

The Business, Blind Justice

Burn, Burn, Burn the paper screamed out loud
Die, Die, Die, sang the voices in the crowd
Lock him up and throw him in a cell
He didn't really do it and you know full well

So, burn, burn, burn the papers screamed out loud
Die, Die, Die sang the voices in the crowd

(Chorus:)

And when it was over where did you go
To look at the photos of a dead hero

He was a victim of inhuman revenge
He was a scapegoat for political ends
And no one knows if he did it or not
They never thought of that when they tightend the knot

Burn, burn, burn the papers screamed out loud
Die, die, die sang the voices in the crowd
Lock him up and throw him in a cell
He didn't really do it and you know full well

He didn't do it, He didn't do it
He wasn't there but you don't really care