

Mecca Propaganda

[Brett Fuentes](#)

I am a whirl wind riding up into town
Like a star that's falling from the sky
As the ground breaks beneath your feet
Makes you look up and say my my my Well don't be late, you see times a waistin'
Live for today we may die tomorrow Shock the system, see what happens
Maximum leverage no matter how it falls
I will fight for the right to be right
I will die for the fight of the right to speak my mind Don't be late, you see times a waistin'
Live for today we may die tomorrow Stop messin' round with my world
Don't you be calling me tomorrow
You will be sorry man next time you cross that line Whips, crosses, impaled, torture racks, pendulums, suicide,
angry mobs, cut your hand for stealing that bread my friend Stop messin' round with my world
Don't you be calling me tomorrow
You will be sorry man next time you cross that line Mecca propaganda all around me.

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