

Deceived

The Strand

Theyâ€™re gunna wanna point their dirty fingers at us, my friends.
Theyâ€™ll try and say it was the violent movies, of the awful noise
we call music. Theyâ€™ll try and corrupt our freedom by telling us
whatâ€™s acceptable to wear, and what kind of friends to have. And
theyâ€™ll try and tell us what beauty is, and how to fake it. Theyâ€™ll
provoke all sorts of ridiculous categorizing. Their concern is to
take advantage of fear, and exploit ignorance. And all the
wickedness which we endure from false accusation is fine.
Because we have something they desperately crave,
our independence!

Constant aggravation from the eyes that seek me out.
The pointing of the finger to the freak amidst the crowd.
Blame the little darkness that sits upon the steps.
For fear theyâ€™d truly find the demon lurking in their chest.
And several wounds

they open wide.
Only feeds more blood

to a thirsty god.
To heal the weak

would be such sacrifice.
To honor the dead

would come at such a price.

They feed their fear to the corporate slaves.
But we donâ€™t give a damn what the media claims.
Every epidemic keeps the public at bay.
Now we know what role the innocent plays.

Hey, huah, oww, respect! And gimme it, respect! And do it!
Respect! and gimme it, respect! And do it!

Additional Notes:

Released by The Strand in 2000 on In The Trench. Produced at Strandland in Tempe, AZ. Lyrics and songwriting Dave Strand. Additional vocals by Sarah Hudson. Digital mastering by Steve Laskarides of NRMastering.

Lyrics submitted by Dave Strand.

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