

The Foreword

Evol Intent

I don't have to tell you things are bad.
Everybody knows things are bad.

The dollar buys a nickel's worth;
banks are going bust;
shopkeepers keep a gun under the counter;
punks are running wild in the street,
but there's nobody anywhere who seems to know what to do,
and there's no end to it.

We know
the air is unfit to breathe
and our food is unfit to eat.
we sit watching our TVs
while some local newscaster tells us
that today we had fifteen homicides
and sixty-three violent crimes,
as if that's the way it's supposed to be!

We all know things are bad '
worse than bad '
they're crazy.

It's like everything everywhere is going crazy,
so we don't go out any more.
We sit in the house,
and slowly the world we're living in is getting smaller,
and all we say is, 'Please,
at least leave us alone in our living rooms.
Let me have my toaster and my TV
and my steel-belted radials,
and I won't say anything.
Just leave us alone....

Well, I'm not going to leave you alone.
I want you to get mad!

I don't want you to protest.
I don't want you to riot.
I don't want you to write to your Congressman,
because I wouldn't know what to tell you to write.

All I know is that first,
you've got to get mad.
You've gotta say,
'I'm a human being,
god dammit!
My life has value!...

This is your new world order
The intent evil
Stay body stay bill
steal power from the people

This is the orchestrapp world one
apocalyptic degree-qual
and the purkers stay murkers

got 'em bones keep it legal
We be underground
Fight with fucking rounds back
Put the vinyl to the needle
let them hear them desert eagles
'cause these suckers that have been hypnotize
Don't see the news like we do
Stop the others making mockeries
Of god them mine (...)boys

If the government wanna go and act a fool
Then let them know that my head's gonna pack a school
From the slums to the dirt, they get ya all the way
To the (...) one fit for the afternoon
Republican nor democrat
Neither one will pay
'Cos the bank owns the government
We're all their fuckin' slaves

This shit is wild and urgent
You smell that fire burning
Nothing to be concerned with
The era of diversion
Fly music
Double
You are fuckin halla-burgin'
Nothing to be concerned with
The era of diversion
Free motherfucker
Dream on yo ass
Nothing to be concerned with
The era of diversion
These ol' merces
They are working with the man behind the curtain
You should be concerned with
The era of diversion