

# Pro-Pain, Against the Grain

Man went on a mission  
To save the day  
He started a militia  
Called crime does pay  
Everywhere he went  
The crowds would gather 'round  
As he posted propaganda  
All throughout the town  
Violence everywhere  
Blame the government  
Show us that you care  
How's the money spent ?  
Said it once before  
That ignorance is bliss  
And media's a whore  
All because of this  
Prison you made  
It's built to last  
How can you stoop so low  
The fate of our futures in the past  
There's nowhere for us to go but  
Against the grain  
Politics is business  
And business sucks  
Extortion is the key  
To making bigger bucks  
Judges taking bribes  
While golfing on the green  
While the lawyers get some grease  
To oil their machine  
Promise everywhere  
None they'll ever keep  
Justice isn't fair  
Pockets gettin' deep  
Patience running out  
The people gettin' pissed  
We never had a doubt  
They'd wash their hands of the  
Prison you made  
It's built to last  
How can you stoop so low  
The fate of our futures in the past  
There's nowhere for us to go but  
Against the grain  
I got armor on my back  
And eyes in the back of my head  
So behold the overthrow