

# 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

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hand in hand  
with those who  
pay the price

promise you'll fight  
with us  
last in line  
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