

# President

IAMX

They pull our strings, the animals  
They blind, they breed the hate  
Under their wing we're scientists  
We swallow what they fake For all you lonely boys  
I will be president  
In all you sons of men  
I can be accident Most fall in line, they do the dance  
And salute the safest thing  
Bought with their lives, cry and socialize  
And throw all the beauty away For all you lonely boys  
I will be president  
In all you sons of men  
I can be accident

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