

I am running out of fingers  
I am running out of toes  
On which to count the main offenders  
I've my dandy little foes  
Future's gone ballistic  
'Cause the past lost all control  
I'm calling back the order  
I'm stealing back the soul

Do you like me when sedated?  
All bound up and medicated  
To receive is overrated, yeah  
(We can make a deal tonight)  
Shame and hate have copulated  
Love should be reciprocated  
Now let's see if you can take it, yeah  
(We can make a deal tonight)

The papers never lie, the sweetest alibi  
You signed with your own hand, the men they could not hang  
This is the silent war, there won't be any more  
And though the wall has gone, we're still afraid as one

Yeah, you're running out of rations  
While you're serving up the law  
With which you're sending out of fashion  
As you tear it with your claw  
With all this information  
Tell me, what you gonna do?  
Can you tame the nation?  
Can you lick what's in the news?

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