

If the joke's on me, then the joke's on you
To think freedom of speech meant telling the truth
Riddle us that, riddle us this
It's like reading the lips of a ventriloquist
The illusion of choice left everyone confused
And let the elephant into this smoke-filled room

Blood red, sky blue
Right, left, win, lose

Follow our leaders to the end
Borrow our freedom from the dead

We swallowed the bait and bought the farm
Of fear and hate in this house of god
Divided we stand like bricks in the wall
Uniting the ones wagging the dog
Bite the hand that feeds, to fight the pandering
Live on your knees or die on your feet

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Right, left, win, lose

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