

Voodoo Glow Skulls, The Band Geek Mafia (The

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.
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 blew 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 blew the horn of justice! (x4)

It's the Band Geek Mafia! (x2)