False Prophets

Kris Vallotton

Deep inside the house of white
Elected tools decide our plight
If we live or if we die
Controlling minds, robbing blind
Moral crimes

Beware, false prophets, beware
He'll come in the form of a reverend clown
And tell his flock to gather round
He slays with his tongue
And not a sword
A celluloid jesus, a plastic lord
For your dashboard

Beware, false prophets, beware
He wares a flag of red, white, and blue
An ancient actor with a twisted view
His final picture is final part
His slice of history the war he starts
Blown apart!

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