill flight's the pilot light that keeps the flame
on.
INTO THE GEARS WE THROW A WRENCH,
A SIMPLE ACT OF SELF-DEFENSE!!!