

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