Eyebrow Of The Cobra

The Honor System

Introducing the new code of honor
It's black and white
Question muted by the gun in your mouth
Principles standardized
You disarm yourself- when you pointed the gun
Turn it back at yourself- it's the only possibly outcome
Yes, sir! Is the catchphrase of the year
We've taken backseats, let them steer
And the anchorman informs, these are the wages of sin
Yeah, it's glory bombing
The snake's uncoiled itself, now it's spitting venom
Its violent serum
Hate preachers, newspapers, Pennsylvania pick up truck
They've got you hooked
You disarmed yourself- when you shot your gun
An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth but only half a truth
Yes, sir! It's the anthem of the year
Hatred contaminated tears
The anchorman declares, these are the wages of sin
Yeah, it's glory bombing
The snakes uncoiled itself, now it's spitting venom
Violent serum
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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