

# 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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