

Acumen Nation, Spill Throat

the time for lenience has passed
a call to all beneath will sound
i radio for back-up mallets
and they crawl up from the undertow
a machevelian portrait crashes
a meteor of steam collides
we will be searching through your ashes
to find exactly why you tried to
doom us all to save yourself

if i could reach salvation i'd take that path
but i don't think i'd waste it on your kind of trash
if i could leave this nation you'd never have a chance
'cause i'd bury all the races...

i see the white blind faith corrupting
the future of my tis of thee
it's easier just not confronting
but i'd rather die than let you lead

now if i could reach salvation i'd take that path
but i don't think i'd waste it on your kind of trash
if i could heal this nation you'd never have a chance
'cause i'd bury all the races and fade to black
if i could reach salvation i'd take that path
but i don't think i'd waste it on your kind of trash
if i could heal this nation you'd never have a chance
and i don't think it's racist to watch you crash and burn!

all the kings horsemen are dead
and i'm left to clean up the mess
realizing your shame
i choose to revel in it
fucking stupid game
but i love to watch you lose it

leaders changed beyond the color
forced to face a weaker flex
one that swallowed shit forever
has now come raging back... back... back!

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watch you crash and burn...
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