

Call of Revolt

Benefit

[John F. Kennedy speaking]

We dare not forget today that we are the heirs
of that first Revolution.[Benefit]

Critical, outlook on life seems miserable

Criminals running one nation indivisible

Reality is struck, morality is fucked

You try to get a job but you're probably out of luck

So you systemize, eating lies politicians sell

"Vote for me" reality is "Follow me to hell"

Mutated chicken cells 10 on the Richter scales

Alcohol on the rise with increased liquor sales

Inevitable downfall is evident

Spend every cent on your chemical, but can't pay the rent

What's that all about? Nation under God falling out

Free will first amendment rights freedom calling out

Prisons are allowing homosexual housing

Where faggots fuck in cells and guards find it arousing

A prostitute spreads her pussy lips for a target

She's garbage witness primitive animal carnage

She's getting fucked bloody laid out on the carpet

So she can buy coke that the government put on the market

In lust we trust sniffing dust in the condom I bust

Uncle Sam don't give a fuck about us

It's all monetary get our oils and the military

And it very well may be we need revolutionaries

If you want to get fisted enlist in the system

And get fucked by officials who call themselves Christians

I pledge allegiance to the flag

Social security number's my tag

Phony-ass politicians with fake charm

Catch a bullet in the head I got the right to bear arms

Understand that powerful planning is mandatory

Often in this category death can be the story

Trust no one, be a vigilante, pack a gun

Think the cops give a fuck if you run? Come on, son

You'll catch a bullet to the leg, or the back, or the head

Hot lead penetrate soft flesh, now you're dead

Game's over, you lose, ran out of continues

This is the real life drama, it's the Ill Street Blues

Our country leads the world in political scandals
While graffiti artists are labeled criminal vandals
Expert military networks
Performing underground radiation so your head hurts
Classify everything, tyranny with no king
Inaugural poetry, the caged bird sings:[Singer singing Star Spangled Banner]
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>