

Face First, Surrender To The Clique

Excuse me Mr. Apathy.

The guillotine has dropped; another victim of you is what I see.

The whole town eggs obnoxiously,
forcing you out on a killing spree.

It's not enough to spill the blood of those on the soil.

In microwaves go torsos covered solely in foil.

Excuse me, Mr. Simple Mind, you're the kind that kills.

Another victim of you is what I see.

The whole crowd eggs obnoxiously.

Rebels gagged and bound lack their pride.

And receive no respect at all.