

# The Dingeers, Staff Sgt. Skreba

We know you know more than you lead to believe  
Loads of misinformation jammed deep in your sleeve  
You lurk in the shadows followed by a red glow  
Your killing for answers you already know

Your brains been melted by a facist disease  
Nuclear winter in your heart constantly  
Your tongues been spewing' burnin' brimstone debris  
And now you wanna sink your hooks in me

I'm looking for my man he went down in the sand  
You're sifting on thru it to see that if you can  
Erase all my memory turn me into history  
In case I see something that I'm not supposed to see

You work you slave you die in Babylon  
I'm free in Zion I'm free in Zion I'm free