

Poison

Melvins

The partisans not the artisans
Are doing their dirty show
But I ripped my pants
Doing some dance
That I learned in France
And they think there ain't
Nothin' to know

Used, abused
Locked up, beaten and fined
But I got free
Copped a plea
And I can see
That there ain't no freedom
Bell gonna chime
This time

Truth and love are my law and worship
Form and conscience my manifestation and guide
Nature and peace are my shelter and companion
Order is my attitude
Beauty and perfection are my attack

False faces
Fast company
A night of thrills
With no jealousy, no poison

Nobody's tool
Will be a public fool
To manipulate the masses
Who lie and cheat
And eat their meat
And think it's sweet
While the rest all clean their glasses
In status classes