March Of The Sycophants

Exodus

Do as they say, not as they do
March to the tune of the Christian right
Hypocrites, their rules they don't apply to you
Parading in the name of Christ
Former leader in a hotel room
Smoking crank and sucking cock
Guilty as sin yet innocence presumed
Still they talk the talkChristian soldiers
Trudging off to war
Behind the cross of Jesus
And still they[Chorus]
March!
March!
It's the march of the sycophants, they
March!
March!
March in time to the rhythm of the right, they
March!
March!
Here come the sheep, all promenade, they
March!
March!
Everybody loves a paradeMasters of hyperbole
They claim to know what's wrong or right
The mob led to believe so easily
Like a moth to a light
Pro-life, anti-life and so sincere
Battalions of the dull of mind
Obeying all they read, see or hear
The ignorant leading the blindChristian soldiers
Trudging off to war
Behind the cross of Jesus
And still they[Chorus]Brain dead plebeians
Rally 'round the Bible and the flag
Their prophets are a plumber
And a small minded rifle packing hag
One nation under God
And one under the thumb
Marching to the beat of a different kind of drum

It's the march of the sycophants!Town hall rabble
Cry liberty and justice for the few
It's the end of they world as they know it
That's what they'll say to you
Conspiracy theories eaten raw like meat
Fed by the mother of lies
They suck straight from the teat
It's the march of the sycophants!

Songwriters
HOLT, GARY/HOLT, GARYPublished by
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