

# Red Tape, The Waltz

Let me count the ways  
Yo subside the desperate  
Choose your poison  
There's burglary  
There's shaking hands  
Forfeit this game and either way  
They'll find you in an early grave  
Brainwashed and glued to your tv  
This all seems wired  
To self destruct under you  
Do you really wanna live the rat race  
I think it's time for a change of pace  
Let's build an arsenal of bombs  
Gotta cut some throat  
Gotta blow some fire  
Gotta roll and conquer this

Nowhere safe under the sun  
This is the way of the gun  
Bow your face to the rising sun  
This is the way of the gun

And the songs they sing will leave you dead  
They glorify your doom  
That's not to say i can't relate  
I take my chances just the same  
And walk alone among the enemy  
These scars bleed wine  
The taste of pain frightens you  
Gotta deal with steel when you play  
Never know who you'll meet on the street  
Beware of owner  
Live long  
Step off  
Gotta keep the peace cuz there no police  
Gotta roll and conquer this

Disciples  
There's no reward falling asleep running  
Disciples  
You got a hole in your head the size of oakland

We can dance  
Sew me up in fracture  
We can dance  
Unto this land we raise the sword

Don't get sore it's business  
The vision reigns  
Armor piercing  
Not withstanding  
Flies straight through your head  
And the songs they sing will leave you dead  
Don't ever waste reprisal