

Another Fuck You Song

Against All Authority

To them we're paper, numbers in a profit margin. We fill their pockets & keep their bank accounts enlargin'. No one controls them, they're on the inside of a structure built on bribes. Elitest inner-circle holding decisive power over a nation more corrupt by the hour. Money hungry business man, he's got a big plan. He's making party donations because one hand washes the other, it's safer to be on but we know they're lies. To them it's a game, and we will always lose 'cause they The wealthy ruling class, they keep us occupied. They fill our heads with promises, keep changing the rule the side of big brother and we all know it's wrong so here's another fuck you song.

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