

Pure Concentrated Evil

Open Hand

These Policies of lies,
Have brought us here tonight,
Dissatisfaction pulls you under,
So say all of your prayers,
Or whatever gets you there,
If we go down, we'll lose all our rights. I'm the only one that's left behind,
Sit right down,
I'll only make you mine, I do foolish things sometimes,
Like change this station, No one will save your life,
So be prepared to die,
These politicians pull you under.
So say all of your prayers,
Or whatever gets you there,
If we go down, we'll lose all our rights.

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