

The Presidential Suite

Say Anything

They paved the way for every second of your day.
It is no myth. No, it is the bible of the god that they erected on the ashes of your neighborhood.
He is looming like the god of blunder. "Lie, lie, lie" you sing to sing his praise
Because you're lazy and you've been taught too much to learn.
Another pawn. A pink flamingo on the lawn of the capital of shame with your buried head
And only you to blame.
The rodeo begins. They take us for a ride and we are flailing
But as hard as we may buck the king of fools is still in place and fit to rule.
You fucking praise him. Yes, you fellate him from with your trust.
Your parents' parents made this happen. Eat your words and fold your napkins.
Another pawn, a pink flamingo on the lawn and that is all you will ever be.
If you thought that you were free, well, you've been lead on.
You still buy all his lies.

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