

Sick Of It All, Goatless

Before us is an empty slate
We can impress how we please
Bombard them with the usual schlock
Whatever we've got up our sleeve
Teach them that violence
Can solve all their problems
Teach them to act on a whim
The horror the one we present is
Just where the horror begins...
Violent fantasy, comes reality
The effect will be quite a tragedy

We'll point the finger!
We'll point the finger!
We'll point the finger!
We'll point the finger!
Of blame, Before us is a twisted world
No one can work out the knots we've got
An enemy here they could be blamed for a lot

We'll say they're the problem,
We'll say they're the cause
They'll be the scapegoat now
Goatless - we'd be on the spot
We can't let the truth come out
The pressure cracks another
And they know who to come
After whe'd be goatless
We'll point the finger!
We'll point the finger!
We'll point the finger!
We'll point the finger!

The pressure cracks another
And they know who to come
After whe'd be goatless