

Released

Bill Callahan

Like two wrestlers
I am mostly still
As the Four Horsemen
Come over the hill
Trying to pass themselves off as the Holy Trinity
When any fool can see
Any fool can see

Everything is corrupt
From the shoes on our feet
To the way we get fucked

Oh, I know that we are free
Don't tell me again that we are free
Tell me, when will we be released?
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