

Hear the sounds of the heart, beating like a war drum right from the start.

We do our time every day, working like slaves for the minimum wage.

Yeah, that's as good as it gets, cause for regular Joe the stage was set and right from the get go Joe was a kindred spirit to the typical blokes who candy coated the best years of their lives with the lies they told.

Then they flocked like geese to the water hole for their halo, fit for popes and kings.

What do they know.

I assume, many things.

More than we know.

So wherever you go wear the halo.

From the land to the sea, you aspire to get a better halo than me and so you strive for the top of the company ladder but the rungs never stop.

Higher and higher you go, but never get it.

For you it's vital to show you don't sweat it.

Now your proverbial crown awaits, I hope that it fits you, you can't take it with you.

They candy coated the best years of your life with the lies they told.

Then you flocked like sheep to the grassy knoll for your halo, fit for popes and kings.

What do they know.

I assume, many things.

More than we know.

So wherever you go wear the halo.

Hey, yo.

To the fascist elite, where's your halo.

To the punks on the street, show your halo.

So, when and if we meet, wear the halo.