

# Death By Stereo, You're A Bullshit Salesman With

This is a place that has no soul  
No will to live no where to go  
This is a time of much despair

In a world where gold rules all  
The fools are quickly first to fall  
They think a god will save them all

No! They cannot see the prisons that surround them  
No! The problems multiplying and compounding  
No! I will not let chains of excess pull me  
No! Into a pit of fool sgold that will hold me

The time to find, we gotta find  
The time to find, the state of mind

This is a place that has no soul  
No will to live no where to go  
This is a time of much despair

I will not get down on my knees  
It's the American disease  
It's just the way they hold us down

No! They cannot see the prisons that surround them  
No! The problems multiplying and compounding  
No! I will not let chains of excess pull me  
No! Into a pit of fool sgold that will hold me

The time to find, we gotta find  
The time to find, the state of mind

It's inside of me

And all the lies that you sold us, will nver hold us  
Now we're just fed up  
And all the fences built around us, will never hold up  
Now we're just fed up  
When we met you we where hungry,  
yeah we where starving, now we're just fed up  
We where hungry  
NOW WE'RE JUST FED UP