

Subb, Plastic Guns And Bullets

Every body who's ever mentioned
Short-term profits are the real world power
Were they listening? Were they waiting
For the long awaited final hour?
Halo pictures, no wall to hang them,
Let the wall street journal serve you breakfast
Invited people, don't ask permission
To suck you dry, just your average blood-feast

Are we seeing the world? We're traveling on the welfare statements?
My concern to you all...you have trusted the people's movement

Plastic guns & bullets

I owe fate to the young ones,
Will they turn a profit or just behave?
And stop killing, killing each other,
They take action as we're digging our grave
Should there be no discomfort?
In the way men just abuse neighbor
Plastic guns, plastic bullets,
everything should work out that way