

# Fucked Up, Year Of The Dog

Following a proven time line the social upheaval starts  
The fools Slogan has become an anthem I watch ascend the charts  
The powers that be let take hold a movement which they abhor  
"They can have this revolution as long as they remember who gets to win the war"  
I'm ready for some hard times  
The boredom's beginning to show  
We can't possibly lose this one  
The answer already known  
They give them civil rights to appear on the left  
We stay stuck in the maternal gaze suckling the demons breast  
But when the stomping of the jack boots starts, all we be crushed under foot  
Master horned head turns to see what's on the bottom of his hoof  
[Chorus]  
Marching around the square they are all dead on their feet  
Watch the dance as they dance such a pretty dance their legs are worn down to the knees  
The revolution has gone the way of so many before  
Circular Nature of Social Evolution: They will never win the war  
[Chorus]