

Prong, Third From The Sun

Watch out! The part you play is a cop-out.
Shut out! Authority's been shut down.
Clamped down! Conditioned so you're held down.
Chill out let rule again to lash out.
Take it in hand. go for the throat
Shit hits the fan, you're at the end of the rope.
Hands down! Sudden order wins out.
Lose out! A crazed attack will come 'round.
Sit down and think about your next round.
Bail out you're seriously in doubt!
Take it in hand, go for the throat
Shit hits the fan, you're at the end of the rope.
Take it in hand, it's beyond hope.
The smoke will clear, but the pain
won't.
Beneath that shell in the temple's your god
All alone
At one at once
the truth emerged
Now there's none.