

Death By Stereo, Porno, Sex, Drugs, Lies, Money

What the fuck!
What the fuck were you thinking?!
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
With your false truths and your blatant lies
See complacent stares through controlling eyes
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes

Enforcing all your rules through policemen and TV
You are the world's greatest artist
Schoolbooks are your tapestry
Woven intertwining hate controlled by your ministry
I hold the scissors in my hand
Cut the fabric, make you bleed

Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
We are the ones that make you weak
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
Your sick infection a disease
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
I want to see you on your knees
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
False idols, cheap thrills, fucking sleaze

Paint a pretty picture (Get up!)
You control the weak (Rise up!)
You sell your lies, your drugs, your hate (Get up!)
You sell us our own agony (Rise up!)
Put yourself in another man's shoes (Get up!)
Remember what it's like to be (Rise up!)
The one who hates you (Get up!)
The one who wants to see you bleed (Rise up!)
See you bleed
See you bleed
See you bleed
See you bleed

Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
We are the ones who make you weak
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
I will not let you poison me
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
No sex, no drugs, no sir, not me
Pull the wool over, cover my eyes
Priests, politicians and cops like to fuck
Just as much as you and me

You've got a price out on your head
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead
You've got a price out on your head
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead
You've got a price out on your head
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead
You've got a price out on your head
It's called freedom, you're fucking dead
You're fucking dead