

# Death By Stereo, Porno, Sex, Drugs, Lies, Money

What the fuck!  
What the fuck were you thinking?!  
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes  
With your false truths and your blatant lies  
See complacent stares through controlling eyes  
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes

Enforcing all your rules through policemen and TV  
You are the world's greatest artist  
Schoolbooks are your tapestry  
Woven intertwining hate controlled by your ministry  
I hold the scissors in my hand  
Cut the fabric, make you bleed

Pull the wool over, cover my eyes  
We are the ones that make you weak  
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes  
Your sick infection a disease  
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes  
I want to see you on your knees  
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes  
False idols, cheap thrills, fucking sleaze

Paint a pretty picture (Get up!)  
You control the weak (Rise up!)  
You sell your lies, your drugs, your hate (Get up!)  
You sell us our own agony (Rise up!)  
Put yourself in another man's shoes (Get up!)  
Remember what it's like to be (Rise up!)  
The one who hates you (Get up!)  
The one who wants to see you bleed (Rise up!)  
See you bleed  
See you bleed  
See you bleed  
See you bleed

Pull the wool over, cover my eyes  
We are the ones who make you weak  
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes  
I will not let you poison me  
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes  
No sex, no drugs, no sir, not me  
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes  
Priests, politicians and cops like to fuck  
Just as much as you and me

You've got a price out on your head  
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead  
You've got a price out on your head  
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead  
You've got a price out on your head  
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead  
You've got a price out on your head  
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead  
You're fucking dead