

# PIG, Blood Slicked Highway

Who's cooking at the stake tonight?  
Is it the black, yellow, the red or the white?  
The majority's meat is the minority's poison  
So you keep your head down and run with the boys on  
A phalanx of phallic power and contempt  
There are berries for the bullies and the thoroughbred turkeys  
Who won't mourn your loss as they rule in your name  
You know it mocks sense but you shut your face

I spy love but it's highly debatable  
I hear lies and they're inescapable  
Fire, fire, toil and trouble  
The wall is down now watch that rubble burn  
Watch that rubble burn

There's a blood red lining to every lie  
A calamity in every alleyway!  
I'm an uneasy rider on this blood-slicked highway  
There ain't one way to cook a goose  
There ain't one way to tie a noose!

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