

# Countenance

**John Basile**

For those who preach forgiveness  
Whilst they're practicing revenge  
Man will do to man  
But nature's got it all in hand  
It ain't free  
It ain't fooled you'll see  
There are no rights for the many  
The ones already damned  
The fear born into grace  
They're gonna get the helping hand  
It ain't free  
It ain't fooling me  
And there's nothing to hide  
And there's nothing to say  
And there'll always be something  
Your countenance to give it away  
Not much more to say  
Not much more to say  
For those who are obsessed  
With his reflection as he is  
Nature has a cause you know  
You ain't never gonna be that blessed  
It ain't free  
It ain't fooled you'll see  
And there's nothing to hide  
And there's nothing to say  
And they'll always be something  
Your countenance to give it away  
Not much more to say  
Not much more to say

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