

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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