

Perfume And Piss

GBH

Who will watch the watchers, who spies on the spies
Who trusts politicians that are crooked by design
Force them into action watch them all conspire
It ain't a smokin' gun it's a city on fire.

Does it get any better than this?
All I can smell is perfume and piss
Perfume and piss
Perfume and piss

This punishment of luxury that we all tolerate
Those self-serving servants we all love to hate
I'm in a torture chamber labeled as a liar
I've got an orange jumpsuit and electric razor wire

A never-ending saga of evil versus good
Your liberty is on the line and dust where you once stood
So celebrate your victories, so few and far between
Keep your ego in a cage there's no "I" in team