

Conception, My Decision

Voices from a
TV screen
breathing down
your neck
a man without a face
don't be surprised
my friend
he knows how
to talk
he knows how
to collect
the voices he needs
so bad

Hear him praising
the lord
whom he's always
renounced

Promise to walk along
hand in hand
with those who
pay the price
promise you'll fight
with us
last in line
beyond the barricades

Fatherly he grins
to grain
the masses' good-will
we have seen
it all before
hailed be his naive
attempt
many trust his lies
but words are cold
comfort
when election day
is past

See the glint in his
eyes dreams of dollars
and dimes

Promise to walk along
hand in hand
with those who
pay the price
promise you'll fight
with us
last in line
beyond the barricades

I'm the kind
who will pledge
my words
born to be honest
and chaste

Promise to walk along
hand in hand
with those who
pay the price

promise you'll fight
with us
last in line
beyond the barricades