

Thistleblower

Rave the Requiem

The Goddess of Justice is high on X
She holds the sixshooter
She's lubed up with gunpowder
For a grand display of hate-sex

Fire at will
Or fire at free will
Shoot for the sake of freedom
Or the sake of thrill

Who's gonna love us now
Rock us to sleep
And feed us white lies
As mother's milk?
Who's gonna be
The arch enemy
Until the new prophet arises
And point him out to me?
Who's gonna set us free
Twist history
And tell us tales
Of hope and glory?
Who's gonna act as authority
Who's gonna save us now
Thistleblower?

The Goddess of Justice is high on X
She gets horny by the smell of oil
And sound of screaming dissidents in latex

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