President

IAMX

They pull our strings, the animals
They blind, they breed the hate
Under their wing were scientists
We swallow what they fakeFor all you lonely boys
I will be president
In all you sons of men
I can be accidentMost fall in line, they do the dance
And salute the safest thing
Bought with their lives, cry and socialize
And throw all the beauty awayFor all you lonely boys
I will be president
In all you sons of men
I can be accident

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