

# Well Measured Vice (Featurecast Dub Remix)

## The Correspondents

A political man  
I am not  
But I can smell a scam that's spreading like dry rot  
Mounted on high horses here they come  
And their very own newly written rules of fun.  
From ladies in their strips clubs  
To the men that sell you porn  
Puritanical bugs are out to shoot you down with scorn.  
So much desire on display day to day  
It makes no sense to push the real display away. What is life, what is life  
Without well measured vice  
Sweep it away  
You'll pay the price. What is life, what is life  
Without well measured vice  
Sweep it away  
You'll pay the price. Your eyes are undecided for you  
They will be the end of you  
And assume with you  
Because every time machines journey has travelled in too soon  
Although the body and the sight of sin  
Is really wearing thin.  
Spruce it and a crown  
What a surprise  
We bring this to a darker demise  
And to the hands of crooks who beat on bribes  
Be witness to a darker demise. What is life, what is life  
Without well measured vice  
Sweep it away  
You'll pay the price. What is life, what is life  
Without well measured vice  
Sweep it away  
You'll pay the price. When will the politics of envy end?  
Moral police are out to cleanse, cleanse, cleanse  
Say gay cabaret  
That might offend  
So they'll grab it from the law  
Which they can bend.  
First I chose simply to ignore  
But the many changes that they had in store

But now the cleanup operations put in place  
Well my friends  
This is one thing we must face. What is life, what is life  
Without well measured vice  
Sweep it away  
You'll pay the price. What is life, what is life  
Without well measured vice  
Sweep it away  
You'll pay the price.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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