

Red Tape, The Waltz

Let me count the ways
Yo subside the desperate
Choose your poison
There's burglary
There's shaking hands
Forfeit this game and either way
They'll find you in an early grave
Brainwashed and glued to your tv
This all seems wired
To self destruct under you
Do you really wanna live the rat race
I think it's time for a change of pace
Let's build an arsenal of bombs
Gotta cut some throat
Gotta blow some fire
Gotta roll and conquer this

Nowhere safe under the sun
This is the way of the gun
Bow your face to the rising sun
This is the way of the gun

And the songs they sing will leave you dead
They glorify your doom
That's not to say i can't relate
I take my chances just the same
And walk alone among the enemy
These scars bleed wine
The taste of pain frightens you
Gotta deal with steel when you play
Never know who you'll meet on the street
Beware of owner
Live long
Step off
Gotta keep the peace cuz there no police
Gotta roll and conquer this

Disciples
There's no reward falling asleep running
Disciples
You got a hole in your head the size of oakland

We can dance
Sew me up in fracture
We can dance
Unto this land we raise the sword

Don't get sore it's business
The vision reigns
Armor piercing
Not withstanding
Flies straight through your head
And the songs they sing will leave you dead
Don't ever waste reprisal