

Fucked Up, Year Of The Dog

Following a proven time line the social upheaval starts
The fools Slogan has become an anthem I watch ascend the charts
The powers that be let take hold a movement which they abhor
"They can have this revolution as long as they remember who gets to win the war"
I'm ready for some hard times
The boredom's beginning to show
We can't possibly lose this one
The answer already known
They give them civil rights to appear on the left
We stay stuck in the maternal gaze suckling the demons breast
But when the stomping of the jack boots starts, all we be crushed under foot
Master horned head turns to see what's on the bottom of his hoof
[Chorus]
Marching around the square they are all dead on their feet
Watch the dance as they dance such a pretty dance their legs are worn down to the knees
The revolution has gone the way of so many before
Circular Nature of Social Evolution: They will never win the war
[Chorus]