

# Benefit, Call Of Revolt

[John F. Kennedy speaking]

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs  
of that first Revolution.

[Benefit]

Critical, outlook on life seems miserable  
Criminals running one nation indivisible  
Reality is struck, morality is fucked  
You try to get a job but you're probably out of luck  
So you systemize, eating lies politicians sell  
&quot;Vote for me&quot; reality is &quot;Follow me to hell&quot;  
Mutated chicken cells 10 on the Richter scales  
Alcohol on the rise with increased liquor sales  
Inevitable downfall is evident  
Spend every cent on your chemical, but can't pay the rent  
What's that all about? Nation under God falling out  
Free will first amendment rights freedom calling out  
Prisons are allowing homosexual housing  
Where faggots fuck in cells and guards find it arousing  
A prostitute spreads her pussy lips for a target  
She's garbage witness primitive animal carnage  
She's getting fucked bloody laid out on the carpet  
So she can buy coke that the government put on the market  
In lust we trust sniffing dust in the condom I bust  
Uncle Sam don't give a fuck about us  
It's all monetary get our oils and the military  
And it very well may be we need revolutionaries  
If you want to get fisted enlist in the system  
And get fucked by officials who call themselves Christians  
I pledge allegiance to the flag  
Social security number's my tag  
Phony-ass politicians with fake charm  
Catch a bullet in the head I got the right to bear arms  
Understand that powerful planning is mandatory  
Often in this category death can be the story  
Trust no one, be a vigilante, pack a gun  
Think the cops give a fuck if you run? Come on, son  
You'll catch a bullet to the leg, or the back, or the head  
Hot lead penetrate soft flesh, now you're dead  
Game's over, you lose, ran out of continues  
This is the real life drama, it's the Ill Street Blues  
Our country leads the world in political scandals  
While graffiti artists are labeled criminal vandals  
Expert military networks  
Performing underground radiation so your head hurts  
Classify everything, tyranny with no king  
Inaugural poetry, the caged bird sings:

[Singer singing Star Spangled Banner]

O'er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave