Fahrenheit

Five Iron Frenzy

Flash Gordon soundtrack, I was in second grade. My first real record, yeah, worn down it played and played. When the world was black and white, Young and blind, watch me turn my back tonight, my double mind. on Freddie Mercury, I was in eighth grade, I thought he had it coming, Mr. Fahrenheit. I said he was a queer, he died of Aids that year. My liberty, like Christ's death meant nothing to me. blind man's bluff burns in hindsight, When my veins choked thick with spite, for Freddie Mercury, Predisposed to bigotry, the regular run-of-the-mill American story. Mr. Fahrenheit. The stench of greasepaint on our faces, like "love the sinner, hate the sin". pass the mask to our next of kin, instead of wiser idioms,

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