

# Skyclad, Art-Nazi

Twist the truth - then twist your arm,  
It's the Emperor Caligula School of Charm,  
Don't take his word 'cause it's not worth having it  
(he's an Art-Nazi)  
He's a tinpot Hitler gone berserk,  
A self-made man from another man's work,  
More tonque in cheek than a french kiss from Judas Iscariot.

I've been to a prison - one of my own making,  
I sent myself there when I signed on the line.  
A pact with the Devil so legally binding -  
Now he owns my soul 'til the end of time.

He owns all we eat - all we breathe,  
All we take and all we leave,  
All we are and all we ever will be.

Think of all the time and the energy we've wasted.  
Learning how the sole of a Jack-boot tasted,  
Anyone would think that he was doing us a favour -  
(he's an Art-Nazi)  
His name goes hand in hand with notoriety -  
Bigot of the highly illegitimate variety.  
I'm sick of eating shit - can I try another flavour.

What you give with one hand you take with the other,  
We are your puppets and you pull the strings.  
Don't make the fatal mistake of forgetting -  
It's never really over 'til the fat lady sings.

He knows all we think - all we do,  
Head he wins - and tails we lose.  
He's our Fuhrer - he's our Lord and Master.

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