

Floater, The Face Of Order

Protect you. And serve you. Keep you down.
Yes officer, big law man.
I love you too, motherf**ker.
A good catholic man, make no mistake.
But press that nerve down and see the face.
The face of order is far from Christ.
It has cheeks already bloody, and rage in its eyes.
Rage.
Johnny was law man from the age of five.
Now he watches over me and helps me stay in line.
And as he masturbates the chrome
his thumb pulls lightly back the hammer.
Salivating wildly, he says he'd like me to try it again.
"I have seen reality," he says, "In a new light.
I know where the evil is and I know I am right."
Ripping through the human garden, cutting out the weeds.
I was given orders to do anything I please.
Please.
Try it again, you little f**ker.
Don't boy to the rage that is dying inside.
Rotting and swollen with a righteous pride.
Kick to the face, kick to the face,
spit in the face and say,
"Try it again, you little f**ker.
Try it again."