

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 complacency 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