

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.