

United Nations, Say Goodbye To General Figmer

Run from the sun
Worship all the disasters
Give yourself up to be
A sacrifice to the concept of belief.
Plagues of frogs raining down.
Rivers run red, rivers run dry.
But it's a lie and a fraud and it's coming from his mouth:
It's coming down. It's coming down.
He's comatose, eyes half closed,
He's the great white hope and he's selling you a lie.
It's a perfect day, a perfect day.
But he's comatose, eyes half closed,
He's the great white hope and he's selling you a lie.