

# Aloud, Nero

Rinse, repeat, water it down  
These boring beats are all around  
Play it on the radio until you play it out some more  
Advertise out on the air  
Sanitize the public square  
Squeak it till it's squeaky clean and make it kinda  
sore inside  
Rock n' roll prophets going down with the ship  
Taken from us like the warmth of the sun  
Swiveling their truths like they've been  
swiveling their hips  
An honest life's work is never truly done.  
Never truly done  
Never truly  
A programmed television  
personality revision  
Will tell me facts and figures that will contradict the last thing said  
A witchhunt or inquisition can be  
disguised as patriotism  
to undermine the audience and  
shear the fleece of men  
We need a leader or a superhero  
Not a zero acting like he's Nero  
But we can never get high if we ain't ever been low  
And like the passing of time, this too shall go.  
Goodbye, Nero.  
Tantalize from head to toe at the crib of Nero  
They play the lyre while the city burns.