

Prong, One Outnumbered

What a crying shame
Talk about pass the buck
No thought of a change
Go out and get your gun

Thought we've had our fill
Of that they've had enough
All of those with good will
Let the rest run amok

They won't come clean
So we're bound to lose
Don't even have a clue
No respect for you, dignity for whom

One more outnumbered
Bleeding hearts that humble
To find some shelter
From a bloody shower

Another cause to blame
Another soul to judge

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