

Strings of Hypocrisy

Job for a Cowboy

As if this country was reborn
Birthed and raised in monarchy
Cracked open from its adolescent
And fully disfigured shell
A throne sits in the center
Of government buildings
With a ruler imposing his people
To administer his demands
Elections over-weighed from the unmindful
And incompetent herds of the illiterate
An interbred nation
Suspended from strings of hypocrisy
Eventually to strengthen at the roots
From the predominant union
Held from the palms of their fraudulent
And expanding overlord
For the wrath of God
Has been placed in his power
He cast warfare over the kindred
His military actions compose eradication
And genocide on the Holy and sacred
A cloak hides the identity
Of this leading politician
His speech distorts his
Terminological inexactitude
He remains remorseless
Toward his ongoing success
In his fabricated image
Amongst this crumbling nation
Unaided possessing the entire world
Within his palms
For the wrath of God
Has been placed in his power
He cast war over the kindred
His military actions compose eradication
And genocide on the Holy and sacred
Eventually to strengthen at the roots
From the predominant union
Held from the palms of their fraudulent

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Lyrics submitted by Cookie.

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