

Tourniquet

Cripper

We won't die for your lie

Neck-tie, turban
Up-do, crown
Mitre, cop hat
Bring 'em down
The world in a corroded state of mind

The fellowship of copy-cats
The feeding of the rich
High society has high season, yeah

This is the rising of the underdog
The tourniquet of our bleeding society

Within the circle
Without fear
You're the center of
The life you bear
At the top of the food chain taking a break

Terror of perspectives
Heads up high and make believe
With the foot pressed on the pedal
Hit the wall while we're asleep
Made of flesh and bone
Embodied image of our evolution

With this life we own
Downstream or revolution

Feel the wind
As it turns
Hear the silence
Now it's gone
The ending of the poor being sold

We won't shut up for money
Won't buy your shit for peace
Yeah I bet you've seen it coming
So come on, fucker, catch me if you can!