

# Good Morning

## Nicolas Joseph Roncea

I awake to find the devil  
Sitting near my bed  
We have a conversation  
He says,  
Good morning Mr. Cut-throat  
These are most exciting times  
We are surrounded by fools and crooks,  
Strangers that give us dirty looks,  
So many different people to despise

It's tearing you apart  
You haven't got the heart  
I don't mean to complain, but it seems a little strange  
Good evening, Mr. Turncoat!  
Well done!

You've been watching the so-called news  
(and now you see it)  
That no news is good news  
We don't want to confuse  
The popular pursuit of absolute truth  
And who has the time for such remote endeavors  
You want to disappear  
How did you end up here?  
I don't mean to complain  
But it seems a little strange  
Take me to your leader  
I sure could use a laugh  
(I hear) he's made a new bird feeder  
And he sleeps in a birdbath  
Who needs to join the circus  
Come on, just look around  
We are surrounded  
By a bunch of fucking clowns!

They sing...  
They all sing...  
We all sing...

Everybody sing...

It's tearing you apart

You haven't got the heart

You sit there and complain, it seems a little late

Good morning Mr. Misanthrope

I sure do hope you remember our terms

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