

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 misplace our trust
Call into your talk show hatred
To express all that we don't know
The sun will not rest on backs of evil
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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