

# Voodoo Glow Skulls, Band Geek Mafia (The Horn

the band with glasses and hard looks  
has got you down in their black book  
computerized, the crust elite  
don't need the smell of mission street

have your cake and eat it too  
with fellow scum that worship you  
and when you choke on our black smoke  
no one will be there for your rescue

it's the band geek mafia [x2]

your fake representation  
shows right through your rotting skin  
the only ones you're fooling  
are the imbeciles who think like you

You blow the horn of justice [x4]

you probe us with your jealousy  
your anger gives us the defeat  
we'll keep walking separate ways  
until someday, again we meet

the band geek mafia all unite  
as we watch you fade away  
and on your gravestone we will write  
a naked cult of hypocrites

You blow the horn of justice [x4]  
It's the band geek mafia [x2]