

# 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 you 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 worlds greatest artist  
schoolbooks are you 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  
you 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, you control the weak  
you sell your lies, your drugs, your hate  
you sell us our own agony  
put yourself in another man's shoes  
remember what its like to be  
the one who hates you  
the one who wants to 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  
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  
its called freedom  
you're fucking dead