

Cinna the Poet

Los Stompers

Thereâ€™s a con in consensus
And in silence thereâ€™s a lie
The dissentient and contentious
Are slyly swept aside

Numbed by words of mass distraction
War on Ts and Yes We Cans
Disinformation chain reaction
Regime-changing sleight of hand

From the cradle to the gravy train
Read the science
Of compliance
Nose down to the grind to find a

Saint or Cinna?
The mob decides just tell them who to lynch
And where to drink and how to think

Scapegoat in a lionâ€™s den
Tear him for his bad verse
Do your worst and then disperse
This be the curse

Freakish storms flood the headlines
Superlatives rain down
Bells ring out the doomsday deadlines
Thereâ€™s too many of us around

But is it we who spray the chemtrails,
Seed the clouds and HAARP the skies?
Some roads are strictly marked â€œno entranceâ€™
Though theyâ€™re right before your eyes

Who wants to teach the world to sing in harmony?
Same conclusions
Same delusions
Blind leading the blind to find a

Saint or Cinna?

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And where to drink and how to think

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Lyrics submitted by ventiladormusic.

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