

180 Proof

Burnt By the Sun

Bullshit knocks you over the head like a ton of bricks
CNN kills brain cells like alcohol, PR feeds the rage

But the clear answers never come

It's like an open bar to misplaced our trust
Call into your talk show hatred
To express all that we don't know

The sun will not set when we think like this
Wake up, we will destroy ourselves
This rage is really against
yourself

You're slamming the shots of fear itself

They'll have to pry that remote from your dead cold hands

Our grip on truth rests on the lies we've been told
And this whole thing smells like bullshit

It smells like more bullshit to me
It's the same scenario all across the land
TV radiating, remote in hand

Advertising, propagating, entertaining
We're escaping. We're escaping from ourselves
Pull up a stool, truth, lies,
it's all the same

Fact, fiction, it's all a game

Failure to think for ourselves

Success to live up to a lie

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