

# Dead Flies

Alice Cooper

Please, watch your step, dear  
The world is out to beat you  
Don't you know there's cannibals  
Designed to kill and eat you

Your sister's high on angel dust  
And so's your porno brother  
And your phone know's more about you  
Than your daddy or your mother

They'll drive you to the edge  
And they'll leave you to die  
Infected by the venom of their vicious, viral lies  
It's all lies  
We're dead flies

Priests and Pariahs  
Disguised as holy gurus  
Practicing their mantra  
Of some cybernetic voodoo

And their's always a messiah  
Preaching mass disaster  
Claiming that they're Jesus or Illuminati masters

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They're gonna need your money  
To relieve you of your stressin'  
They'll take your wealth and fame  
In exchange for their blessin'

And they'll kill you with their gospel  
Full of psycho-babble vomit  
When they make you drink the cool-aid  
And you ride up off on that comet

All lies!  
We're nothing but dead flies!