

Who Can We Trust

Drapht

Who can we trust, who can we count on to lead us through the rain
Who can we trust, who can we count on to take away this pain
You fucking must not sit still, who can we trust in this world?
Who can we trust in this world? You fucking must not sit still
You fucking must not sit still

You know support when we walk across the tight rope
Horrorscopes clash, a bull vs a white goat
Horns of an antelope to poke hopes for peace
To decrease the deceased - gotta control police
As we reach for a helping hand out of sandy dirt
Can we work it more than Mandy Skir Land is worth more than Aboriginal people
e
The Labor or Liberals are never gonna consider us equal
So I'm evil in their eyes, we're living different lives
We'll live with a different rhythm I'm given to survive
When worlds colide, girls and guys polls apart
Stolen art, stolen land, holes in hearts
A cold and dark jungle, hard to stay humble
Drunk and rumble, an alcoholic Barney Gumble
A gun full of rotten teeth, forgotton speech
It's deeper than the bottomless beach

I need to releive the beef like Greenpeace and hippy's
Getting followed and watched by more eyes than Mississippi
So give me all you got, spot the weight of the world on my shoulders
Understand more as I'm older
Hold ya with no escape, they pillage and rape
You then find new-age vikings to run your state
They infiltrate subliminally with armies and mini-me's
A justice ministry with carnage and killing sprees
Industries that take you down if you got a clue
Bound to be drowned if they found out what you knew
Watching you as you march under order
Preparing a slaughter as Navy boats cross the border
Into enemy waters, only warning is the first shot
Bystanders drop to the floor not knowing what
Happened, flattened, giving up the freedom
He won't stop the bleeding til the terror stops breathing

Who can we trust, who can we rely on?
You fucking must be understanding the plan and of what I'm on about
Who can we trust, who can we rely on?
You fucking must be understanding the plan of what I'm on about
What it is I'm on about

You smoking more than a roach if your head's held high
Controlled daily by the government and feds world-wide
Would you die for a lie while kids lie on the street
Covered by white sheets, parents cry for defeat
Eats them alive inside, their life's all over
Bite from a cobra, surprised they're so sober
So your world should stop from a man's move
If it's not you, another fan that stands to lose
A Rubix Cube - no side ever wants to match up
Wrack your brain while the insane manufacture
Plots and plans to drop death from crop dusters

Bust you up – heads hit the deck like Chad Muska
Crusty Demons, fiends who feed off the screaming
Scarred by meaning – nah you must just be dreaming
Nah you're not, it's rock-solid reality
The fallacies of one man turn to fatalities

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Yeahhh, keep avoiding the truth
Keep the Reaper's puppet controlling your life
Keep enrolling yourself into suicide
Keep on living through lies and fear
Or hear someone new that you might not be used to
Standing up and opening your eyes