Dead Flies

Alice Cooper

Please, watch your step, dear
The world is out to beat you
Don't you know there's cannibals?
Designed to kill and eat youYour sister's high on angel dust
And so's your porno brother
And your phone knows more about you
Than your daddy or your motherThey'll drive you to the edge
And they'll leave you to die
Infected by the venom of their vicious, viral lies
It's all lies
We're dead flies
Priests and Parriahs
Disguised as holy guru
Practicing their montra
Of some cybernetic voodooAnd there's always a messiah
Preaching mass disaster
Claiming that they're Jesus or illuminated masterAnd they'll drive you to the edge
And they'll leave you to die
Infected by the venom of their vicious, viral lies
It's all lies
We're dead fliesIt's all lies
We're dead fliesThey're gonna need your money
To relieve you of your stessing
They'll take your wealth and fame
In exchange for the blessing
And they'll kill you with their gospel
Full of psycho-babble vomit
When they make you drink the Kool-Aid
And you ride off on that cometIt's all lies
We're dead flies, yeahIt's all lies
We're nothing but dead flies
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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