

Venera, Feeding The Mouth That Bites You

Gather 'round ye sinners and a story I will tell
About a man o'plenty that we all know very well
He doesn't mind a sacrifice to save his pretty face
He'll deicide and conquer, repaint and erase
Anything, anyone, he leads the human race
Raise the stars and stripes and steal the fire from Saddam
Cut off his people's medicine and food supplies and give matches to them

But if he doesn't take the blame, who will they condemn?
Little Caesar/Uncle Sam, feeding the mouth that bites you
Little Caesar/Uncle Sam, Orwell knew that you'd be eaten by your ham

The king is dead, long live the king
Little Caesar/Uncle Sam, Brutus is waiting in the wings
Since I wrote the first verse, ol' Bill has been dropping bombs
On middle eastern terrorists
Guess we all know what comes around comes around
Soon those bombs will be homeward bound
Bounties of America will be laid to waste
They may win the FU cup but drinking from it leaves a sour taste

In the mouth of ... (repeat chorus)