

Calibretto 13, Puppet

I turn on the TV, and what do I see?
Murder, and violence, and pornography.
I turn on the radio, and it brings me to tears.
All of the lies fed to the ears.
A Hollywood puppet you are.
If you can be sleazy you'll be a star.
You're the devil's puppet hanging on a string.
Dear Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails.
You say God is dead and we're all going to Hell.
Well I got something to say. He's alive today,
And he loves you so, and he wants you to know
You're killing the kids. They're following you.
You're feeding them lies. Cuz that's what you do.
You're the devil's puppet hanging on a string.
Go to L.A. Go to New York City.
Hearts have grown cold, oh what a pity.
Sex without love and self-respect gone.
Drink yourself to death and party till dawn.
You say I'm fanatical 'cause I try to live right.
Pleasing to God, Holy in His sight.
Well I know someone that you don't know.
His name is Jesus and He loves you so.
And He wants you to know.
People today are looking for something
To chase away that empty nothing.
They don't want God, they push Him away.
They say they'll find him some other day.
So they look to drugs, they look to a psychic,
Looking for something, but they'll never find it.
You're the devil's puppet hanging on a string.